THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE FOURTH,

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1812.

THE

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS,

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

This "Pastoral Tragi-Comedy," as it is termed in the address to the reader, was the sole production of Fletcher, and is one of the most delightful monuments of his genius. The precise period when it was written is not known, but it was certainly produced and acted before the year 1611, as an encomium upon it occurs in the Scourge of Folly, by Davies, which was printed in that year. At the first representation it met with a very ill reception, and, by the sentence of the vulgar, suffered the same condemnation which our poets' admirable burlesque, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," and as "Epicœne," one of Ben Jonson's masterpieces, had also undergone. Probably soon after this first representation, the pastoral was printed without date, in quarto,* with the following title: "The Faithfull Shepheardesse. By John Fletcher. Printed at London for R. Bonian and W. Walley, and are to be sold at the Spred Eagle, against the great north dore of St Paules." Four of the most respectable poets of the time prefixed addresses to the author, in which they chiefly dwell upon the unjust sentence of the mob. The verses of Fletcher's inseparable friend, Beaumont, are peculiarly energetic. In these he thus mentions this edition, and the fate of the pastoral at the theatre, &c.—

" ——— I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd
To be with so much wit and art adorned."

After these recommendatory poems, metrical dedications to

* The last editors never saw this quarto, for they say very absurdly, "The first edition bears date the same year in which it was first acted." In the present edition, the text has been collated with the first and second quarto.

three of the poet's friends, and an address to the reader, follow. All these were very improperly omitted in the second quarto.[2] This appeared in 1629, four years after the death of the author, with the following title: "The Faithful Shepheardesse. By John Fletcher. The second edition, newly corrected. London, printed by T. C. for Richard Meighen, in St Dunstan's Church-yard, in Fleet-street."

In 1633 the merits of this beautiful poem were finally recognized, and it was represented during the Christmas revels before the king and queen. This exhibition is thus noticed in Straffordc's Letters: "I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at court this year; but one play all the time at Whitehall! The queen had some little infirmity, which made her keep in; only on Twelfth-Night she feasted the king at Somerset House, and presented him with a play newly studied, long since printed, the Faithful Shepherdess, which the king's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year." The latter circumstance is also mentioned in Sir W. Herbert's office-book, who adds, that "The scenes were fitted to the pastoral, and made by Mr Inigo Jones, in the great chamber, 1633." The pastoral was introduced by a dialogue-song between a priest and a nymph, containing some very fulsome compliments to their majesties, written by Sir William Davenant.[3] An epilogue was spoken on the occasion by Lady Mary Mordaunt. This representation obtained a short popularity for the play, which was acted at a regular theatre several times, as we learn from the following title-page of the third quarto. "The Faithfull Shepherdesse. Acted at Somerset-House before the king and queen, on Twelfe-night last, 1633; and divers times since, with great applause, at the Private House in Blacke-Friers, by his majesties servants." Other quartos of little value appeared in 1656 and 1661; since which period there is no account of any further performance of the drama. Sir Richard Fanshaw, who was particularly attached to this kind of poetry, translated the Faithful Shepherdess into Latin verse, which he published in 1658, with the title of La Fida Pastora. Ben Jonson, who seems to have been particularly delighted with this pastoral, certainly wrote the Sad Shepherd in emulation of it; but though his fragment contains beauties of a very superior kind, it certainly fell far short of its prototype.

[2] Neither these nor the addresses of Chapman and Field were retained in the modern editions.

[3] This will be found in the present edition, after the address to the reader.

The celebrated dramas of Tasso and Guarini were translated into the English language not long after their original appearance. Abraham Fraunce turned the Amyntas of the former into English hexameters, and published his performance in 1591; and the still more celebrated Pastor Fido of the latter appeared in 1602, as translated by Mr Dymock. Notwithstanding the popularity of these pastorals, the present work of Fletcher seems to have been the first written in evident imitation of them; and is certainly the only one among its numberless successors, excepting Milton's Comus, the plan of which was however considerably varied, that can be placed in competition with those two celebrated Italian compositions. Fletcher has even excelled his prototypes, by giving greater interest to his plot, and by the introduction of other passions beside that of love, which is the only one upon which their dramas are constructed. The greatest honour which could have been paid to this poem, was the close imitation of it discoverable in Milton's Comus, which is much more popular than its original; but how far this preference is just, it is not so easy to decide. Mr Warton, who believes that the production of Comus was solely a "compliment paid to the genius of Fletcher," says that Milton transferred many of the pastoral and superstitious images, "yet with the highest improvements," from Fletcher's into his own drama. But Mr Warton was editing Milton, and the superior delicacy and attachment of an editor towards his author, is so well known, that it has become quite proverbial. That eminent critic also allows that "he catched from the lyric rhymes of Fletcher that Dorique delicacy with which Henry Wotton was so much delighted in the songs of Milton's drama." Single passages in Comus are no doubt superior to any thing in the Faithful Shepherdess; but, considered as a whole, the latter is perhaps better constructed, and certainly as delightful. The same critic observes, "The part of the fable of Comus, which may be called the Disenchantment, is evidently founded on Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess. The moral of both dramas is the triumph of chastity. This is in both finely brought about by the same sort of machinery." In his notes he adduces numerous passages from Fletcher's drama, which are evidently imitated by Milton; several of which had been already noticed by Seward. The most obvious of the rest will be found in the notes to the present edition. Whatever are the comparative beauties of the Faithful Shepherdess and of Comus, the superlative merit of having been so closely imitated by such a poet as Milton, cannot be denied to the neglected genius of Fletcher.

Seward professedly left his usual path of annotation when he came to this drama, and, instead of the innumerable idle conjectures with which he has needlessly crowded his pages in other plays, he

has introduced some remarks, generally just, upon the imitations which our author evidently made of the ancient poets, and has pointed out other passages which have given hints to later poets, particularly to Milton. In some cases he certainly has indulged these speculations to too great an extent; but his notes have, in general, been thought worthy of preservation.

To my loved Friend, Mr JOHN FLETCHER, *on his Pastoral.*

Can my approvement, sir, be worth your thanks,
Whose unknown name and muse, in swathing clouts,
Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
To have a room, and bear off the sharp flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice.[4]

But I must justify what privately
I censur'd to you: my ambition is
(Even by my hopes and love to poesy)
To live to perfect such a work as this,
Clad in such elegant propriety
Of words, including a mortality.

So sweet and profitable, though each man that hears
(And learning has enough to clap and hiss)
Arrives not to't, so misty it appears,
And to their filmed reasons so amiss;
But let Art look in Truth, she, like a mirrour,
Reflects her comfort; Ignorance's terrour

Sits in her own brow, being made afraid
Of her unnatural complexion,
As ugly women, when they are array'd
By glasses, loath their true reflection.
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their own deformity?

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,
And once I fear'd her, till I met a mind,
Whose grave instructions philosophical,
Toss'd it like dust upon a March strong wind;

[4] *Her vice.*] *i. e.* The vice of the age.

He shall for ever my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His soul, (and such commend this[5]) that commands
Such art, it should me better satisfy,
Than if the monster[6] clapt his thousand hands,
And drown'd the scene with his confused cry;
And if doubts rise, lo! their own names to clear 'em,
Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em.[7]

NATHANIEL FIELD.[8]

To my Friend Mr JOHN FLETCHER, *upon his Faithful Shepherdess.*

I know too well, that, no more than the man,
That travels through the burning desarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half-smother'd with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked; no more can he, whose mind
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write.

5 *Such commend this.*] *i. e.* And the souls of such as commend this poem.

6 *The monster.*] *i. e.* The multitude who damned this pastoral.

7 In reference to the ensuing poems of Beaumont and Ben Jonson.

8 In the first quarto only the initials N. F. are subscribed, in the second, Nath. Field. Some doubts have been entertained whether Nathaniel Field, the dramatic writer, was the same person with the player of that name, who acted in 1600 as one of the Children of the Chapell, in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels; in 1607, the part of Bussy d'Ambois; and, in 1609, one of the principal characters in the Silent Woman. The fact, however, has been proved, as Mr Chalmers observes, by a letter published by Mr Malone, subscribed by Field, Daborne, and Massinger, and praying for a small sum to be lent in earnest of a play written by them, in conjunction with Fletcher, between the years 1612 and 1615. Field was a respectable poet. In 1612 he published "Woman is a Weathercock;" and having offended the fair sex in this comedy, by pourtraying their inconstancy, he wrote another, entitled, "Amends for Ladies," which came out in 1618. He also had a share in the beautiful tragedy of the Fatal Dowry, printed in 1632. Field's death must have happened before 1641, but the precise period has not been ascertained.

Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout, there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith;
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit;
He, as his mistress doth; and she, by chance;
Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts,[9] will censure the whole play;
Some like if the wax-lights be new that day;
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
For this, these public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few ill-spoken lines into the world;
Both to be read and censured of by those
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose;
Such as must spend above an hour to spell
A challenge on a post,[1] to know it well.
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.
Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers must have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

FR. BEAUMONT.

9 ———— *as the boy doth dance Between the acts.*] This was a usual entertainment between the acts, and several times occurs in the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

1 *A challenge on a post.*] Instances of this ostentatious custom among fencing-masters and others may be found in several old plays, particularly in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

To my worthy Author, Mr JOHN FLETCHER.

The wise and many-headed bench, that sits
Upon the life and death of plays, and wits,
(Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady, or *pucelle*, that wears mask or fan,[2]
Velvet, or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,
That may judge for his sixpence,)[3] had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play; and, more,
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered poem; which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN JONSON.

To his loving Friend Mr JO. FLETCHER, *concerning his Pastoral being both a Poem and a Play.*

There are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken.
A poem and a play too! Why, 'tis like
A scholar that's a poet: their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill outright; one cannot both fates bear.
But, as a poet that's no scholar makes
Vulgarity his whiffler,[4] and so takes

[2] *That wears* mask *or fan.*] The practice of wearing masks in theatres was prevalent as late as the time of Congreve. Marston, in his Scourge of Folly, 1599, says:

"——— Disguised Messaline,
I'll tear thy *maske*, and bare thee to the eyne
Of hissing boyes, if to the *theatres*
I find thee once more come for lecherers."

[3] *Sixpence.*] The price of admission to the pit in the more respectable theatres of the day, such as the Globe or Blackfriars. See a note on Wit Without Money, vol. II. pp. 12, 104, &c.

[4] *Whifflers.*] Babblers, triflers, foolish persons. See Shakspeare, ed. 1803, XII. 469, and XIX. 399, and Douce's Illustrations, I, 506.

Passage with ease and state through both sides prease[5]
Of pageant seers:[6] or as scholars please
That are no poets, more than poets learn'd,
(Since their art solely is by souls discern'd;
The others' falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence:)
So were your play no poem, but a thing
That every cobler to his patch might sing,
A rout of nifles,[7] like the multitude,
With no one limb of any art endued;
Like would to like, and praise you. But, because
Your poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely pastoral,
Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
And all the graces find their old abodes;
Where forests flourish but in endless verse,[8]
And meadows, nothing fit for purchasers:
This iron age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others ever
Loved as itself. Then, like your book, do you
Live in old peace, and that for praise allow.

G. CHAPMAN.[9]

[5] *Prease.*] Crowd, press, thrust.

[6] *Seers.*] In this passage the word signifies beholders.

[7] *Nifles.*] Cotgrave interprets the French word *nigeries,* nidgerees, fooleries, fopperies, trifles, *nifles,* frivolous baubles.

[8] *But in endless verse.*] *i. e.* Only in immortal verse.

[9] This poet enjoyed great reputation among his contemporaries. He was an excellent scholar, and was the first who translated Homer entire. He was sole author of sixteen plays; and in three others was assisted by Jonson, Marston, and Shirley. As a dramatic author, he is too declamatory to please generally. He died, at the age of 77 years, the 12th of May, 1634.

To that noble and true Lover of Learning, SIR WALTER ASTON, *Knight of the Bath.*[1]

Sir, I must ask your patience, and be true.
This play was never liked, unless by few
That brought their judgments with 'em; for, of late,
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got,
Either to silence plays, or like them not.
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fall'n for ever, prest down by the rude,
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds:
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest
And proper being; from whose equal eye
And judgment nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds any thing to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun:
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Moved by your judgment, not by love or will,
And when I sing again, (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well?)
Your goodness to the muses shall be all
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service.
JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] This, and the two following dedicatory epistles, are only to be found in the first quarto, as well as the address to the reader. Sir Walter Aston of Tixall, in Staffordshire, was born in 1584, was one of the first created baronets, and, in 1627, was raised to the dignity of Baron Aston of Forfar, in the kingdom of Scotland. He was employed in several important embassies, and died the 13th August, 1639.

To the Inheritor of all Worthiness, SIR WILLIAM SCIPWITH.

ODE.

If, from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy sir, I've all I sought for.

For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world ; nor to protest
'Tis the best;——
These are lean faults in a poet ;——

Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need,
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,
Nor to ravish kind attornies
In their journies,
Nor to read it after diet.

Far from me are all these aims,
Fittest frames
To build weakness on, and pity.
Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

The admirer of your virtues,
JOHN FLETCHER.

To the perfect Gentleman, SIR ROBERT TOWNESEND.[2]

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,

[2] Sir Robert Townesend was the youngest son of Sir Roger Townsend, the ancestor of the present noble family of that name. He was knighted by king James, May 11, 1603 ; married the daughter of William

Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one; for a long amiss.[3]
If you ask me, "How is this?"
Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent,
In home-spun gray for to excuse me,
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more.

Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-piled[4] sweet protesters,
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the palate,
Leave great meat and choose a sallad.

All yours,
JOHN FLETCHER.

To the Reader.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country-hired shepherds, in grey cloaks, with cur-tailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassel, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In

Lord Spencer, and died without issue, after having served as member for Castle-Rising and Orford in all parliaments from 42d Elizabeth to the last of king James I.

[3] *For a long amiss.*] For having long acted amiss.

[4] *Three-piled.*] This metaphor, taken from the velvet of which the dress, particularly the cloaks of the gallants of that age, were made, was often applied to the gallants themselves, and occurs in innumerable passages.

their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them: that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

This Dialogue, newly added, was spoken[5] *by way of Prologue, to both their Majesties, at the first acting of this Pastoral at Somerset-House, on Twelfth-Night,* 1633.

PRIEST.

A broiling lamb on Pan's chief altar lies,
My wreath, my censor, virge, and incense by;
But I delay'd the pretious sacrifice
To shew thee here a gentler deity

NYMPH.

Nor I was to the sacred summons slow;
Hither I came as swift as th' eagle's wing,
Or threat'ning shaft from vext Diana's bow;
Pan sends his offering to this island's king.[6]

[5] The copy of these lines in Davenant's Works, from which the text is taken, has the following title: "*Sung* as a prologue when the Faithful Shepherdess was presented." The following variations are from the second folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays.

[6] "To see this island's god, the world's best king."

PRIEST.

Bless then that queen whose eyes have brought that light
Which hither led, and stays him here;
He now doth shine within her sphere,
And must obey her sceptre half this night.[7]

NYMPH.

Sing we such welcomes[8] as shall make her sway
Seem easy to him, though it last till day.

BOTH.

Welcome as peace to wealthy cities, when
Famine and sword have left[1] more graves than men;
As spring to birds, or Phœbus to the old[2]
Poor mountain-muscovite congeal'd with cold;
As shore to pilots[3] in a safe-known coast,
Their cards being broken, and their rudders lost.[4]

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

[7] Instead of these four lines, the folio has only the two following:—

"Bless then that queen, that doth his eyes invite
And ears, t'obey her sceptre half this night.

[8] "Let's sing such welcomes," &c. [9] "Unwalled cities."
[1] "Leave them." [2] "— or noonday's sun to th' old." [3] "Pilot."
[4] "When's card is broken, and his rudder lost."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Perigot, *a Shepherd in love with Amoret.*
Thenot, *a Shepherd in love with Clorin.*
Daphnis, *a modest Shepherd.*
Alexis, *a wanton Shepherd.*
God of a River.
Satyr.
Priest.
Old Shepherd.
A sullen discontented Shepherd.
Shepherds.

Amoret, *the faithful Shepherdess, in love with Perigot.*
Clorin, *a holy Shepherdess.*
Amarillis, *a Shepherdess in love with Perigot.*
Cloe, *a wanton Shepherdess.*
Shepherdesses.

SCENE—Thessaly.



THE

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.[*]

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter CLORIN, *having buried her Love in an Arbour.*

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!

[*] The Faithful Shepherdess is, of all the poems in our language, one of the greatest *honours* and the greatest *scandals* of our nation. It shews to what a height in every species of poetry the British genius has soared; it proves how dull the vulgar eye is to pursue its flight. How must each Briton of taste rejoice to find all the pastoral beauties of Italy and Arcadia transplanted by Fletcher, and flourishing in our own climate! How must he grieve to think that they were at first blasted, and since suffered to wither in oblivion by his Gothic countrymen! The Faithful Shepherdess was damned at its first appearance, and not even a potent monarch's patronage in the next age, nor a much greater monarch's in poetry than king Charles the First in power, Milton's great admiration and close imitation of it in Comus, could recommend it to the public. The noble copy, till within these few years, was as little known as its original; but since it is now become the fashion to

Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-loved ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and jolly games
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt
With youthful coronals,[2] and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell,[3] when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.[4]
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,

admire the former, some deference will surely be paid to Milton's judgment. I shall therefore, in my notes on this play, not confine myself to mere verbal emendations, but endeavour to demonstrate Fletcher's beauties from parallel passages out of Milton and other authentic poets. By which, I believe, it will appear, that Milton borrowed more from Fletcher, than Fletcher from all the ancient classicks.—*Seward.*

[2] *Coronals.*] *i. e.* Garlands. The word frequently occurs in Spenser, in the same sense.—*Reed.*

[3] *Dell.*] Is used by Spenser in his Shepherd's Calender, March, speaking of a sheep,

"Fell headlong into a *dell.*"

It plainly signifies a *steep place*, or *valley*, and is much the same as *dale*. See Bishop Newton's notes on Comus.—*Reed.*

The word is almost too common for explanation. It occurs again twice in this drama.

[4] *Cordevan.*] *Cordwain* (from *cordovan*, leather) Spanish leather.—*Johnson.*

And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:[5]
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;

We find *cordevan*, or *cordiwin*, mentioned in the following stanza of Drayton's Fourth Eclogue:

> "The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
> Which was of the finest lock
> That could be cut with sheer.
> His mittons were of bauzons skin,
> His cockers were of *cordiwin*,
> His hood of miniveer."

Drayton's Works, vol. iv. p. 1403.—*Reed.*

[5] Almost all the damsels of romance are described as being skilful in the use of herbs, and frequently even in the occupations of surgery. For instance, in the beautiful fabliau of Aucasin and Nicolette, the latter perfectly cures her lover, who, finding her after a long search, dislocated his shoulder by suddenly leaping from his horse.—"*Ele le portasta et trova qu'il avoit l'espaulle hors de liu. Ele le mania tant à ses blances mains et porsaça sicom Dix le vaut qui les amans aime, qu'ele revint a liu, et puis si prist des flors et de l'erbe fresce et des fuelles verdes, si le loia sus au pan de la cemisse, et il fu tox garis.*" Fabliaux et Contes de Poetes François. Ed. 1808, vol. I. p. 407. See the note on the same passage in Mr Way's elegant translation of this tale, vol. I. p. 203. Warton observes, that Sabrina, in Milton's Comus, possesses the same skill as Clorin. See his note, ad. v. 844. Todd's Milton, VI. 372.

These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries, and chesnuts, plantanes, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr, with a Basket of Fruit.

Sat. Through[6] yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—
But, behold a fairer sight! [*Seeing* Clorin.
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face

6 *Through yon same bending plain.*] That Fletcher had frequently in his eye Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream is certain. The beginning and ending of this speech are an imitation of the Fairy's speech, act ii. scene i.

" Over hill, over dale,
Thoro' bush, thoro' briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thoro' flood, thoro' fire;
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere."—*Seward.*

Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live! Therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;[7]
Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take them.
For these black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;

[7] ——— *Nuts more brown*
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them.] But the teeth of the squirrel is the only visible part that is not brown. I hope I have restored the original. In these presents, which are perfectly pastoral, the poet had, undoubtedly, both Virgil and Theocritus in his eye.—*Seward.*

The old reading is certainly not correctly worded, but is supported by a passage in Herrick's Oberon's Feast:

—— the red-capp'd worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a *nut*,
Brown as his tooth.

These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,[8]
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade:
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden power

[8] *Lest the great Pan do awake.*] Thus Theocritus, Εἰδ. ά.

Οὐ θέμις ὦ ποιμὰν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, οὐ θέμις ἄμμιν
Συρίσδεν· τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες. ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας
Τανίκα κεκμακὼς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,
Καί οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

"Shepherd, forbear; no song at noon's dread hour;
Tir'd with the chase, Pan sleeps in yonder bow'r;
Churlish he is, and, stirr'd in his repose,
The snappish choler quivers on his nose."

That Fletcher had this in his eye is evident, but he has varied from Theocritus's theology. As he intended to make his shepherds chaste and virtuous, he knew that virtue would ill consist with the adoration of such a choleric and lustful god as the Arcadian Pan. But does he not in this transgress the rules of propriety, giving his Arcadians rather Christian than Pagan sentiments? I think not. The Arcadians first worshipped the Creator of all things under the name of Pan, which signifies the universe, and the image they formed of him emblematically represented universal nature, as Macrobius informs us. But the vulgar soon lost the *archetype*, and imagined his *sharp nose*, *long beard*, and *goatish legs*, to be the symptoms of *anger*, *rusticity*, and *lust*. Fletcher has, with great judgment, placed his scene among the primitive Arcadians, who had not such gross ideas. In this he deviates from the Italian dramatic pastorals, but is followed by Milton, who introduces Pagan deities in Comus, but makes the superior gods favour and protect chastity and virtue.—*Seward.*

Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal:
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: Prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs
shrink,
Makes me a-cold: My fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it) if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,[9]
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;

[9] *No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,*
Satyr, or other power, &c.] Milton was so charmed with the noble enthusiasm of this passage, that he has no less than three imitations of it. Twice in Comus.

"Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magick chains at curfeu time;
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true *virginity.*"

See the whole passage in the first scene of the two Brothers. So again, the young Lady in the wood.

"———— a thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shoars, and desart wildernesses."

And again, Paradise Lost, book ix. line 639, in his noble description of the *ignis fatuus.*

"Hov'ring and dancing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way,
Through bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far."

Seward.

Or voices calling me in dead of night,[1]
To make me follow, and so tole me on[2]
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:[3]
Else, why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mis-shapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!

[*She retires into the arbour.*

SCENE II.

A rural Scene near a Village.

Enter an Old Shepherd, with four Shepherds and four Shepherdesses, amongst the rest PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites

[1] *Or voices calling me, &c.*] This is perfectly agreeable to the superstitious notions of the times in which our author wrote, and much in the manner of Shakspeare. It has been observed, that in writing this part of the speech he had Virgil in view:

Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret. Æn. iv. 460.

Reed.

[2] *And so* tole *me on.*] This word, the meaning of which is obvious, is still in use in some of the western counties of England.

[3] *To find my ruin.*] These words occur in the second quarto, but are not to be found in the first.

Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest,
With powerful hand, shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest
of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[*Sprinkles them with water.*
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires,
They do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers and your veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air.
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear!
Go your ways, ye are all clear.[4]
[*They rise, and sing in praise of Pan.*

[4] *Ye are all clear.*] The modern editors choose to read, "you all are clear," for what reason they leave the reader to discover.

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke! [*Exeunt.*

Peri. [*Detaining* AMORET.] Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: Be thou ever true.
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,

And in their general ruin let me go![5]
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so;
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine[6] upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.
Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You are sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to Heaven? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!
Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,

[5] *Let me* go!] So the first quartos read. The folio, absurdly, "let me feel!"

[6] *Straightest pine.*] The first quarto prefixes the definite article to these words, which is omitted in the second.

For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: Say, sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: Go and purge again.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: Only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls:
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well,[7] about whose flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time

[7] *A virtuous well*, &c.] The fairies were supposed to be peculiarly attached to wells and brooks. I refer the reader to the admirable essay on the Fairies in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, fourth edition, vol. II. p. 163, where the passage in the text is quoted. I cannot avoid here pointing out to the reader the great beauty of this speech, both in versification and sentiment. It is no doubt an imitation of the more beautiful parts of the pastoral dramas of Tasso and Guarini; but its merit is by no means inferior to that of its prototypes.

Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness.
By this fresh fountain, many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love, and dear captivity;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant!
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd: Farewell! This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of the wild woodman, or affect[8] some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thorough his burnings, while the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion,[9] throwing fog

[8] *Affect.*] *i. e.* Love. Don Armado, in Love's Labour's Lost, exclaims, "I do *affect* the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread."

[9] ———— *while the dog*
Pursues the raging lion, &c.] The malignant effects of the

And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!
[*Exit* AMORET.[*]

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?
Peri. Fair maid, you may.
Amar. Then softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be loved again,
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds! What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins?

dog-star is an imitation of a like description of it in Spenser's Shepherd's Calender, speaking of the sun's progress in July,

"The rampant lion hunts he fast
With *dogs* of noisom breath,
Whose baleful barking brings in haste,
Pine, plagues, and drery death."

The lines are extremely poetical in Spenser, but are improved by Fletcher to such a dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate one of the noblest passages in all Virgil.

——————— *aut Sirius ardor,*
Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris
Nascitur, et lævo contristat lumine Cælum. *Seward.*

[*] The modern editors, without giving any notice of the variation, transfer the exit of Amoret to the end of her last speech. There is no reason why she should not hear the speech of her lover.

Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be number'd in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.
  Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.[a]
  Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love, as many a wanton doth,
Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I'm only fix'd and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid!
  Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: For, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,

[a] *And in one flame* equal *burn.*] I have ventured to strike out the word *equal*, as weakening the sense, and extending the verse into an Alexandrine without the least reason. I therefore believe it spurious.—*Seward.*

Mr Seward's lection seems to us a very extraordinary mode of assisting harmony, since we must read,

You fire for fi-er, *and in one flame burn.*

Ed. 1778.

The variation is entirely unnecessary, and such needless departure from the text deserves severe reprehension. Nor can I see any weakness in the use of the adjective *equal.*

Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again;
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was:
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell; be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*

Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice,
Than if the angry Heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through! I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no! I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks like his master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:

And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'Twas
My love (that ever-working passion!) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair;
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on; then give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures, never was pleasing.
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and further service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!

Amar. Then thus I try thee, shepherd: This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever: Break their meeting,

And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.
Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fixed being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore!
Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen, with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastity.[3]
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain:
Yet, if I may believe what others say,

[3] In the Pastor Fido of Guarini, Corisca, who is obviously the prototype of Cloe, makes very similar reflections in her soliloquy, act I., scene IV., beginning "*Chi vide mai, chi mai udì piu strana,*" &c.

My face has foile[4] enough; nor can they lay,
Justly, too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty,
Makes me complain.

Enter THENOT.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?[5]

[4] *My face has* foile *enough.*] All the old copies, except the first quarto, read "*soil.*" The word foile is properly explained by Mr Mason, as "derived from the French word *Feuille*, which signifies gilding, and also a thin leaf of tinsel, of various colours, which is put under diamonds, and other precious stones, in the setting, for the purpose of adding to their natural lustre. It is to this that Cloe alludes." The word is still used in this sense in the present day. Seward, after giving some very idle explanations in a profusion of words, proceeds thus: "In this soliloquy, relating to her wealth and beauty, our poet imitates both Theocritus and Virgil; but I cannot say that he does it with his usual spirit.—Though there are some additional beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ γαρ θην ὐδ' ειδος ἔχω κακὸν, ὥς με λέγοντι.
Η γαρ πρὰν ἐς ποντον ἐσέϐλεπον (ἦν δὲ γαλανα)
Καὶ καπλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια, καλὰ δ' ἐμίν ἁ μία κώρα,
(Ως πὰρ ἐμὶν κέκριται) κατεφαινετο. τῶν δὲ τ' ὀδόντων
Λευκοτέραν ἀυγὰν Παρίας ὑπέφαινε λίθοιο.

Θεοκ. Ειδ. ς'. 34.

———— *nec qui sim quæris, Alexi:*
Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans;
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ.
Nec sum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret Mare.————

Virg. Ecl. ii. 19.

See also a like passage in the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus."

[5] *Uncertainty.*] This word is here used in the sense of *inconsistency*, a desire of obtaining things incompatible with each other. *Mason.*

Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.
Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay! Where hast
thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any,[6] air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,

[6] ——— *Here be woods as green*
As any, &c.] This whole speech breathes the true spirit of Theocritus and Virgil. In the latter part he has greatly improved a hint taken from the third Idyllium of the former, relating to Endimion; and the beginning is a direct imitation of the two following passages:

——— τοῦτο δρύες, ὧδε κύπειρος,
Ὧδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι.
Ενθ' ὕδατος ψυχρῶ κρᾶναι δύο. ταὶ δ' ἐπὶ δένδρῳ
Ορνιχες λαλαγεῦντι. καὶ ἁ σκιὰ οὐδὲν ὁμοία
Τᾷ παρὰ τίν· βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἁ πίτυς ὑψόθε κώνους.
Θεοκ. Ειδ. έ. 45.

Fletcher has not here equalled the variety and beauty of these images: the *humming* of the *bees*, the *chirping* of the *birds*, and the *apples* dropping from the *pine*, (whose seed in the hot countries far excels our finest nuts) are all omitted by Fletcher, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful description of a bank by Perigot, about the middle of the third act, and even here he has at least equalled Virgil, whom he has more exactly copied:

Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Eclog. ix. 40.
Seward.

The word *likewise*, in this line, which indeed is very prosaic, is not to be found in the two oldest quartos, but occurs in the folio.

Arbours o'ergrown[7] with woodbines; caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring[8]
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease!
I have forgot what love and loving meant.
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds,[9] that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live to admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age,[1] smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon,[2] so sure the mould

[7] *Arbors are grown.*] So the two first quartos. The folio reads as the text.

[8] *Or gather rushes,* &c.] The practice of parties making a marriage contract, (whether in earnest or only in jest, has been disputed, but not settled, by the editors of Shakspeare) is often alluded to in old authors. For instance, in Davenant's Rivals:—"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then, and I'll marry thee with a rush ring."

[9] *Rounds.*] The word is here used in an uncommon sense, and signifies *roundelays.*—Ed. 1778.

[1] *Pleasing age.*] *i. e. Youth;* the word *age* being used to express one of the seasons, or *ages* of life.—Ed. 1778.

[2] *Could ever* break upon.] I believe the text is right, and the same with *break in upon.* Thus act II., scene I.:

Is, that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserved; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'Tis her I so admire;
Not any looser blood, or new desire. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: Give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove! [*Sings.*

THE SONG.

Come, shepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.

Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon *your simple flocks.*

i. e. break into the fold upon your sheep. *Seward.*

There can be no doubt that this explanation is just. I have spared the reader the perusal of two very ridiculous conjectures of Sympson.

Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny
If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS.

Here comes another: Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But, certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but, since he's here,
Thus I attempt him.—[*Comes forward.*] Thou, of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull

The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets,[3] or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis,[4] when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loth to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: Speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me *ay*.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so

[3] *Chaplets.*] A chaplet, Cotgrave explains a garland, wreath for the head.

[4] *Of young Adonis.*] In this speech, which is similar to that made before to Thenot, the poet continues his imitation of the third Idyllium of Theocritus. *Seward.*

Much from your fairness, that you would be true.
Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.
Daph. Fresh maid, adieu!
Yet, one word more; since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness: Do not fear him then,
But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.
[*Exit.*
Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,[5]
Thou lazy swain, that may'st relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter ALEXIS.

Alexis. Can such beauty be[6]
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye

[5] *Tine.*] The same as *teen*, which signifies sorrow. So in the old play of Tancred and Gismunda:

"His death, her woe, and her avenging *teen.*"

[6] *Can such beauty be*, &c.] Imitated in Milton's Comus:

Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know.
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,[7]
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.
Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: In all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-faced morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever maiden!
Alexis. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be——
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,

* ——Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

7 —— more *meeter.*] Such is the reading of the two oldest quartos, and such was undoubtedly the phraseology of the age. The folio, and all later editions, read—*far meeter.*

Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alexis. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alexis. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds, must shift his sail.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pasture.

Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing; and the Priest of Pan following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.

See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down[8] calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;

[8] *And bright Hesperus down calling*
The dead Night from under ground.] Mr Sympson objects to both these lines: How, says he, could Hesperus call Night down *from* under ground? And if she was *dead*, how could she hear him? He would therefore strike off the *d* in *down*, and the remaining letters transposed will make *now*. And for *dead* he would read *dread*, which, he says, is the common epithet to Night in Spenser. But I cannot admit either of the changes; for *down-calling* will, I think, signify *calling down to Night to arise from under ground*; and, in this sense, it is more picturesque, and a much nobler idea than the expletive *now* can give. In the second line, no one need be told in how many things *Night* resembles *Death*; and surely *Night*, though partaking many properties of *Death*, may be allowed in poetry both to *hear* and *speak*; when Spenser, Milton, and other poets, have personated and animated even *Death* itself. Nor can Fletcher be denied any poetic licence in a passage of such exquisite poetic beauty. *Seward.*

Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,[9]
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Interior of CLORIN'S *Arbour.*

Enter CLORIN, *sorting of herbs.*

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon,[1]
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,

[9] ——— *Sweetest slumbers,*
And *soft silence fall in numbers.*] Mr Seward says that *silence* falling in numbers is a very dark expression, and therefore proposes an unnecessary amendment. Silence falling in numbers would indeed be not merely a dark expression, but absolute nonsense; but as the verb *fall* refers to slumbers, not to silence, the passage requires no alteration: "and soft silence" means "with soft silence." *Mason.*

[1] *Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon.*] Magic and physic were intimately connected in the dark ages, and the connection was not entirely effaced in our author's age. Herbs used for magical purposes were not esteemed as efficacious except they had been gathered by moon-light. For instance, in the Witches, by Middleton, Hecate, after receiving several herbs collected by Firedrake, her son, asks, "Were they all cropt by moon-light?"

You only brood, unto whose happy birth[a]
Virtue was given; holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop[3] long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and next, your hidden power.
This is the clote,[4] bearing a yellow flower;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth:[5] These ramson's branches[6] are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door, kill all enchantments,[7] charms,
(Were they Medea's verses) that do harms
To men or cattle: These for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,

[a] —— high *birth.*] So the first quarto reads. Corrected in the second.

[3] —— *lop.*] Thus the first quarto. The second as in the text. *Lop* might, however, have been the original word.

[4] *The clote.*] Cotgrave translates *napolier* thus: "The burre docke, *clote* burre, great burre."

[5] —— *bitten by a wood*
Dog's venom'd tooth.] *Wood* signifies *mad.*

[6] Ramun's *branches.*] *Ramson*, the *allium silvestre*, or *wild garlick*, which is helpful, says the London Dispensatory, in the jaundice and palsies. But our author chose its superstitious virtues, as more proper for poetry. *Seward.*

[7] *Kill all enchantments.*] The medicinal, as well as superstitious virtues ascribed by Clorin to her various herbs, are imitated by Milton, in his description of the Hæmony, in the first scene of the two Brothers, and the Attendant Spirit in Comus. *Seward.*

The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best:
Yellow Lysimachus, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnell and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine[8]
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass,[9] from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quench'd; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.
And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter:
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough,
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, and with joy[1] all the rooms.

[8] *Whose virtues do refine.*] So in Comus, v. 668.

——— See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh bloods grow lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.

[9] *Standergrass.*] Satyrion.

[1] And *with joy*.] This is the text of the first quarto. All subsequent editions read—" *as* with joy."

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from Chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself! Thou blessed star
That nightly shines![2] Thou, all the constancy
That in all women was, or e'er shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style[3] the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.
Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this
place?[4]

[2] *Than chastity itself,* you *blessed star That nightly shines.*] The folio reads—*yon* blessed star. Mr Seward first proposes to read *thou,* and then discovers that the quartos read *you* blessed star. He also reads *shinest* instead of *shines,* the phraseology of the day, which, it is well known, was not always very grammatical.

[3] *That* poets style.] The first quarto only, reads "That styled is."

[4] *Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place? &c.*] Milton's imitation of these lines (Comus, v. 500) is noticed by Warton:

No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.
  The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.
  Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.
  The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part imposthum'd, to be cured by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin!
  Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: That man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequestered spot?

The imitation is so slight, that it would hardly be worth mentioning, if the fact was not established that Milton had an eye upon Fletcher's pastoral all the while he was composing his Masque.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.
Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body up?[5] for sure it will,
If thou pursuest with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with pray'rs[6] appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,

[5] *And give her body up.*] That is, as Mr Mason observes, the body which is in her possession, the body of Clorin's lover.

[6] *Whilst I with* praise, *&c.*] Both Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson make a query whether the true word be not *prayers.* It appeared to me a better word, but as the other is sense, I did not think to have changed it till I consulted the first old quarto, which reads *praies*, and, in all other places, *praiers*, and not *prayers*; from whence I doubt not but their conjecture is true. *Seward.*

Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The errant soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
In maiden whiteness as the Alpine snow:[7]
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honour'd strictness you do keep,[8]
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.
Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead friend's cold ashes?
The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved you, and be still
The same opinion speaks you: Let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry Heaven, or the strong fall

[7] *Alpsien.*] The same we now call *Alpine*. *Seward.* Had Mr Seward looked into the oldest quarto, he would have found "Alpen snow," which was corrupted in the second into Alpsien.

[8] *You do keep.*] This reading is from the oldest quarto. All other editions read—you *dare* keep.

Of Neptune's battery; if you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.
Clo. Do, and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be bless'd
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,
O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.
Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forest.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air

Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from its early face: Were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny!

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Hail, Shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.
Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who, till this present hour, ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings: Boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves every where?
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true;
For she is of so pure an honesty,

[9] *For he is off.*] That Amoret's, and not Perigot's purity of intention and simplicity of heart is here spoken of, is clear as the

To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste: I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be press'd by me;
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this shew
More full of seeming, Hobinal, you know,
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,[1]
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;[2]
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb,
Soft as his own locks, or the down of swan.
This have I done to win you, which doth give
Me double pleasure: Discord makes me live.

Amar. Loved swain, I thank you! These tricks might prevail

light; and yet this gross mistake, in this and the following line, has run through all the editions, not excepting the quartos published in our author's life-time. *Seward.*

There was but one quarto published in Fletcher's life-time; the second is dated 1629, four years after his decease.—Ed. 1778.

[1] *Bolt.*] *i. e.* An arrow. *Reed.*

[2] *Holt*] Is a wood or grove:

"Eke whanne Zephyrus, with his sote breth,
"Enspirede hath, in every *holt* and heth."
Prologue to CHAUCER'S *Canterbury Tales.*
Reed

The word is still to be met with in leases of estates.

With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: Give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.

Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.

Amor. These happy pair of lovers meet straight-way,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bord'ring upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicines or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts, to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave [*Shewing a scroll.*
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patient's brow,

That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.
I'll this attempt! Now, shepherd, I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipp'd: Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hottest fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-eyed virgin! Come, oh, come, my fair
Be not abused with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.

My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wand'ring thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give!—I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion! Do not wilder shew
Than blushing modesty may entertain.
Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;

Enter ALEXIS.

This is some shepherd! Sure I am awake!
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge.
Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me! Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung,
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long;
I am impatient of these mad delays!
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind!
[*Exit.*

Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;
But be they far from me, with their fond terror!
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell
Thy blessed name again.
Cloe. [*Within.*] Cloe! Here!
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met.
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soke through your startups.[3]
Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is perish'd? Oh, my heart!

[3] *Startups.*] The word *startups*, or, as it is frequently spelt, *startopes*, occurs in the following lines of Warner's Albion's England; and Dr Percy explains it to signify, "*buskins* worn by rustics, laced down before:"

"He borrowed on the working daies
His holy russets oft,
And of the bacon fat to make,
His *startopes* black and soft." *Reed.*

How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard to fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those bless'd pair of fixed stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.——[*Aside.*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy; not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward; 'tis not fear
To offend in boldness, wins; they never wear
Deserved favours, that deny to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part?

But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold!——
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: When we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefacedness!

Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!

Cloe. 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder.

Alexis. Cloe!

Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough!
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Part of the Forest, with the holy Well.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, carrying AMARILLIS *asleep.*

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well,
Thrice with powerful magic spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twined,
I do thy sleepy body bind:
I turn thy head into the east,
And thy feet into the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.—
[*Lets her down into the well.*
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be;

There I stop.[4]—Fly away,
Ev'ry thing that loves the day:
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes, that cast your coats for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè, with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret.
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
Up out of this blessed lake.
Rise, both like her, and awake!
[*Draws her out of the well. She awakes in the shape of* AMORET.

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices discover'd be?

Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee,[5] and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

4 *There I stop.*] Mr Seward, as might be expected from his rage of mending the metre, reads—"*Now* fly away." I think the line is uncommonly beautiful, on account of the sudden pause in the metre after the words "there I stop." In the next line but one that commentator, for the same reason, reads—"Truth, that *beareth* but one face."

5 *Reformed.*] So the first quarto. Corrected in the second.

Amar. Then this deceit, which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay:
Then will I lead him further to the grove;
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say, her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
The dazzled sense, read by the moon-beams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT.

Sull. Shep. Stand close! Here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
[*They retire.*

Per. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be about yon sacred well,
Which they have bless'd with many a powerful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them; so holy is the ground.
But I will further seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stay long unmet.—
My Amoret, Amoret! [*Exit.*

Amar. [*Coming forward.*] Perigot!
Per. [*Within.*] My love!
Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To shew her glory in this little grove

Enter AMORET.

To some new-loved shepherd! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? But that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion, or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?
Sull. Shep. Fair maid!
Amo. Ay me, thou art not Perigot!
Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,
And said, "Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?"
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,

Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it day-light,
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way!
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll follow him; and for this thy care of me,[6]
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she shew!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me that perjured her.[7] Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none,
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I essay to win her love?—
She would not sure have yielded unto me?—
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger. Oh, vain fool, to let
Such bless'd occasion pass! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter ALEXIS *and* CLOE.

I come, sweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?

[6] *I'll seek him out, and for thy* courtesy.] So the folio, and all the modern editions read. The text is from the first quarto. In the second, the line is altogether omitted.

[7] *That* perjured *her.*] *i. e.* That swore false to her.—Ed. 1778.

A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be.
Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.
Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stolen delight.
Alexis. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found;
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;
No maid seeks here her strayed cow, or sheep;
Fairies and fawns, and satyrs do it keep:
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.
Cloe. Then lie by me; the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
Sull. Shep. [*Coming forward.*] Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!
Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!
Sull. Shep. Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
[*Wounds him with his spear.*
Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!
Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less

Than that fond man, that would have kept you
there
From me of more desert.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

The Satyr enters; the Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and CLOE *another.*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest:
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge: Here must I stay,[8]
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right.
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;

[8] *But, to my charge*, &c.] Warton has noticed the evident similarity between the satyr and the attendant spirit in Milton's Comus, and has observed that the passage in the text was imitated by that poet in these verses, (l. 78, 81.)

——— When any, favoured of high Jove,
Chances to pass thro' this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy.

If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alexis. Oh, death!

Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure I hear a mortal sound.—
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moon-beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!

Alexis. Oh!

Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. Arise!
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes foul'd with his blood!
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[*Exit with* ALEXIS.

Re-enter CLOE.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;

But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love!—
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
Then where art thou that struck'st my love? Oh,
stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled!—What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, though hope be small
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try him;[9] his heart and my behaviour too,
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my
feeble sight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone
And tender love for love.—But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is removed
By her of whom it was so well beloved.

[9] *I'll try* him; *his heart, and my behaviour too*
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.] The last editors read, "I'll try his heart;" but the old text is better sense than the alteration, which a mere defect of metre is never sufficient to justify.

Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, Perigot will shew his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace, and kiss!

Peri. What means my love?

Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.

Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: Be not abused
With thy fond first belief; let time be used.—
Why dost thou rise?

Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!

Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

Peri. 'Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived!—Art not in jest?

Amar. Sweet love, lie down!

Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!

Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.

Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.

Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! My blood be on thy head!
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry.
Peri. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
[*He runs after her.*
Amar. Oh, hold! [*Exit.*
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart!
[*Exit.*
[*The Sullen Shepherd steps out, and uncharms her.*
Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I strew these herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.[5]
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her 'scape;
Give again her own shape!

[5] *Let your odor driue hence*
All mistes *that dazell sence.*

———— ————

Let her flye, let her scape,
Giue againe her owne *shape.*] Mr Seward thus unwarrantably and ridiculously alters these lines:

" Let your odour drive *from* hence
All mist-ès that dazzle sense.

— — — — — —

Let her fly, *and* let her scape,
Give again her *former* shape."

Fletcher very fortunately did not count the number of syllables in his lines upon his ten fingers, as his learned annotator undoubtedly did his own.

Enter Amarillis, *in her own shape,* Perigot *following with his spear.*

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I cross'd thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.[6]
Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess! my rage, and night,
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight;
But, far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood.
[*Exit* Amarillis.

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shews! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot!
Peri. Here.
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Wounds her.*
Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love! thou art unjust.
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust.
[*Exit* Perigot.

6 *The only fear of which* neere *slain me hath.*] Thus the quartos; the abused folio of 1679 says *near;* the octavo of 1711, *ne'er;* which the editors of 1750 follow!—Ed. 1778.

Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be cross'd ; for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her.—Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die !

Amo. No mercy I do crave :
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through.
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with AMORET *in his arms.*

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks ?
My fishes shoot into the banks ;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fallen into my river head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.

'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,[7]
From my watry locks, more round

[7] *Take a drop into thy wound,*
From my watry locks, more round
Than orient pearl.] Nothing can be more beautiful than this piece of machinery, whether it be considered as an allegory, viz. That the coldness of the water stopt the bleeding of the wound; or be looked on as the mere produce of fancy in a species of poetry which admits the introduction of Fauns, River-Gods, and all the rural deities. In either of these lights how striking and picturesque are the images! What delicacy of style, and harmony of numbers! what pastoral purity and propriety in the sentiments! Milton copied it in the scene of Sabrina, at the latter end of Comus, and perhaps more closely than Virgil ever did any one passage of Homer in his Æneid, or of Theocritus in his Eclogues. This healing of the wound he imitates in his dissolution of Comus's spell:

"Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure:
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip.
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste hands moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost its hold."

The two last of these lines are a more immediate imitation of what Clorin afterwards says in healing Amoret's second wound:

With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest. *Seward.*

Warton, in his notes on Comus, has pointed out numerous passages in Fletcher's pastoral, from which Milton took the process of dissolving the charm. (Todd's Milton, II. p. 385, 387.) He

Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber:—Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
God. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Ay, me!
God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:
I am this fountain's God![8] Below
My waters to a river grow,

has also observed that a passage occurs in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, a poem which will be noticed more particularly in an ensuing note, "strongly resembling the circumstance of the river god in Fletcher applying drops of water to the enchanted Amoret, or of Sabrina doing the same in Comus." The passage, which is too long for insertion in this place, occurs in the second song of the first book.

[8] *I am this fountain's God*, &c.] This beautiful description of a brook, Milton makes Sabrina imitate in the description of herself:

"By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agat and the azurn sheen
Of torkois blue, and emerauld green,
That in the channel strays."

I believe the reader will agree with me, that Milton's images here have more of pomp, but not so much of natural beauty, as those of Fletcher. Sir John Davies, a contemporary of our authors, in his

And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen:
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in:
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,

excellent poem on the Immortality of the Soul, has a beautiful simile from a brook thus wandering in meanders:

" And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassy plains.

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose watry bosom first she lay."

They who would see the fine application of this simile, may please to consult the poem, and if they read from the beginning till they find it, their time will not be ill spent.—*Seward.*

But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,
I should have shewn my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
God. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu!
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,[9]

[9] *I must make my waters fly,*
Lest they leave their channels dry, &c.] The bounties of the river, and the gratitude of the shepherds, are closely imitated by Milton in his description of Sabrina:

" ——— still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve

And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate

Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blast, and ill luck signs
That the shrewd medling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carrol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils."

I believe the reader will here again think that Milton has more pomp and sublimity, but that the extreme prettiness, delicacy, and ease of Fletcher is more consonant to the pastoral, and consequently more pleasing. But this cannot be said of Milton's imitation of Amoret's answer, in which Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing first:

" Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss,
From a thousand pretty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon." *Seward.*

Warton, in noticing this imitation of Milton's, quotes a passage from Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, which bears so strong a resemblance to the passages of Milton and Fletcher, that he observes, " From a close parallelism of thought and incident, it is clear that either Browne's Pastoral imitates Fletcher's play, or the play the pastoral. Most of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays appeared after 1616; but there is unluckily no date to the first edition of the Faithful Shepherdess. It is however mentioned in Davies's

On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindness to me shewn,
Never from thy banks be blown

Scourge of Folly, which appeared in 1611." The first part of Browne's poem appeared in 1616; but a prefixed address to the reader is dated June 18, 1613, when he was twenty-three years old. Some parts of his work, however, have been conjectured to have been written in his twentieth year, that is, about 1610. As it is ascertained that Fletcher's play existed, and was acted before 1611, his claims of priority are unquestionably greater, as Browne's work must have been in a very crude state at that time, if it existed at all; and Fletcher was not likely to have availed himself of the manuscript labours of so young a man, if he ever saw them. Milton certainly recollected the passage in Browne, as well as that in Fletcher. Though this note is already of an unreasonable length, I cannot resist transcribing the parallel speech of Marine to the River-God, from the former poet:

——— "May first,
Quoth Marine, swaines give lambs to thee;
May all thy floud have seignorie
Of all flouds else, and to thy fame
Meete greater springes, yet keepe thy name.
May neuer euet, nor the toade,
Within thy bankes make their abode:
Taking thy journey to the sea,
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
On nitre, or on brimstone myne,
To spoyle thy taste. This springe of thyne
Be ever fresh! Let no man dare
To spoyle thy fish, make lock or ware;
But on thy margent still let dwell
Those flowers which have the sweetest smell;
And let the dust upon thy strand
Become like Tagus' golden sand."

Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid;
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
God. Thanks, virgin! I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Exit.*
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter Perigot.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou north-
west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese[1]

[1] *Leese.*] The old word for *loose.* It occurs in Chaucer, Spenser, and almost every ancient poet.

Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!
[*Offers to fall on his spear.*

Enter AMARILLIS *running.*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds send down, can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly[a] number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead; be as when thine eyes
Took the first heat.
Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

[a] *So hardly.*] With so much difficulty.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not shew thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,[3]
The primrose chaplet, taudry-lace,[4] and ring,
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!
Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplex'd,
And thus believing.
Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.
Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt.*

3 *Many a curious* fret.] The participle *fretted* is still in use, and occurs in the Fairy Queen:

"In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arrayed."

Also in Hamlet. The meaning of the substantive in the text is obvious; but I have not met with another instance of its use.

4 *Taudry lace.*] This species of lace is thus described in Skinner's Etymologicon: "*Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbriæ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ Nundinis. Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." From a marginal note to Drayton's Polyolbion, it appears that tawdries were worn as necklaces by country girls.

SCENE II.

The Grove before CLORIN'S *Arbour.*

Enter SATYR, *with* ALEXIS, *hurt.*

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare[5]
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground

[5] *Fare.*] We do not remember to have met with this word in the sense here adopted, before. *Fare*, in this place, seems to mean *form*.—Ed. 1778.

I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold the happy power,[6]
[*Seeing* CLORIN.
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit
Heaven and great Pan succour it!—

Enter CLORIN.

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.[7]
Clor. What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And, with the feared name of death, affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.
Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it

6 —— *bower.*] So the two oldest quartos read.

7 Trench'd *into him.*] Cut, from the French *trancher.*

From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot shew me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.

Clor. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude;
Though thou be'st outward rough, and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
[*Applies herbs to the wound.*
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forced into the sore;
This to draw out such putrifying gore
As inward falls.

Sat. Heaven grant it may be good!

Clor. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moon-beams; pinch him thrice;
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.

Sat. I saw
His eye-lids moving.

Clor. Give him breath.
All the danger of cold death

Now is vanish'd ; with this plaister,
And this unction, do I master
All the fester'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light.
Now he gapes and breathes again :
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!
Alexis. Oh, my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs through my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.——
Pan, preserve me!—What are you?
Do not hurt me! I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.
Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
'Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty[8] fires,

[8] Lusty *fires.*] Mr Seward changes *lusty* to *lustful;* but both words have the same import: We have therefore followed the old books. *Heats*, for *hearts*, in the preceding line, was restored by Theobald from the first quarto. Various instances of the use of *lusty* for *lustful*, are produced in a note on the Custom of the Country, vol. II. p. 331.—*Ed.* 1778.

Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purged, until
The veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
Till when, this virtuous plaister will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alexis. Sure I have lost much blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing,[9]
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore.—
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing.—
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee, do thy will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will; and when the weather

[9] *Doing.*] See vol. III. p. 321.

Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring, and summer!
Clor. Friend, farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter AMORET, *seeking her Love.*

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love, and almost life, and since have cross'd[1]
All these woods over; ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it;[2] ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank, or shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose

[1] *And since have cross'd,* &c.] Warton has noticed the similarity of the following lines in Comus to those in the text:

"I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits," &c.

[2] *But I have sought* it.] *i. e.* Searched it through. The folio, and all the modern editions, read—"But I have sought *him.*"

Their valentines, that I have missed, to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? Was my love alone
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence?[3] 'Tis
well;
I am content to feel it: But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness! and thou may'st know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gavest me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness;[4] therefore, here
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall!

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind
That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For sure, so strange as this, the oracle

[3] *Was my love alone*
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence?] The construction is rather hard; but, resolved into plain prose, the meaning is, "Was my love worth only this scornful return?"—Ed. 1778.

[4] *Or fury more than madness.*] A rage even beyond frenzy.—Ed. 1778.

Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams
Of madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall!
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; while he,
Directed by his fury, bloodily
Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and
cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be cross'd.—Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest.
Thy Perigot——

Amo. Where, which is Perigot?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God
wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run! Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.
Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.
Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.
Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.
Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.
Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men!
Thus I salute thee, virgin! [*Attempts to stay her.*
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can!
[*Exit running.*
Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man!
[*Exit, running after her.*

SCENE IV.

The Banks of a Rivulet in the Forest.

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not steal away![5] I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides the lazy team. Go back again,
Boötes, thou that drivest thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night
To hide my sorrows from the coming light!
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling! Give me some black place
Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone!

Enter Amoret, *looking for* Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.

[5] *Night, do not steal away,* &c.] Milton seems to have had this passage before him when he wrote the following lines for the Attendant Spirit in Comus:

" At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep." *Reed.*

Peri. What art[6] thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy!
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons, and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace,
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd! I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me:
Indeed, I can and will.
Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues to so ill intent?[7]

[6] *What art thou dare.*] A very usual elipsis, meaning, What art thou who dare, &c. The first quarto omits *art* accidentally. The text is from the second. The folio reads—"What art thou *darest*;" but a rhyme was certainly intended.

[7] *Virtues to so ill intent?*] The meaning is, as the last editors say, "Why have you lent your hidden virtues for so ill an intention as to deceive me?" for he does not yet believe her to be the real Amoret.

Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gavest me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From these fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
"Shepherd, remember this another day."

Amo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I lost?
Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant?[8] Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?
Is there no one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

[8] *Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, and most*
Of these unconstant? ——] The last *and* is not in the first quarto. Mr Seward, as usual, makes violent alterations, but certainly *most* refers to *men* only, not to Heaven and time, nor to faith, uplifted hands, &c., mentioned in the ensuing lines, as the last editors suppose.

Peri. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.
Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea;
Upon whose face sits a continual frost,
Your actions ever driven to the most,[9]
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou, that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou, that wast every good, and every thing
That men call blessed; thou, that wast the spring

[9] *Your actions* ever *driven to the* most,
Then down again as low ——] *Ever* means *always*, and the *most* means the *uttermost*, the greatest height. It appears ridiculous to explain these words, but both Seward and the last editors bungle at them. Mr Mason properly observes, "It requires some ingenuity to find any difficulty in a passage so clearly expressed as this is."

From whence our looser grooms drew all their
best;
Thou, that wast always just, and always blest
In faith and promise; thou, that hadst the name
Of virtuous, given thee, and madest good the
same
Even from thy cradle; thou, that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy,
And I to live to know this! And by me
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chace the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou canst love[1] thy new love, if thou
hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

[1] —— *canst love.*] These words are omitted in the modern editions, and no notice taken of such an unwarrantable alteration.

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name!
I must not know thee; fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feigned passions: Perigot
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.

Amo. Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,[2]
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night;

[2] *Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right.*] I think it is an observation in one of Mr Pope's letters, that the harmony of English verse consists in the variation of the pauses betwixt the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh syllables; and it is a known rule, that the most natural pause of the English verse is at the fourth syllable. The modern poets, from Waller to Mr Pope, by confining their pauses almost always to those four syllables, and oftenest to the fourth, have preserved an uniformity of numbers and cadence which is very rarely found in either Spenser, Shakspeare, Fletcher, or Milton. Most of these have done it occasionally, as Fletcher has done here, for some lines together; but they generally vary their pauses freely through all the syllables. Let us therefore ask, Whether the common opinion of Waller, Dryden, and Pope's, being the refiners and smoothers of the English metre be well or ill grounded? Have the softest and smoothest of their writings more delicacy and harmony than several parts of Comus and the Faithful Shepherdess? More uniform they are, we allow, like the gardens which Mr Pope describes, where

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

But is this a true or a false taste? We certainly borrowed it from the French in the Gallic (not Augustan) age of King Charles the Second; and, if we admire it, let us acknowledge our benefactors.
Seward.

It should, however, be observed, that in some ancient poems, for instance, Sackville's Introduction to the Mirrour of Magistrates, the accent is, for a great number of lines together, uniformly laid on the fourth syllable. The observation of Seward certainly holds good with regard to the dramatic poets, the brightest ornaments of the age of Elizabeth and James I.

And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;[3]
And thus with much belief I was beguiled.
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many, with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels,[4] sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward: lambs and
doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: Nor these, nor they
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?

[3] *Not the same, more* wild.] As this is sense, I don't reject it, though I think it probable that the author's word was *vilde*, the old way of spelling *vile*. *Seward.*

Wild refers here to the infidelity and wantonness which Perigot had accused her of.

[4] *Cracknels.*] Dr Johnson says *cracknel* is a hard brittle cake, and gives the following authorities for his explanation of it:

" Albee my love he seek with daily sute,
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdain,
His kids, his *craknels*, and his early fruits." *Spens. Past.*
" Pay tributary *craknels*, which he sells;
And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails." *Dryd. Juv.*
Reed.

Cracknels are to this day usual in some parts of England, being a species of hard biscuit.

Happy had been the stroke thou gavest, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where every slave is free, and every breast
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret!
Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it! [*He wounds her again.*
Amo. [*Falling.*] So this work hath end!
Farewell, and live! be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next!

Enter SATYR; PERIGOT *runs off.*

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark,[5] that erst was mute,

[5] *The early lark.*] I have somewhere heard it observed, that the English poets are much more happy in their descriptions of the morning and evening, than either the Greeks or Romans; and perhaps the reason may be, that the twilight in summer is longer, and consequently the mornings and evenings are more beautiful in the northern than in the southern climates. The truth of the observation might be abundantly proved, and Fletcher's mornings and evenings in this play would be very high in the list of English beauties. Milton, in his L'Allegro, has imitated this description of the lark, and, as usual, has exceeded him in energy and grandeur as much as he has fallen short in sweetness and prettiness:

Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wand'ring swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be,
I am ready; speak, I say:
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!
Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!
Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure these wanton swains are woo d.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vile a pait
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face!
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps;[7] and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower, in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise." *Seward.*

Against this hypothesis of Seward's, the beautiful descriptions of morning and evening to be met with in the Italian poets, strongly militate. It was a singular idea of Bernardo Tasso to begin all the hundred cantos of his Amadigi with such descriptions, a design which he executed, but altered upon a second revisal.

[6] *Wood.*] *i. e.* Mad.

[7] *Keeps.*] *i. e.* Dwells, resides. The students and fellows at the university still use this phrase in this sense.

SCENE V.

The Grove before CLORIN'S *Arbour.*

Enter CLORIN.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another cure.—
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove inconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again.
[*Exit.*

Enter THENOT, *lying down under a tree.*

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends;
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye
He hath espied something that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else: Such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Re-enter Clorin.

Clo. See where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!—
Shepherd, look up.
The. Thy brightness doth amaze!
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?
The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what, for thy sake,
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.
[*He starts up.*
The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break:
I, that already have my fame far spread,
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet all I'll lose for thee——
The. Think but how bless'd
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee,

The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex, but thee, before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die, than to behold[8] this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain shame!
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now!—Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best: For as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!
Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive: But do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others! False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*

[8] —— *to behold.*] The first of these words was properly inserted by the editors of the folio of 1679.

Clo. 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee thanks
for it!
What art could not have heal'd, is cured by wit.

Enter Thenot *again.*

The. Will you be constant yet? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?
Clo. No, let me die; but by thy side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst
ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.
Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou
wilt.
The. Thou art of woman's race, and full of guilt.
Farewell, all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye!
[*Exit.*
Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick
redress,
And for my labours sent so good success!
I rather chuse, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Village.

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag-and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. [*Knocks at several doors.*] It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain

Within these cotes: The woods, or some near town,
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spiced wassel-bowl,[9] to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin!—Shew me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

On one side of the Stage the Interior of Clorin's *Bower, within it* Alexis *and* Clorin; *before it the Grove. In the back-ground,* Daphnis *and* Cloe *are discovered in a hollow tree. A chaffing-dish of coals in the arbour.*

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure,
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wand'ring thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain,
By thy choice herbs, is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.

[9] *Wassel-bowl.*] This alludes to the ancient custom of wassailing, or going about the village, particularly during the Christmas holidays, carousing and dancing. The ingredients of the bowl were spiced ale or wine, with sugar and roasted apples, &c.

Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, carrying AMORET.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injured be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me!
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.——
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst have touch'd, asleep, or 'wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man sure is a kind of beast!
Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.——
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound;
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.

Aom. For aught I know, or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste!
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure.
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work.—
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.

The Satyr brings CLOE *and* DAPHNIS *to* CLORIN.

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in.—
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death.
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop [*Sprinkling the ground.*
Of crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,
'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
[*Carries* AMORET *into the bower.*

She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain;
Mayest thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—
[*Applies his finger to the flame.*
See, it gives back; let him go.
Farewell, mortal! keep thee so.
[*Exit* DAPHNIS.
Sat. Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.—
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.

[a] *In this flame*, &c.] This was not, as Mr Seward supposes, a fairy legend, but a superstition derived from the ordeal of the feudal times. For further information respecting this singular trial, I refer the reader to a curious note in Mr Scott's edition of Sir Tristrem, 2d edit. p. 314. Similar to the lines in the text are the following, which occur in the Merry Wives of Windsor:

"With trial fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And put him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart."

Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.
Alexis. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alexis. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
[*The Satyr leads off* CLOE.
Alexis. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See his wound again is burst!
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I have stopt these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.
[*She draws a Curtain before her Bower. The Scene shuts in.*

SCENE III.

The Pasture.

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever! 'Tis in vain
To find them out, with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now? shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?

Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain:
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter THENOT.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known,
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling-off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious[2] desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age and pain,[3]
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.
The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please

[2] *And like a* glorious *desperate man, that buys A poison of much price.*] *Glorious*, in this place, bears the same sense as the French adjective *glorieux*, which signifies *proud, vain.*—Ed. 1778.

[3] *With present* age *and pain.*] Notwithstanding the objection of the last editors, who read, "*ache* and pain," Seward has properly defended the original text, which is now restored, and certainly means "old age and pain."

A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at thoroughly: Nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living like the rhyme
Our blessed Tityrus [4] did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,[5]
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wander'd?

The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,

[4] *Our blessed* Tityrus.] Mr Sympson would suppose that Spenser is meant here, but I happen to dissent from him in this; first, because Spenser died but a few years before this play was wrote, and the expression of *yore* seems to imply an earlier date: Secondly, because *Tityrus* is the name which Spenser had in all his pastorals given to Chaucer, and as Fletcher frequently imitates those pastorals, I doubt not but Chaucer was here intended; particularly as Spenser is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with still greater honour than Chaucer is here. *Seward.*

[5] *Thunder 'gainst the* bay.] This property was anciently ascribed to the *laurel.*

Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale[6] among the thick-leaved spring,
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy,[7] that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling!

The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see

[6] *The nightingale among, &c.*] This description of the nightingale is taken from Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, August.

"Hence with the nightingale will I take part.
That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment
The memory of his misdeed that bred her woe."

Both Spenser's and Fletcher's are extremely beautiful, and the sound in both a perfect echo to the sense; yet are they scarce to be named with that noble simile of the nightingale at the end of the Georgicks, or with the various descriptions of her in Milton, who was quite enamoured with this bird, from her near resemblance to his own circumstances.

"Who fed on thoughts that voluntary moved
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note." *Seward.*

Virgil's simile is also translated in one of Lee's tragedies.—Ed. 1778.

It is inconceivable how Seward could find any imitation of Spenser in the text. The solitude of the nightingale, and her melancholy voice, (which, independently of the associations occasioned by night and silence, might perhaps be regarded rather as cheerful than plaintive) are derived from classic authors, and allusions to both occur in almost every poet, ancient or modern.

[7] *Our great enemy.*] The wolf.

A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis?
Daph. He.
Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been,
Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen:
Such horrour, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bower
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power
Sick men and cattle have been often cured;
There lovely Amoret, that was assured
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, *running.*

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit!
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!
Priest. This is a night of wonder!—Amarill',
Be comforted; the holy Gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessed man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy,[8]
My yet unblasted flower, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our God, and by those virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purged! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis! here I vow
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
'Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues, or company of men impure!
I hear him come! save me!
Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most-loved Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast.
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced

[8] *Hear me, and save from endless infamy,* &c.] These lines may be compared with the following in Milton's Comus:

"By all the nymphs that nightly dance,
Upon thy streams with wayward glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

Thy golden buskins; turn again and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active youth! Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn, I say!
I must not be deluded.

Priest. [*Coming forward.*] Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou livest and breathest in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosom,[9] forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!

Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embraced her; tell me by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart?

[9] *Eating with* debate
Through every honest bosom.] The word *debate*, in this place, is used in the sense of strife, or perhaps hatred.

Priest. Lust, and a branded soul.[1]
Sull. Shep. Yet tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And wills that every living creature must
Beget his like?
Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery.—
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forest.

Enter PERIGOT, *with his hand bloody.*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the Morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—
My hand will not be cleansed. My wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injured thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?

[1] *Lust, and a branded soul.*] The article was casually dropped in the two first quartos, but inserted in the folio.

Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: To her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she,
Whom I adored, is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and like Clorin live! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Grove before Clorin's *Dwelling, with the Interior of it on one side of the Stage;* Clorin *sitting in the Bower,* Amoret *sitting on the one side of her,* Alexis *and* Cloe *on the other; the Satyr standing by.*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid.
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
On these other lustfully.
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile!
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?

Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such!

Enter PERIGOT, *on the outside of the Bower.*

Peri. Yon is her cabin; thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain!
Clo. What art thou that dost call
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near!
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. [*Coming out of the Bower.*] There at hand
some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. [*Comes forth.*] What wonders have been here
To night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain,
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower.
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so!

The Satyr leadeth him to the Bower, where he espies Amoret, *and kneels down before her.*

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love!
Strike once more[2] on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, could'st thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live.
More welcome now, than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!
Peri. And when thou lovest alone,
And not I [thee[3]], death, or some ling'ring pain
That's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee;[4] once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.

[2] Sticke *once more.*] So the two oldest quartos read. *Sticke* was anciently used in the sense of *to pierce.*

[3] *And not I.*] The word *thee* was properly, but silently, introduced in the modern copies.

[4] *Perhaps will cleanse* thee; once *again.*] This is the reading of the old quartos; the folio of 1679 says,

This *perhaps will cleanse again;*

which is copied by the later editions. We have followed the older books; and though the construction, according to the usage of our author, is a little licentious, yet the meaning is obvious.—Ed. 1778.

All the powers again are pleased,
And with this new knot are appeased.
Join your hands, and rise together,
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Clo. Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallow'd ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That may'st freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up.—Never was
[*Applying the Priest's hand to the flame.*
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me:
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion fell: for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race [5]

[5] —— *brought* the race.] Mr Seward, thinking of partridges,

Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water; for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air.—
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair

[*The Satyr sprinkles the arbour with water, and then perfumes it with frankincense.*

Of censors fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: Quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr; for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins
Of those offenders. Let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man; and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.

[*Exit Priest.*

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused! Give me the smart,

reads "a brace!" as there were but two. The words in the text are not very elegant, but far more so than the alteration.

For it is justly mine.
Amo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.
Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break;
Hear us, oh, Heaven!
Amo. Be constant.
Peri. Else Pan wreak,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, all envy dies.

Re-enter Priest.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will; the swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:[6]
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: Great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.
Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: How bright the day doth shew
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go,

[6] *And disgrace.*] These words first occur in the second quarto.

And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.

[*Exit Satyr, and re-enter with* AMARILLIS.

Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;

[*Holds her hand to the flame.*

If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.—
See the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good!

Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought again
To virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health, and free from pain:
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through, from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits,[7] and labour; let the flood,

[7] *Bits.*] *i. e.* Morsels; a phrase, it must be confessed, not very elegant.

Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns,
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms:[8]
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliment, but single truth,
From every tongue, and every shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art:
Thus, holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please!

All. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,[9]
We pray upon this bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, while with powerful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you

[8] ——— *the lazy clowns,*
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms.] This instance of laziness is taken from Spenser. Shepherd's Calendar, February.

"So loytring live, you little herd-grooms,
Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms."

The meaning, I believe, is, You that loitering let your herds run wild among the broom which grows on the worst soil, and don't drive them into the best pastures. *Seward.*

[9] *And all those blessings,* &c.] In the third edition, this speech is given to *Alexis* singly, and continued so in the later copies.— Ed. 1778.

From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still,
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches, all your strength
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul.
May his care of you controul
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you;
Give you all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus[1] taught ye; Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.
[*They sing, and strew the ground with flowers.*

[1] *That honest* Dorus.] This fine eulogy on some poet beloved and almost adored by our author, I take to have been meant of Spenser for these reasons. He seems to speak of one who lived in the preceding age, but was dead before the Faithful Shepherdess was published. This answers to none so well as Spenser, he and Shakspeare being the only very great poets that immediately preceded our author; but the latter lived some years after the publication of this piece. In the next place, as he had just before taken an expression from Spenser, so he greatly imitates his manner in the following song, and inserts one expression of his in it literally:

——— *Daffadillies,*
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling, &c.

which Spenser had thus expressed, Shepherd's Calendar, April.

"Strow me on the ground with daffadowndillies
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies." *Seward.*

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flock from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung. [Exeunt.

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,[2]

[2] —— *tell me, sweetest,* &c.] This, and the following lines, as Mr Henley observes, are from the well-known speech of Ariel in the Tempest. They are certainly worthy of the original poet, as well as of his illustrious imitator.

——————— I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

What new service now is metest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air,[3] and stay

On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

[3] ——— *shall I stray*
In the middle air, &c.] The character of the Attendant Spirit in Comus, is this Satyr under another shape and name. The Satyr in the third act is sent by Pan to guide aright the wandering shepherds, and to protect virtue in distress. The Attendant Spirit has much the same office: He is sent by Jupiter to protect the virtuous against the enchantments of Comus. When they have finished their office, they both give the same account of their power and velocity. In imitation of the lines now referred to, and to the two last of the Satyr's first speech,

(I must go, and I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun.)

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the audience:

"But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon."

The two first and the two last of Milton's lines are directly taken from Fletcher; *The sky slowly bending to the horizon*, in the middle couplet, is a noble image; but I can scarce think that it can alone vie with the variety of beauties in Fletcher; such as *making suit to the pale Queen of Night for a moon-beam; darting through the waves that fall on each side in snowy fleeces*, and *catching the wanton fawns, and flies whose woven wings are dyed by the summer of many colours.* But it may perhaps be thought that Milton has improved the measure, and made his sound more an echo to his sense; if he has, he only imitates in this the following lines, which are a fine instance of this species of beauty.

——— *I will dance*
Round about these woods, as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales,
Faster than the windmill-sails.

The Italians have the honour of being the introducers of the dra-

The sailing rack,[4] or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes

matic pastoral, but I cannot, upon examination, find that Fletcher has borrowed a single sentiment or expression from any of them, except the name of the Faithful Shepherdess from the *Pastor Fido*. *Seward.*

The character of Corisca, in the pastoral of Guarini, seems however to have been the prototype of the wanton Cloe, as has been observed before.

[4] *The sailing* rack.] "The winds," says Lord Bacon, "which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise." So Shakspeare, in his Tempest:

"And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a *rack* behind."

To *rack*, in this sense, is sometimes used as a verb. In the old play of the Raigne of King Edward III., 1596,

"——— like inconstant clouds,
That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,
Encrease and die." Steevens's Notes on Shakspeare.
Reed.

The following is a more apt illustration of the term:

"These prayses kild the doctor's heart,
He knew it was his boy
That, thus disguised, did seeke to thwart
The pride of all his joy;
Look't like the angry cloudes in blackes,
Which threaten showers of raine,
Yet *ride upon the moving rackes*,
As it would to the maine."—The Italian Taylor and his Boy. By Robert Armin. London, 1609, sign. G. 4.

Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks,[5] lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick[6]
Down the lawns, and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!

Clo. And to thee,
All thy master's love be free! [*Exeunt omnes.*

[5] *Thicks.*] So the first folio reads, in conformity to the metre. Later editions—*thickets*, to which the original word is synonymous.

[6] *Prick.*] This word generally means to ride, but here seems to be used merely in the sense of speedily proceeding.

THE

MAD LOVER,

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE MAD LOVER.

This Tragi-Comedy was first printed in the folio of 1647. In which year it was first produced, we cannot at present determine; but as the great tragedian, Richard Burbadge, who acted one of the characters, (probably that of the Mad Lover,) died in March, 1618-9, it must certainly have appeared before that year. Both Sir Aston Cokaine, in his copy of verses prefixed to the folio of 1647, and Oldys, in his manuscript notes on Langbaine, alledge that Fletcher was the sole author. The authority of the former, who seems to have been well informed on the subject, is certainly very high. The poems of Herrick, Lovelace, Gardner, and Hills, also mention the play amongst those of Fletcher which they choose to commend; but their authority is of as little weight as that of Jasper Mayne, who attributes it to the united authors. The editors of 1750 and 1778 say that the prologue gives it to both the poets. The lines in the first folio stand thus:

> To please all's impossible, and to despaire,
> Ruins ourselves, and dampes the *writers* care.

But this proves nothing, for *writers* may be the genitive case of the singular as well as of the plural. Upon the whole, the evidence that Fletcher was the sole author seems sufficiently strong to warrant our ascribing it to him solely.

Langbaine observes, "That the design of Cleanthe's suborning the priestess to give a false oracle in favour of her brother, Syphax, is borrowed from the story of Mundus and Paulina, described at large by Josephus, lib. 18. cap. 3."

The same story is told by Bandello, (edit. Lucca, vol. III. nov. XIX.) Josephus relates, that Paulina, the beautiful and chaste wife of Saturninus, whose virtues parallelled her own, was greatly offended by the importunities of Mundus, a man high in the equestrian order. When he found that Paulina rejected every solicitation, and even refused two hundred thousand Attic drachmæ, which he had offered her for one night, he resolved to famish himself to death. But a freed woman, named Ide, hearing his resolu-

tion, offered to entrap the lady, and to put her within his power, requiring fifty thousand drachmæ to put her purpose in execution. She knew that Paulina was much addicted to the worship of Isis, and accordingly proceeded to the temple of the goddess, where she obtained a promise of assistance from the priests, paying them one half of the fifty thousand drachmæ immediately, and promising the other whenever the design was accomplished. One of the priests went to the house of Paulina, and informed her that the god Anubis was fallen in love with her, and had desired her to come to him. Greatly flattered at the condescension of that deity, she obtained her husband's consent, who was perfectly persuaded of her chastity. In the evening she proceeded to that temple, where, after having supped, and the lights being put out, she was met by Mundus, who lay with her the whole night. The morning being come, and the fictitious god having disappeared, she returned home, and boasted of her connexion with Anubis to all her acquaintance, who strongly suspected some trick of priestcraft. Three days afterwards, she met Mundus, who thanked her for having saved him the promised sum of two hundred thousand drachmæ, and, acquainting her with the deceit he had practised, went his way. She discovered the trick to her husband, who acquainted the emperor Tiberius with it. The latter caused the temple of Isis to be demolished, her statue to be thrown into the river, and all the priests to be crucified, as well as Ide, the freed woman of Mundus. The latter, having acted by the impulse of love, was punished only by banishment. From this abstract, it will be seen that the poet was indebted for a slight hint only to the historian.

Though the play has long been completely laid aside, it seems to have been a favourite in the seventeenth century; and, amongst other plays of our authors, was acted at the London theatres soon after the Restoration. Mayne, himself a dramatic author of no mean merit, praises it in the following terms:

Where shall I fix my praise then? or what part
Of all your numerous labours hath desert
More to be famed than other? Shall I say,
I've met a lover so drawn in your play,
So passionately written, so inflamed,
So jealously enraged, then gently tamed,
That I, in reading, have the person seen,
And your pen hath part stage and actor been?

Sir Aston Cokaine is still more profuse in his praises, and, indeed, singles this play out from all others, to induce the world to read the works of Fletcher. His poem is entitled, "On the deceased Author, Mr John Fletcher, his Plays, and especially the

Mad Lover." For his sentiments, the reader is referred to the recommendatory poems in the first volume. It was perhaps on this account that the play was printed at the head of the original folio edition.

Notwithstanding all the extravagant commendations which it received, it is certain that the perusal of this tragi-comedy by no means warrants them. Though the first character of the play, upon whom the whole machine of the plot rests, be executed with singular felicity, and much sterling humour, the very first conception of such a hero in a tragi-comedy is unnatural, and even farcical. We feel no degree of admiration at the rough and frantic old general, and are led continually to regret his being thrust forward as the principal character, before whom all the others fade into comparative insignificance. Siphax is the mere shadow of Memnon; but to his love-mania he adds the most perfect insignificance. The fooleries of Chilax, of the Fool and the Page, though very often highly amusing and humorous, are too frequently disgusting by their obscenity; and the Old Priestess is almost too shocking to admit of any mention whatever. But, notwithstanding these many and serious objections, there are scenes and single passages in the play which would do honour to any dramatic author. To particularise them all would be needless, and impossible in the short space of this preface. The dialogue between Memnon and Siphax, in the second scene of the first act, is an admirable banter on the absurd affectation of platonic attachment, so fashionable in Fletcher's days, and, in a somewhat altered shape, revived in the sentimental comedies of our own. The winding up of the play is skilfully managed; and the generous behaviour of Polydore, in interceding for his brother Memnon, with their final heroic contention, are circumstances which in some measure compensate the heavy defects of the story, and the awkwardness of the machinery.

PROLOGUE.

To please all is impossible, and to despair,
Ruins ourselves, and damps the writers care:
'Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
To find the minds here equal with the men:[1]
But we must venture; now to sea we go,
Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow;
Remember, ye're all venturers; and in this play
How many twelve-pences[2] ye have stow'd this day:
Remember, for return of your delight,
We launch, and plough through storms of fear and spite.
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And steer us right; and, as the sailor sings,
Loaden with wealth, on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound voyage chearfully;
And you, our noble merchants, for your treasure,
Share equally the fraught[3]—we run for pleasure.

[1] *To find the minds here equal with the men.*] "So many men so many minds," is an old saying. It seems here to be implied that *one* man has *many* minds.—Ed. 1778.

[2] *Twelve-pences.*] A shilling seems to have been the general price of admission to the best rooms, or boxes, though, in some theatres, it was one-and-sixpence, or even half-a-crown. See, on this subject, vol. II. p. 12, 104, 223, and Mr Malone's History of the English Stage.

[3] *Fraught.*] This word generally, in the old books, is used for *freight.* —Ed. 1778.
The punctuation of these two lines has been adopted from Mr Mason's Comments.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Astorax, *King of Paphos.*
Memnon, *the General, and the Mad Lover.*
Polydore, *Brother to Memnon, beloved of Calis.*
Eumenes, Polybius, Pelius,[1] } *three Captains.*
Chilax, *an old merry Soldier, Lieutenant to Memnon.*
Siphax, *a Soldier, in love with the Princess.*
Stremon, *a Soldier that can sing.*
Demagoras, *Servant to the General.*
A Gentleman.
Chirurgeon.
Fool.
Picus, *a Page.*
Boy of Stremon.
Another, belonging to the Priestess.
Lords and Courtiers.
Soldiers.

Calis, *Sister to the King.*
Cleanthe, *Sister to Siphax.*
Lucippe, *one of the Princess's Women.*
Venus.
Priestess of Venus, *an old Wanton.*
A Nun.
Cloe, *a Camp Baggage.*

SCENE—Paphos.

The principal Actors were:

Richard Burbadge,
Robert Benfield,
Nathaniel Field,
Henry Condel,
John Lowin,
William Eglestone,
Richard Sharpe.

[1] Polybius and Pelius are called first and second captain throughout the play. I have preferred designating them by their names.

THE

MAD LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Audience Chamber in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING ASTORAX, CALIS, CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, *Courtiers, and Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other,* EUMENES.

Eum. Health to my sovereign!
King. Eumenes, welcome!
Welcome to Paphos, soldier! to our love!
And that fair health you wish us, through the camp
May it disperse itself, and make all happy!
How does the general, the valiant Memnon?
And how his wars, Eumenes?
Eum. The gods have given you, royal sir, a soldier,
Better ne'er sought a danger; more approved

In way of war, more master of his fortunes,[1]
Expert in leading 'em ; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding fortune certain there.
King. Oh, soldier,
Thou speak'st a man indeed; a general general;[2]
A soul conceived a soldier.
Eum. Ten set battles,

[1] —— *more master of his fortunes,*
Expert in leading 'em ; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.] I shall now return to mere verbal criticisms. By the reading and pointing above, the first step of a most beautiful climax is taken away, and placed to a former sentence, where it is quite unnecessary. The four qualifications of a great general are strongly marked out: *Expert in leading on ; valiant in the combat ; prudent in guiding his valour to victory,* and *in making his victories decisive.* I make the pause fuller at the end of the first line, and put in the second what to me bids fairest for having been the original ; though it might have been

Expert in leading, and in doing valiant. *Seward.*

Mr Seward reads,

———— *more master of his fortunes :*
Expert in leading on ; *in doing valiant ;*
In following all his deeds, &c.

Surely the old reading in the text is the right reading. What can prove a man *more master of his fortunes,* than his being *expert in leading 'em ?* Besides that, Mr Seward's pointing mars the syntax, and deprives the two last lines of the word *valiant,* that governs them :

———— *in doing* valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.

Here a repetition of *valiant* is understood, as of the word *more* in the first two lines: " Ne'er was a soldier more master of his fortunes, [more] expert in leading 'em ; valiant in doing, [valiant] in following his deeds on to victory, and in maintaining it when acquired."—Ed. 1778.

[2] *A* general *general.*] *i. e.* A *complete* general. The folio of 1679 reads, *a* general's *general.*

Against the strong usurper Diocles,
(Whom long experience had begot a leader,
Ambition raised too mighty) hath your Memnon
Won, and won gloriously, distress'd and shook
him,
Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing.
In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,
Forced him to wall himself up: There not safe,
Shook him with warlike engines like an earth-
quake,
Till, like a snail, he left his shell, and crawl'd
By night and hideous darkness to destruction,
Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve castles,
Some thought impregnable; towns twice as many;
Countries, that, like the wind, knew no command
But savage wildness, hath this general,
With loss of blood and youth, through storms and
tempests,
Call'd to your fair obedience.
King. Oh, my soldier,
That thou wert now within my arms! [*Drums
within.*] What drums
Are those that beat, Eumenes?
Eum. His, my sovereign;
Himself i' th' head of conquest drawing home,
An old man now, to offer up his glories,
And endless conquest, at your shrine.
King. Go all,
And entertain him with all ceremony;
We'll keep him now a courtier.
Eum. Sir, a strange one;
'Pray God his language bear it. By my life, sir,
He knows no compliment, nor curious casting
Of words into fit places ere he speak 'em:
He can say, "Fight well, fellow, and I'll thank
thee:

He that must eat, must fight; bring up the rear there!"
Or "charge that wing of horse home!" [*Flourish.*
King. Go to, go to!
Valiant and wise are twins, sir.

Enter MEMNON, CHILAX, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, *with a train of Courtiers and Soldiers.*

Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my fortunate and famous general!
High in thy prince's favour, as in fame,
Welcome to peace, and Paphos!
Mem. Thank your grace!
And 'would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness
To thank you as I should; but pardon me,
My sword and I speak roughly, sir: Your battles,
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring you
That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully,
That no more name of war is: Who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him.
Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,
At length your general, (as one whose merit
Durst look upon no less) I have waded through
Dangers would damp these soft souls but to hear of.
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, sir.
[*Pointing to his sword.*
Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,
No oily language, but the shock of arms,
No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures,[3]
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,

[3] *Measures.*] A measure was a very usual term for a dance.

'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at;
Yet I ne'er shrunk: Balls of consuming wildfire,
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at,
And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles.
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords
I have marched like whirlwinds; Fury at this hand
waiting,
Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope:
When I have grappled with Destruction,
And tugg'd with pale-faced Ruin, night and mis-
chief,
Frighted[4] to see a new day break in blood;
And every where I conquer'd, and for you, sir;
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers. Those that grie-
ved you,
I have taken order for i' th' earth: Those fools
That shall hereafter——

King. No more wars, my soldier:
We must now treat of peace, sir.

[*He takes* MEMNON *aside, and talks with him.*

Cle. How he talks,
How gloriously![5]

Calis. A goodly-timber'd fellow;
Valiant, no doubt.

Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting.
In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions
Could be set off in nothing but a noise!
Sure he has a drum in's mouth.

Calis. I wonder, wenches,
How he would speak to us.

Cle. Nothing but 'larum,

[4] *Frighted.*] *i. e.* Were frightened. This is a singular use of this verb.

[5] *Gloriously.*] *i. e.* Proudly. The French word *glorieusement* is used in the same sense.

Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,
And bless it for sure biting.
Lucip. An't like your grace,
I do not think he knows us, what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded
A sutler's wife yet, or, in execution,[6]
Old bed-rid beldames, without teeth or tongues,
That would not fly his fury. How he looks!
Cle. This way devoutly.
Calis. Sure his lordship's viewing
Our fortifications.
Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his battery.
Calis. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his valour
Be not in love!
Cle. If he be, presently
Expect a herald and a trumpet with you,
To bid you render; we two perdues[7] pay for't else.
King. I'll leave you to my sister and these ladies,
To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier,
We must now turn your sternness into courtship.
When you have done there, to your fair repose,
sir!

6 —— *or in execution.*] This signifies the sack of a town, and is used by Jonson in that sense, as well as our author. *Seward.*

7 —— *perdues.*] *Enfans perdus*, Fr. the forlorn hope, for which the word perdue was frequently employed. So in our author's Little French Lawyer:

" I am set here like a *perdu*,
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress."

And in Sir John Suckling's supplement to some verses of Shakspeare, speaking of the arm of a sleeping beauty:

" There lay this pretty *perdue*, safe to keep
The rest o' th' body that lay fast asleep."

I know you need it, Memnon.—Welcome, gentlemen! [*Exit. A flourish.*

Lucip. Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's yours;

Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurs.[8]

Mem. Oh, Venus!

[*He kneels amazed and silently before* CALIS.

Calis. How he stares on me!

Cle. Knight him, madam, knight him;

He'll grow to the ground else.

Eum. Speak, sir; 'tis the princess.

Polyb. You shame yourself; speak to her.

Calis. Rise and speak, sir.

You are welcome to the court, to me, to all, sir!

Lucip. Is he not deaf?

Calis. The gentleman's not well.

Eum. Fy, noble general!

[8] *'Tis for your* spurs.] This is an allusion to chivalry. Lord Lyttelton, speaking of Henry II. after he was knighted, says, "He sought an occasion of exercising his new profession of arms, or (to speak in the language of that age) he desired to *gain his spurs;* but he could not possibly take the field," &c.—*Life of Henry II.* vol. II. p. 178. And we find in Segar's Honor Civil and Military, p. 75, that, on the degradation of a knight in England, his gilt *spurs* were beaten from his heels, and his sword taken from him and broken. *Reed.*

'Tis for your spurs, That is, your first exploit; and, to establish your character, you must behave with spirit. It is a common phrase in the old French writers, when a young man behaved gallantly in his first action, to say, *qu'il a bien gagnè ses eperons;* that is, he has earned his spurs well. The phrase owes its origin to the ancient method of conferring knighthood, one of the ceremonies of which was the tying on the spurs of the new-made knight; and it was usual to defer the knighting of young soldiers until they had merited that honour by some brave exploit.

In the Loyal Subject, Aldina says to Archas—

You are a knight, a good and noble soldier,
And, when your spurs were given you, your sword buckled,
You then were sworn, &c. *Mason.*

Lucip. Give him fresh air; his colour goes.—
How do you?
The princess will be glad, sir——

Mem. Peace, and hear me.

Cle Command a silence there.

Mem. I love thee, lady.

Calis. I thank your lordship heartily: Proceed, sir.

Lucip. Lord, how it stuck in's stomach, like a surfeit!

Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked.
What a fine-spoken man he is!

Lucip. A choice one;
Of singular variety in carriage![9]

Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his distance.

Mem. With all my heart I love thee.

Calis. A hearty gentleman!
And I were e'en an arrant beast, my lord,
But I loved you again.

Mem. Good lady, kiss me.

Cle. Ay marry, Mars, there thou camest close up to her.

Calis. Kiss you at first, my lord? 'Tis no fair fashion;
Our lips are like rose-buds; blown with men's breaths,
They lose both sap and savour; there's my hand, sir.

Eum. Fy, fy, my lord! this is too rude.

Mem. Unhand me!
Consume me if I hurt her.—Good sweet lady,
Let me but look upon thee.

Calis. Do.

Mem. Yet!

[9] *Carriage.*] *i. e.* Behaviour, conduct.

Calis. Well, sir,
Take your full view.
Lucip. Bless your eyes, sir.
Calis. Mercy!
Is this the man they talk'd of for a soldier,
So absolute and excellent? Oh, the gods,
If I were given to that vanity
Of making sport with men for ignorance,
What a most precious subject had I purchased?—
Speak for him, gentlemen, some one that knows
What the man ails, and can speak sense.
Cle Sure, madam,
This fellow has been a rare hare-finder:
See how his eyes are set.
Calis. Some one go with me;
I'll send him something for his head. Poor gentleman,
He's troubled with the staggers.[1]
Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run march-mad[2] else; the fumes of battles
Ascend into his brains.
Cle. Clap to his feet
An old drum-head, to draw the thunder downward.
Calis. Look to him, gentlemen.—Farewell, lord! I am sorry
We cannot kiss at this time; but, believe it,
We'll find an hour for all.—God keep my children
From being such sweet soldiers!—Softly, wenches,
Lest we disturb his dream.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and Ladies.*

[1] *Staggers.*] The *staggers*, which is a kind of horses' apoplexy, is mentioned in All's Well that Ends Well. One species of it is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. *Reed.*

[2] *March mad.*] We still say colloquially—as mad as a March-hare.

Eum. Why, this is monstrous.
Polyb. A strange forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.
Pel. Though he ne'er saw a woman of great fashion
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em; mere report of others——
Eum. Pish,
His head had other whimsies in't.—My lord!
'Death, I think you're struck dumb. My good lord general!
Polyb. Sir!
Mem. That I do love you, madam; and so love you,
An't like your grace——
Pel. He has been studying this speech.
Eum. Who do you speak to, sir?
Mem. Why, where's the lady,
The woman, the fair woman?
Polyb. Who?
Mem. The princess,
Give me the princess.
Eum. Give you counsel rather
To use her like a princess. Fy, my lord!
How have you borne yourself, how nakedly
Laid your soul open, and your ignorance,
To be a sport to all! Report and honour
Drew her to do you favours, and you bluntly,
Without consideration what, or who she was,[3]
Neither collecting reason, nor distinction——
Mem. Why, what did I, my masters?
Eum. All that shews

[3] —— how *she was.*] So the first folio, and a few lines lower —undigested *done.* In both instances, the editors of the second folio saw the necessity of correction.

A man unhandsome, undigested dough.
Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?
Eum. Dumb and senseless,
As though you had been cut out for your father's tomb,
Or stuck a land-mark. When she spoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our island,
You stared upon her as you had seen a monster.
Mem. Was I so foolish? I confess, Eumenes,
I never saw before so brave an outside.
But did I kneel so long?
Eum. Till they laugh'd at you.
And, when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell you
What 'twas, my lord; how far from order.
Bless me! Is't possible the wild noise of war,[4]
And what she only teaches, should possess you?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,
Being at flood still in you: And in peace,
And manly conversation, smooth and civil,
Where gracefulness and glory twin together,[5]
Thrust yourself out an exile? Do you know, sir,
What state[6] she carries? what great obedience
Waits at her beck continually?
Mem. She ne'er commanded
An hundred thousand men, as I have done,

[4] —— *the wild noise of* a *war.*] So the first folio and the modern editions read. The text is from the second. "What she only teaches," means, as M. Mason observes, "nothing but what she [*i. e.* war] teaches."

[5] —— twin *together.*] Instead of this elegant phrase, the last editors very tamely read—"*twine* together," but are too much ashamed of their amendment to give any notice of it. In the next line but one, Seward, without necessity, introduced the conjunctive *and* after *carries*. But these interpolations, for the sake of metre, are so frequent, that it would waste the reader's patience to notice every one of them.

[6] *State.*] Courtly behaviour, princely conduct.

Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd
her.
Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one!
Mem. Why, she's a woman, is she not?
Eum. She is so.
Mem. Why, very well; what was she made for
then?
Is she not young and handsome, bred to breed?
Do not men kiss fair women? if they do,
If lips be not unlawful ware, why, a princess
Is got the same way that we get a beggar,
Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
She must be handled ere she get another.
That's rudeness, is it not?
Pel. To her 'tis held so,
And rudeness in that high degree——
Mem. 'Tis reason;
But I will be more punctual. Pray what thought
she?
Eum. Her thoughts were merciful, but she
laugh'd at you,
Pitying the poorness of your compliment,
And so she left you. Good sir, shape yourself
To understand the place and noble persons
You live with now.
Polyb. Let not those great deserts
The king hath laid up of you, and the people,
Be blasted with ill-bearing![7]
Eum. The whole name
Of soldier then will suffer.
Mem. She's a sweet one.
And, good sirs, leave your exhortations;
They come untimely to me; I have brains

[7] —— *ill-bearing.*] *i. e.* Ill behaviour; in the same way *carriage* is continually used for behaviour in general.

That beat above your reaches: She's a princess,
That's all; I have kill'd a king, that's greater.
Come, let's to dinner; if the wine be good,
You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.
[*Exeunt all but* CHILAX.

Chi. Well, 'would thou wert i' th' wars again, old Memnon!
There thou would'st talk to th' purpose, and the proudest
Of all these court camelions would be glad
To find it sense too. Plague of this dead peace,
This bastard-breeding, lousy, lazy idleness!
Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings
Out of old rotten ends. These twenty-five years
I have served my country, lost my youth and blood,
Exposed my life to dangers more than days;
Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their answers:
"The king is bound to right me," they, good people,
"Have but from hand to mouth." Look to your wives,
Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your marchpanes![8]

[8] *Marchpanes.*] *Marchpane* was a confection made of pistachio nuts, almonds, sugar, &c., and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time, as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, *a marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves. *Dr Gray's Notes on Shakspeare.*

Marchpane, a kind of sweet bread, or biscuit, called by some almond-cake. Hermolaus Barbarus terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *martius panis*, G. *macepain* and *massepain*, It. *marzapane*, H. *mazapan*, B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally, though corruptly, called *massepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martsepeyn*; and, in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See Junius.—*Hawkins.*

The fragility of the biscuit seems to be the chief quality here alluded to.—Ed. 1778.

For, if the soldiers find not recompence,
(As yet there's none a-hatching, I believe)
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye;
For starve nor beg they must not. My small means
Are gone *in fumo*; here to raise a better—
Unless it be with lying, or dog-flattering,
At which our nation's excellent, observing dog-days,
When this good lady broils and would be basted
By that good lord, or such like moral learnings—
Is here impossible: Well, I'll rub among 'em;
If any thing for honesty be gotten,
Though't be but bread and cheese, I can be satisfied:
If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am
Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There's an old lass
That shall be nameless, yet alive, my last hope,
Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
If all fail—

Enter Fool and Page.

Jack-Daws, are you alive still? Then
I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can prosper.
Page. Brave lieutenant!
Fool. Hail to the man of worship!
Chi. You are fine, sirs,
Most passing fine at all points.
Fool. As you see, sir,
Home-bred and handsome; we cut not out our clothes, sir,
At half-sword, as your tailors do, and pink 'em[9]

[9] ——*pink 'em.*] A technical term of the tailors of the time. Cotgrave, among other explanations of the French verb *mouscheter*, has the following—to *pinke*, or cut with small cuts.

With pikes and partizans; we live retired, sir,
Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.

Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy; peace plays with you
As the wind plays with feathers, dances you;
You grind with all gusts,[1] gallants.

Page. We can bounce,[2] sir,
(When you soldadoes bend i' th' hams) and frisk too.

Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,
And your cold sallads, without salt or vinegar,
Lie[3] wambling in your stomachs; hemp and hob-nails
Will bear no price now, hangings and old harness
Are like to over-run us.

Page. Whores and hot-houses—

Fool. Surgeons and syringes, ring out your sance-bells.[4]

Page. Your jubilee, your jubilee!

Fool. Proh Deum!
How our St Georges will bestride the dragons,
The red and ramping dragons!

Page. Advance it, Fool.[5]

[1] *Grind with all* gusts.] *i. e.* Gusts of wind, the metaphor being taken from a windmill.

[2] *We can* bounce.] The change is from Mr Theobald's margin, and it is, I believe, the true word. *Seward.*
Theobald's word is *bound*, but I see no difficulty why the word in the text should not be used for jumping, leaping, or even dancing.

[3] Be *wambling.*] The old edition reads, BY *wambling.* I have probably therefore restored the true word. *Sympson.*

[4] *Sance-bells.*] *i. e.* Saints' bells, to which the modern editors unnecessarily alter the text.

[5] Page. *Advance't, fool.*] *i. e.* Go on with the joke. A similar expression occurs in the last act, where Chilax says to the fool, —"fool up, sirrah." *Mason.*
The editors of 1750 and 1778 read—"Well advanced, fool."

Fool. But then the sting i' th' tail, boy.
Page. Tanto melior;
For so much the more danger, the more honour.
Chi. You're very pleasant with our occupation, gentlemen;
Which, very like, amongst these fiery serpents,
May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,
A mother or a sister.
Fool. Mine's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else: But say, Sir Huon,[6]
Now the drum's dubb's [done],[7] and the sticks turn'd bed-staves,
All the old foxes hunted to their holes,[8]
The iron age return'd to Erebus,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* [9]
Thrust out o' th' kingdom by the head and shoulders,
What trade do you mean to follow?

[6] *Sir Huon.*] An allusion to the very popular romance of Sir Huon de Bourdeaux, which was translated by Lord Berners in the sixteenth century, and abridged by Tressan in his Corps des Extraits des Romans, &c. It is the original of Wieland's celebrated Oberon.

[7] *Now the drums dubbs.*] So the old copies read, and it is evident that some corruption has taken place. Mr Seward proposes three conjectures, viz. "Now the drum dumb is," "Now the drum's dubb's o'er," and the one which I have adopted in the text. It is not unlikely that the alliteration was intended, and where three words beginning with the same letter stand together, one of them might easily be overlooked by the compositor.

[8] *All the old foxes hunted to their holes.*] An evident quibble upon broad-swords, which were frequently called foxes in old writings. For instance, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: "What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a baske hilt, and an *old fox* in it?"

[9] *Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*] This word often occurs as the longest in existence. It is found in Shakspeare's Love's Labour's Lost, in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, and in Nashe's Lenten Stuff.

Chi. That's a question.
Fool. Yes, and a learned question, if you mark it.
Consider, and say on.
Chi. Fooling, as thou dost;
That's the best trade, I take it.
Fool. Take it straight then,
For fear your fellows be before you: hark ye, lieutenant,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings;
When all's done, you must fool, sir.
Chi. Well, I must then.
Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling?
The circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that shews his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find, sir,
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing,
As fooling has been; but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends;
For all men get by fooling, merely fooling,
Desert does nothing; valiant, wise, virtuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.
Chi. I partly credit that.
Fool. Fine wits, fine wits, sir!
There's the young boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live else in his master's absence;
He ties a lady's garters so, so prettily!
Say his hand slip, but say so.
Chi. Why, let it slip then.
Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his wages.
Chi. That's true.
Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting-gentlewoman,

Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams himself
too,
And wishes all dreams true; they cry amen,
And there's a memorandum: He can sing too
Bawdy enough to please old ladies: He lies rarely,
Pawns ye a suit of clothes at all points fully;
Can pick a pocket if you please, or casket;
Lisps when he lists to catch a chamber-maid,
And calls his hostess mother; these are things now,
If a man mean to live;[1] [not] to fight and swagger,
Beaten about the ears with bawling sheepskins,
Cut to the soul for summer:[2] Here an arm lost,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in salves and cerecloths, like a packet,
And so sent over to an hospital:
Stand there, charge there, swear there, whore
there, dead there;
And all this sport for cheese and chines of dog-
flesh,

[1] *If a man mean to live: To fight, and swagger.*] The opposition between the page's life, and the fine raillery on the soldiers, is not clearly marked out by any former edition. The first folio reads,

If a man mean to live, to fight, and swagger.

The addition of a fuller stop by the two latter editors, shews that they saw the drift of the poet; but I believe the corruption was the change of the negative into an affirmative.—*Seward.*

The old text is evidently corrupt; but I think the word *not* was not changed, as Mr Seward supposes, to *to,* in the first folio, but entirely omitted.

[2] *Cut to the soul for* summer.] The summer being the season of war, I don't discard this, though it is a little obscure, and Mr Theobald conjectures that it might be *honour,* which would certainly much improve it.—*Seward.*

Theobald's proposed emendation is a very plausible one, and I should be inclined to place it in the text with Mr Mason, if I did not suspect an allusion to the superstitious practice of cutting the worm under the tongues of dogs, to prevent them from becoming mad in the dog-days.

And money when two Wednesdays meet together,
Where to be lousy is a gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on—
Chi. I'll be your scholar, come, if I like fooling.
Fool. You cannot choose but like it; fight you one day,
I'll fool another; when your surgeon's paid,
And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are heaviest;[3]
I'll have a shilling for a can of wine,
When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.[4]
Boy. Come, learn of us, lieutenant; hang your iron up;
We'll find you cooler wars.
Chi. Come, let's together;
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em——[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Mem. Why were there not such women in the camp then,

[3] *Whose* slops *are heaviest.*] Slops are large loose breeches, or trowsers, still worn by sailors. The shops where ready-made clothes are sold, are still called slop-shops. Slops are again mentioned in the third act of this play:

——— "You never care for me
But when your *slops* are empty."

[4] *When you shall have* two sergeants *for a* counter.] This seems to be a quibble on the word *counter*, as applied to a *prison* and a *false piece of money*, and the meaning of the passage, "I shall have a shilling for a can of wine, you only a *counter*, and will be in custody of *two sergeants*, *i. e.* officers belonging to the *Counter*." *Reed.*

Prepared to make me know 'em?
Eum. 'Twas no place, sir.
Polyb. Why should they live in tumults? they are creatures
Soft, and of sober natures.
Mem. Could not your wives,
Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent for
To exercise upon?
Eum. We thank your lordship.
Pel. But do you mean——
Mem. I do mean—
Pel. What, sir?
Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too, an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your throats cut. Get ye from me!
Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lousy circumstances,
(Better have ballads in't) your courtly worships,[5]
How to put off my hat; you, how to turn me;
And you, forsooth, to blow my nose discretely.
Let me alone; for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.
Eum. She's the princess.
Men. Why, let her be the devil! I have spoke
When thunder durst not check me. I must love;
I know she was a thing kept for me.
Eum. And I know, sir,
Though she were born yours, yet your strange behaviour,
And want——
Mem. Thou liest!

[5] *Your courtly worships
How to put off my hat.*] Theobald supposes a whole line lost here, and Seward reads, "your courtly worship;" but there can be no occasion of amendment, as Memnon is evidently addressing more persons than one.

Eum. I do not.

Mem. Ha!

Eum. I do not lie, sir.
I say, you want fair language; nay, 'tis certain
You cannot say good-morrow.

Mem. Ye dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating tongues——
[*Draws.*

Eum. Do, kill us,
Kill us for telling truth. For my part, general,
I would not live to see men make a may-game
Of him I have made a master: Kill us quickly,
Then you may——

Mem. What?

Eum. Do what you list, draw your sword childishly
Upon your servants that are bound to tell you.
I am weary of my life.

Polyb. And I.

Pel. And all, sir.

Eum. Go to the princess, make her sport, cry to her,
"I am the glorious man of war!"

Mem. Pray ye, leave me.
I am sorry I was angry; I'll think better.
Pray, no more words.

Eum. Good sir.

Mem. Nay then——

Pel. We are gone, sir.
[*Exeunt* EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, *and* CLEANTHE.

Calis. How came he hither? See, for Heaven's sake, wenches,
What faces, and what postures, he puts on.

I do not think he's perfect.[6]
[Memnon *walks aside, full of strange gestures.*
Cle. If your love
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough;
As well as he will be.
Calis. Mark how he muses.
Lucip. He has a battalia now in's brains. He draws out; now
Have at ye, harpers![7]
Cle. See, see, there the fire falls.[8]
Lucip. Look what an alphabet of faces he runs through.
Cle. Oh, love, love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty armour.
Calis. I'll away,
For by my troth I fear him.
Lucip. Fear the gods, madam,
And never care what man can do: This fellow,
With all his frights about him, and his furies,
His 'larums, and his launces, swords and targets,
Nay, case him up in armour cap-a-pie,
Yet, durst I undertake, within two hours,
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,

[6] *I do not think he's* perfect.] *i. e.* In his senses. So Lear,

"I think I am not in my *perfect* mind."—Ed. 1778.

[7] *Have at ye,* harpers!] Though I have not disturbed the text, I have no doubt but the last word was either corrupted from harpies, or else that it was sometimes confounded with that word. The same has occurred in Marlowe's Tamerlane:

"And like a *harper* tyers upon my life."

The passage in the text is another confirmation of Steevens's supposition, that Harper, the name of a spirit in Macbeth, was a misspelling, or mis-print for *harpy.*

[8] *Fire* fails.] The word I have substituted is, I believe, the true one, for it carries on the metaphor, which the other does not. Mr. Sympson and I concurred in this conjecture.—*Seward.*

Should shake his valour off, and make his shanks to ake.[9]

Cle. For shame! no more.

Calis. He muses still.

Cle. The devil——
Why should this old dried timber, chopt with thunder——

Calis. Old wood burns quickest.

Lucip. Out, you would say, madam;
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,
And smoke me soundly too. He turns, and sees you.

Cle. There's no avoiding now; have at you!
[MEMNON *comes to her.*

Mem. Lady,
The more I look upon you—— [*Stays her.*

Cle. The more you may, sir.

Calis. Let him alone.

Mem. I would desire your patience.
The more, I say, I look, the more—— [*Stays her.*

Lucip. My fortune.
'Tis very apt, sir.

Mem. Women, let my fortune
And me alone, I wish you.—Pray come this way;
And stand you still there, lady.

Calis. Leave the words, sir,
And leap into the meaning.

Mem. Then again
I tell you, I do love you.

Calis. Why?[1]

Mem. No questions;
Pray, no more questions. I do love you infinitely.
Why do you smile? Am I ridiculous?

[9] *And make his shanks too.*] So the first folio. The word *ake* was properly added in the second.

[1] Calis. *Why?*] Mr Seward, we think injudiciously, gives this interrogatory to *Cleanthe*.—Ed. 1778.

Calis. [*Aside.*] I am monstrous fearful.—No, I joy you love me.

Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't; I do love you.—
Stand still; do not trouble me, you women!—
He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms; he whose valour
Has over-run whole kingdoms.

Calis. That makes me doubt, sir,
'Twill over-run me too.

Mem. He whose sword——

Cle. Talk not so big, sir; you will fright the princess.

Mem. Ha!

Lucip. No, forsooth.

Calis. I know you have done wonders.

Mem. I have, and will do more and greater, braver;
And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that kingdom,
And take your choice——

Calis. Sir, I am not ambitious.

Mem. You shall be; 'tis the child of glory. She that I love,
Whom my desires shall magnify, time story,
And all the empires of the earth.[a]

Cle. I would fain ask him——

Lucip. Pr'ythee be quiet; he will beat us both else.

Cle. What will you make me then, sir?

[a] —— *She that I love,*
Whom my desires shall magnify, time stories,
And all the empires of the earth.] We should read *time story; shall*, the sign of the future tense, referring to *story* as well as to *magnify;* and the meaning is this, " She whom I love, whom my desires shall magnify, and both time and all the earth shall celebrate."—*Mason.*

Mem. I will make thee—
Stand still and hold thy peace!—I have a heart,
lady——
Calis. You were a monster else.
Mem. A loving heart;
A truly loving heart.
Calis. Alas, how came it?
Mem. I would you had it in your hand, sweet
lady,
To see the truth it bears you.
Calis. Do you give it——
Lucip. That was well thought upon.
Cle. 'Twill put him to't, wench.
Calis. And you shall see I dare accept it, sir,
Take't in my hand and view it: If I find it
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.
Mem. No more; I'll send it to you;
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.
Cle. Handsomely done, sir; and perfumed, by
all means;
The weather's warm, sir.
Mem. With all circumstance.
Lucip. A napkin wrought most curiously—
Mem. Divinely.
Cle. Put in a goblet of pure gold.
Mem. Yes, in jacinth,
That she may see the spirits through.
Lucip. You have greased him
For chewing love again in haste.[3]
Cle. If he should do it—
Calis. If Heaven should fall we should have
larks: He do it!

[3] *You have* greased him
For chewing *love in haste.*] This alludes to the alledged trick of hostlers of greasing the teeth and gums of horses, to prevent them from eating their hay or corn.

Cle. See, how he thinks upon't.
Calis. He'll think these three years,
Ere he prove such an ass. I liked his offer:
There was no other way to put him off else.
Mem. I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.
Calis. I do, sir.
Mem. Love it; for 'tis a heart that[4]——and so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else, I think, he means it.
Calis. He must be stark mad,
Or he will never do it: 'Tis vain-glory
And want of judgment that provokes this in him;
Sleep and society cure all. His heart?
No, no, good gentleman! there's more belongs to't:
Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow;
I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *For 'tis a heart that.*] These words are not to be found in the first folio, but were added in the second, probably from an authentic source.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Apartment of Memnon.

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. 'Tis but to die. Dogs do it, ducks with dabbling,
Birds sing away their souls, and babies sleep 'em:
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
For, in the other world, she's bound to have me;
Her princely word is past: My great desert too
Will draw her to come after presently;
'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.
Besides, no brother, father, kindred, there
Can hinder us; all languages are alike too.
There love is ever lasting, ever young,
Free from diseases, agues,[5] jealousies,
Bawds, beldames, painters, purgers. Die? 'tis nothing:[6]

[5] *Diseases*, ages, *jealousies.*] Theobald and Sympson wish to read *aches*, while Seward and the last editors defend the original text, which they say signifies—old age. But Mason properly objects against the tautology of the old text, and denies that age was ever used in the plural for old age. He then proposes the emendation which I have adopted in the text, " by which Memnon means those momentary intervals of languor which are felt even by the truest and most ardent lovers."—Comments, p. 113. What adds to the probability of the conjecture is, that the omission of a single letter is more likely to have happened than the corruption of *aches* to *ages*.

[6] *Free from diseases, ages, jealousies.*
Bawds, beldames, painters, *purgers, die, 'tis nothing.*] So

Men drown themselves for joy to draw in juleps,
When they are hot with wine; in dreams we do it;
And many a handsome wench that loves the sport
well,
Gives up her soul so in her lover's bosom.
But I must be incised first, cut and open'd,
My heart, (and handsomely) ta'en from me: stay
there!
Dead once—Stay! let me think again! Who do
I know there?—
For else to wander up and down unwaited on,
And unregarded in my place and project,
Is for a sowter's soul,[7] not an old soldier's.
My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—
That have been kill'd before me,—right!

Enter CHILAX.

Chi. He's here,
And I must trouble him.
Mem. Then those I have conquer'd,
To make my train full,——
Chi. Sir!
Mem. My captains then——
Chi. Sir, I beseech you——
Mem. For to meet her there,

this passage is pointed in the first folio. The pointing in the text is from the second folio. Though the former is not devoid of meaning, the latter is perhaps more spirited, and, for that reason, has been preferred. The modern editions read *panders*, for *painters;* but the emendation is quite needless, and mere tautology.

7 A sowter's *soul.*] *i. e.* A cobler's, in which sense the word is still used in Scotland, and occurs again in Fletcher's Wild-Goose-Chase:

"A conqueror? a cobler; hang him, *sowter!*"

Being a princess, and a king's sole sister,
With great accommodation, must be cared for.
Chi. Weigh but the soldiers' poverty.
Mem. Mine own troop first,
For they shall die.
Chi. How? what's this?
Mem. Next——
Chi. Shall I speak louder?—Sir!
Mem. A square battalia——
Chi. You do not think of us.
Mem. Their armours gilded, —
Chi. Good noble sir!
Mem. And round about such engines
Shall make hell shake.
Chi. You do not mock me?
Mem. For, sir,
I will be strong as brave.[8]
Chi. You may consider;
You know we have served you long enough.
Mem. No soldier
That ever landed on the bless'd Elyzium
Did or shall march, as I will.
Chi. 'Would you would march, sir,
Up to the king, and get us——
Mem. King nor Keiser[9]

[8] —— *For, sir,*
I will be strong as brave.] That is, I will be strong as well as fine and glorious.—*Mason.*

The first folio reads—*strange.* The punctuation of Memnon's abrupt speeches, which, if collected together, will be found to form set periods, has hitherto been entirely neglected.

[9] *King nor* Keiser.] Mr Seward was so totally ignorant of old writings, that he had never met with the latter word before, which seems to make it doubtful whether he had ever read Spenser, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, for the word occurs in the works of each of these poets: he therefore changed it to Cæsar. Mr Reed, in the last edition, has transcribed eight instances of the use of the old word from Warton's Observations on Spenser, but I will not weary out the reader's patience by retaining his note.

Shall equal me in that world.
Chi. What a devil ails he?
Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those towns I fired—
Chi. I speak of money, sir.
Mem. Ten thousand coaches,——
Chi. Oh, pounds, sir, pounds. I beseech your lordship,
Let coaches run out of your remembrance.
Mem. In which the wanton cupids, and the graces,
Drawn with the western winds, kindling desires;—
And then our poets:——
Chi. Then our pay.
Mem. For, Chilax, when the triumph comes; the princess
Then, for I'll have a Heaven made,——
Chi. Bless your lordship!
Mem. Stand still, sir.[1]
Chi. So I do.
Mem. And in it——
Chi. 'Death, sir,
You talk you know not what!
Mem. Such rare devices!
Make me, I say, a Heaven.
Chi. I say so too, sir.
Mem. For here shall run a constellation,—
Chi. And there a pissing-conduit.
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With wine, sir.
Mem. A sun there in his height, there such a planet!

[1] Chi. *Bless your lordship!*
Stand still, sir.
Mem. *So I do, and in it.*] The absurdity of *Chilax* bidding *Memnon stand still*, and his answering, *so I do*, is, I think, very obvious, and the emendation almost self-evident.—*Seward.*

Chi. But where's our money? where runs that?
Mem. Ha!
Chi. Money,
Money, an't like your lordship.
Mem. Why, all the carriage
Shall come behind; the stuff, rich hangings, treasure;
Or, say we have none—
Chi. I may say so truly,
For hang me if I have a groat. I have served well,
And like an honest man: I see no reason——
Mem. Thou must needs die, good Chilax.
Chi. Very well, sir.
Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about me;
I cannot miss thee.
Chi. Die?
Mem. Yes, die; and Pelius,
Eumenes, and Polybius: I shall think
Of more within these two hours.
Chi. Die, sir?
Mem. Ay, sir;[2]
And you shall die.
Chi. When, I beseech your lordship?
Mem. To-morrow see you do die.
Chi. A short warning.
'Troth, sir, I am ill prepared.
Mem. I die myself then;
Besides, there's reason——
Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee tell me,
For thou art a great dreamer——
Chi. I can dream, sir,

[2] I, *sir.*] We have no doubt that *I*, in this place, means *Ay*. It was the usual way of writing that word formerly; and Memnon does not seem to design more than a mere assent to the question, from this circumstance, that he informs Chilax several lines afterwards of his intent to die himself.—*Reed.*

If I eat well and sleep well.
Mem. Was it never
By dream or apparition open'd to thee——
Chi. He's mad. [*Aside.*
Mem. What the other world was, or Elyzium?
Didst never travel in thy sleep?
Chi. To taverns,
When I was drunk o'er night; or to a wench;
There's an Elyzium for you, a young lady
Wrapt round about you like a snake! Is that it?
Or if that strange Elyzium that you talk of
Be where the devil is, I have dream'd of him,
And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him:
He trots the dagger out o' th' sheath.[3]
Mem. Elyzium,
The blessed fields, man!
Chi. I know no fields blessed,
But those I have gain'd by. I have dream'd I have been
In Heaven too.
Mem. There, handle that place; that's Elyzium.
Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing, and rare things.
Mem. All full of flowers.
Chi. And pot-herbs.
Mem. Bowers for lovers,
And everlasting ages of delight.
Chi. I slept not so far.

[3] *I have had him by the horns, and rid him:*
He trots the dagger out o' th' sheath.] Chilax seems to allude to the *Vice* in the Ancient Moralities, who was a comic character, or rather the fool or clown of the drama, and who, to the great amusement of the spectators, used to bestride the devil, and belabour his back with a dagger of lath. From the text it would, however, appear either that the devil was furnished with a similar weapon for his defence, or that the poet inadvertently confounded the two characters.

Mem. Meet me on those banks
Some two days hence.
Chi. In dream, sir?
Mem. No; in death, sir.
And there I muster all, and pay the soldier.
Away; no more, no more!
Chi. God keep your lordship!
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter SIPHAX.

Sip. Where's the general?
Chi. There's the old sign of Memnon; where the soul is
You may go look, as I have.
Sip. What's the matter?
Chi. Why, question him and see; he talks of devils,
Hells, heavens, princes, powers, and potentates.
You must to th' pot too.
Sip. How?
Chi. Do you know Elyzium?
A tale he talks the wild-goose-chase of.
Sip. Elyzium?
I have read of such a place.
Chi. Then get you to him,.
Ye are as fine company as can be fitted;
Your worship's fairly met.[4] [*Exit.*
Sip. Mercy upon us,
What ails this gentleman?
Mem. Incision [5]——

[4] *Ye are as fine company as can be fitted;*
Your worship's fairly met.] That is, your worship is well suited with a companion. These words certainly belong to Chilax.—*Mason.*
The editors of 1778 wished to give the last line to Siphax.

[5] Mem. *Provision.*] So the old copies read. The emendation which must indispensably be retained, is Seward's.

Sip. How his head works!
Mem. Between two ribs;
If he cut short, or mangle me, I'll take him
And twirl his neck about.
Sip. Now gods defend us!
Mem. In a pure cup transparent, with a writing
To signify——
Sip. I never knew him thus:
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poison'd.
Mem. Who's there?
Sip. I, sir.
Mem. Come hither. Siphax?
Sip. Yes; how does your lordship?
Mem. Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very well;
But pr'ythee tell me——
Sip. Any thing I can, sir.
Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest beauty
The world has?
Sip. That the world has? 'tis worth doing.
Mem. Is it so? but what doing bears it?
Sip. Why, any thing; all dangers it appears to.
Mem. Name some of those things; do.
Sip. I would undertake, sir,
A voyage round about the world.
Mem. Short, Siphax.
A merchant does it to spice pots of ale.
Sip. I would swim in armour.
Mem. Short still; a poor jade
Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strongly
To leap a mare.
Sip. The plague I durst.
Mem. Still shorter;
I'll cure it with an onion.
Sip. Surfeits.
Me Short still;
They are often physics for our healths, and help us.
Sip. I would stand a breach.

Mem. Thine honour bids thee, soldier:
'Tis shame to find a second cause.
Sip. I durst, sir,
Fight with the fellest monster.
Mem. That's the poorest;
Man was ordain'd their master. Durst you die, sir?
Sip. How? die, my lord!
Mem. Die, Siphax; take thy sword,
And come by that door to her? There's a price
To buy a lusty love at.
Sip. I am well content, sir,
To prove no purchaser.
Mem. Away, thou world-worm!
Thou win a matchless beauty?
Sip. 'Tis to lose it, sir;
For, being dead, where's the reward I reach at?
The love I labour for?
Mem. There it begins, fool.
Thou art merely cozen'd; for the loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated [6]

[6] ——— *and* hated
Desires.] Mr Sympson and I concurred in believing *hated* to be a corruption, though we allow it to make good sense; *heated* seems much the most natural word.—*Seward.*

Heated is not amiss in itself; but would in this place be tautology:

———*for the loves we now know*
Are but the heats *of half an hour, and* heated
Desires, &c.—Ed. 1778.

Mr Mason wishes to reject the word *hated* altogether, and thereby shows how highly he prizes, in an editor, the virtue of fidelity to his author. Such omissions would, no doubt, render the business of a commentator perfectly easy; but, unfortunately, there are such characters as critical readers, persons to whom the actual text of the author is more valuable even than the most ingenious emendations of the editor, and who would at once throw aside such an edition as the same gentleman furnished of Massinger, in which he took similar liberties. *Hated* stands for *hateful;* and no further elucidation, much less any alteration, is required.

Desires stirr'd up by Nature to increase her;
Licking of one another to a lust;
Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inheritors,
And heirs of idleness and blood: Pure love,
That that the soul affects, and cannot purchase
While she is loaden with our flesh; that love, sir,
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here;
Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue;
That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd over,
Nor scents the sweets of ambers: Below, Siphax,
Below us in the other world, Elyzium,
Where is no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden,
There, Siphax, there, where loves are ever living!
Sip. Why do we love in this world then?
Mem. To preserve it,
The Maker lost his work else; but mark, Siphax,
What issues that love bears.
Sip. Why, children, sir.——
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely
And sensible before. [*Aside.*
Mem. It does so, Siphax;
Things, like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of air; got with an itching
As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring them to the world to curse 'em;
Crying they creep amongst us like young cats;
Cares and continual crosses keeping with 'em,
They make time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so: They grow, and goodly;
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water,
They fall into the main, are known no more:
This is the love of this world. I must tell thee,
For thou art understanding,——

Sip. What you please, sir.
Mem. And as a faithful man—nay, I dare trust thee—
I love the princess.
Sip. There, 'tis that has fired him; [*Aside.*
I knew he had some inspiration.—
But does she know it, sir?
Mem. Yes, marry does she;
I have given my heart unto her.
Sip. If you love her——
Mem. Nay, understand me; my heart taken from me,
ut of my body, man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave offer? There's the love
I told thee of, and after death the living![7]
She must in justice come, boy, ha?
Sip. Your heart, sir?
Mem. Ay, so, by all means, Siphax.
Sip. He loves roast well,
That eats the spit.
Mem. And since thou'rt come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently, and thou shalt carry it;
For thou canst tell a story, and describe it.
And I conjure thee, Siphax, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,

7 *And after death, the living.*] I doubt whether *loving* be not the true word here; but, as both are nearly equal as to sense, I shall not change the text.—*Seward.*

The old reading is right, and the whole clause, taken together, agrees exactly with what has gone before:

——— *There's the* love
I told thee of, and after death the living!

These words are little else than repeating,

There, *Siphax,* there, *where* loves *are ever* living.

Ed. 1778.

By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses,
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life——

Sip. But one thing, first, sir: If she pleased to grant it,
Could you not love her here, and live? Consider.

Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I could.

Sip. 'Twould be far nearer;
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last love,
And link it in.

Mem. Thou say'st right; but our ranks here
And bloods are bars between us; she must stand off too,
As I perceive she does.

Sip. Desert and duty
Make even all, sir.

Mem. Then the king, though I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,
So many princes covetous of her beauty.[8]
I would with all my heart,—but 'tis impossible.

Sip. Why, say she marry after?

Mem. No, she dares not;
The gods dare not do ill; come.

Sip. Do you mean it?

Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.[9]

Sip. For Heaven sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear general!

Mem. Dispatch, I say.

Sip. As you love that you look for,
Heaven and the blessed life——

Mem. Hell take thee, coxcomb!

[8] *So many princes covetous of* her *beauty.*] The word *her*, in the last line, was properly introduced in the second folio.

[9] *Help me off.*] That is, help me off with my clothes.—*Mason.*

Why dost thou keep me from it? Thy knife, I say!

Sip. [*Kneels.*] Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours till I return again.
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your most unvalued love, and last your danger;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if she frown——

Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?

Sip. As I live, sir,
My quick return shall either bring you fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.

Mem. Two hours?

Sip. Yes, sir.

Mem. Let it be kept.—Away! I will expect it.
[*Exeunt* MEM. *and* SIP.

SCENE II.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter CHILAX, *Fool, and Page.*

Chi. You dainty wits! Two of ye to a cater,[1]
To cheat him of a dinner?

Page. Ten at court, sir,
Are few enough; they are as wise as we are.

[1] *Two,* an *ye to a cater.*] So the first folio reads; corrected in the second. Cater was frequently used for caterer, purveyour. So in Massinger's City Madam:

——— keep company
With the *ca er,* Holdfast.

Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where;
I never make that part of want. Preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list!
Fool. Your patience;
'Tis a hard day at court, a fish day.
Chi. So it seems, sir,
The fins grow out of thy face.
Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear custard,
Or a mess of Rice ap Thomas,[2] needs a main wit.
Beef we can bear before us, lined with brewis,[3]
And tubs of pork; vociferating veals,
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.
Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em.

It is a proof that the editors of 1778 did not understand this word, that they have not disturbed it in this passage, but, in the following line of *Woman Pleased*, have altered it to caterer:

See, sweet, I'm cook myself, and mine own *cater*.

[2] *Rice ap Thomas*] The last editors suppose that Rice ap Thomas was the name of some dish well known at that time; but that is not the case. The fool means only a mess of rice; but as Rice is the name of one of the great Welch families, he ludicrously adds to it the words *ap Thomas*. *Mason.*

I strongly suspect that our poets were not guilty of this wretched joke, but that the appellation was a cant term for a mess of rice in their days. We must not expect to find numerous examples of all the peculiar and vulgar words of former days. There are two curious anachronisms in this page; the one is the introduction of this Welch name at Paphos, the other the allusion to the fish days of Catholics, which is repeated in the next page but one:

——— for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at.

[3] *Brewis.*] *i. e.* Broth, soup, generally the liquor in which the meat is boiled; a term still usual on this side the Tweed. It occurs in Bonduca,

——— ye eating rascals,
Whose gods are beef and *brewis*.

Fool. Thou hadst need, and great need, for these finny fish days
The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic,
They cannot apprehend us.
Chi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and, being apprehended,[4]
The whip to boot.—Boy, what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch, boy.

[5] *Enter* STREMON *and his Boy.*

Page. As I am virtuous!
What, thieves amongst ourselves?
Chi. Stremon!
Stre. Lieutenant!
Chi. Welcome ashore, ashore!
Fool. What, Monsieur Music?
Stre. My fine fool!
Page. Fellow Crack! why, what a consort[6]
Are we now bless'd withal?
Fool. Fooling and fiddling.
Nay, an we live not now, boys—What new songs, sirrah?

[4] *And, being apprehended,*
The whip to boot.] The reader need not be told that a most miserable pun is put into the mouth of Chilax. But, before we blame old authors for using this lowest species of wit, we should examine what characters are made to utter it. They are frequently as culpable in making low and stupid characters too witty.

[5] The first folio reads—"Enter Stremon and his Boy *Ed. Hor.*" The latter probably the abbreviated name of the boy who acted the part.

[6] *Consort.*] The old manner of spelling *concert*, which, on account of the frequent quibbles between that and the present meaning, must be preserved.

Stre. A thousand, man, a thousand.
Fool. Itching airs,
Alluding to the old sport?
Stre. Of all sizes.
Fool. And how does small Tim Treble here, the heart on't?
Boy. To do you service.
Fool. Oh, Tim! the times, the times, Tim!
Stre. How does the general?
And next, what money's stirring?
Chi. For the general,
He's here; but such a general! The time's changed, Stremon;
He was the liberal general, and the loving,
The feeder of a soldier, and the father;
But now become the stupidest.
Stre. Why, what ails he?
Chi. Nay, if a horse knew,—and his head's big enough,—
I'll hang for't. Didst thou ever see a dog
Run mad o' th' tooth-ach? Such another toy
Is he now; so he glotes,[7] and grins, and bites.
Fool. Why, hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt folks.
Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour.
I tell thee, Stremon, he has a stirring soul;
Whatever it attempts, or labours at,
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.
Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but buckram;
He would bounce that out in two hours.
Chi. Then he talks

[7] *Glotes.*] Cotgrave explains the French verb *borgnoyer*, "to want an eye; to look or see but with one eye; to wink or faine himself blind of one eye; also, to glow, *glote*, or loure." The word is still used in several parts of the country.

The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,
Or any thing you offer.—Stand thou there;
I'll shew thee how he is, for I'll play Memnon,
The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of.[8]
Stremon!
Stre. My lord!
Chi. Go presently, and find me
A black horse with a blue tail; bid the blank cornet
Charge through the sea, and sink the navy.—Softly!
Our souls are things not to be wakened in us
With 'larums, and loud bawlings; for in Elyzium,
Stilness and quietness, and sweetness, sirrah,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour;
Such a strong reputation[9] for my welcome
As all the world shall say—For, in the forefront,
So many on white unicorns, next them
My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,
Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks,[1] to take hold
Of all occasions! for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at: Tell me of Diocles,
And what he dares do! Dare he meet me naked?

[8] *The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of,* Stremon.] *Stremon* should certainly begin a new line, and is the beginning of Chilax's acting the General, as is proved by Stremon's answer. —Ed. 1778.

9 *Such a strong* reputation.] Seward, Sympson, and Mason, would read—preparation; but the word in the text may stand for fame, glory, honour, which renders the sense of the passage perfect. I have reformed the pointing of this speech, which was very irregular hitherto.

[1] Trapt *with tenter-hooks.*] *Trapt* signifies *accoutered, accommodated,* as we still use the word *trappings.* So in Ben Jonson:

"And to answer all things else,
Trap our shaggy thighs with bells."—Ed. 1778.

Thunder in this hand; in his left[2]—Fool!

Fool. Yes, sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air, fly swiftly
To that place where the sun sets, there deliver—

Fool. Deliver? What, sir?

Chi. This, sir, this, you slave, sir!—[*All laugh.*
'Death, ye rude rogues, ye scarabs![3]
[*Seizes the Fool.*

Fool. Hold, for Heaven's sake,
Lieutenant, sweet lieutenant!

Chi. I have done, sir.

Page. You have wrung his neck off.

Chi. No, boy; 'tis the nature
Of this strange passion, when it hits, to hale people
Along by the hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.

Fool. Do you call this acting? was your part to beat me?

Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.

Fool. Plague act you!
I'll act no more.

Stre. 'Tis but to shew, man.

Fool. Then, man,
He should have shew'd it only, and not done it;
I am sure he beat me beyond action.[4]—
Gouts o' your heavy fist!

Chi. I'll have thee to him;

[2] *In his left.*] Though I have not disturbed the text, I believe we should read—in *this* left.

[3] *Scarabs.*] A filthy kind of beetles bred in dung. So in Massinger's Duke of Milan:

> "These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,
> Battening like *scarabs* in the dung of peace."

[4] *Beyond* action.] That is, beyond fictitious representation. *Mason.*

Thou hast a fine wit, fine fool, and canst play
rarely.
He'll hug thee, boy, and stroke thee.
Fool. I'll to the stocks first,
Ere I be stroked thus.
Stre. But how came he, Chilax?
Chi. I know not that.
Stre. I'll to him.
Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken
He has been with thy battle songs.
Stre. If music
Can find his madness, I'll so fiddle him,
That out it shall by th' shoulders.
Chi. My fine fiddler,
He'll firk you,[5] an you take not heed too.—'Twill
be rare sport [*Aside.*
To see his own trade triumph over him;
His lute laced to his head, for creeping hedges;[6]
For money, there's none stirring.—Try, good
Stremon,
Now what your silver sound [7] can do; our voices
Are but vain echoes.
Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all. Let's to the tavern;

[5] *He'll* firk *you.*] Steevens has observed, that this word was used in a great variety of meanings. Here, and in the following passage of Shakspeare's Henry V., it evidently means to beat or chastise:

" Master Fer! I'll fer him, and *firk* him, and ferret him."

[6] *For creeping hedges.*] That is, to prevent his creeping hedges, —a common mode of expression in those days. *Mason.*

[7] *Silver sound.*] In Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, act IV. scene V., one of the musicians sings part of an old song, in which is the following line:

" Then musick, with her *silver sound.*" *Reed.*

I have some few crowns left yet: my whistle wet
once,
I'll pipe him such a paven[8]——

Chi. Hold thy head up;
I'll cure it with a quart of wine. Come, cox-
comb,[9]
Come, boy! take heed of napkins.[1]

Fool. You would no more acting?

Chi. No more, chicken.

Fool. Go then. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *A* paven.] The *paven*, from *pavo*, a *peacock*, is a grave majestic dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword; by those of the long-robe in their gowns; by princes in their mantles; and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a *peacock's* tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for the steps, in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every *paven* has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former.
Sir John Hawkins's Notes on Shakspeare.—Ed. 1778.

[9] *Come,* coxcomb.] The latter word must not be understood here in its modern sense. It refers to the cock's head, with which the cap of a fool was frequently surmounted. "It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term *cock's comb*, or *coxcomb*, was afterwards used to denote any silly upstart."
Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, II. 318.

[1] *Come, boy, take heed of* napkins.] That is, take care not to steal napkins, which seems to have been a species of depredation usual in those days, as well as in ours. So in the Honest Man's Fortune, by our authors:

Shift your house, lady, of 'em, for I know 'em;
They come to steal your napkins.

SCENE III.

The Entrance to the Park of the Palace.

Enter SIPHAX *at one side, and a Gentleman at the other.*

Sip. God save you, sir! Pray, how might I see the princess?

Gent. Why, very fitly, sir; she's even now ready
To walk out this way into th' park. Stand there,
You cannot miss her sight, sir.

Sip. I much thank you. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, *and* CLEANTHE.

Calis. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye, wenches,
I would not meet him willingly again;
For, though I do not fear him, yet his fashion
I would not be acquainted much with.

Cle. Gentle lady,
You need not fear; the walks are view'd, and empty;
But methinks, madam, this kind heart of his——

Lucip. Is slow a-coming.

Sip. [*Aside.*] Keep me, ye bless'd angels!
What killing power is this!

Calis. Why, dost thou look for't?
Dost think he spoke in earnest?

Lucip. Methinks, madam,
A gentleman should keep his word; and to a lady,

A lady of your excellencies!
Calis. Out, fool!
Send me his heart? What should we do with 't? dance it?
Lucip. Dry it, and drink it for the worms.
Calis. Who's that?
What man stands there?
Cle. Where?
Calis. There.
Cle. A gentleman,
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,
As know him for your servant's brother.
Calis. Siphax?
Cle. The same, an't please your grace.—What does he here? [*Aside.*
Upon what business? and I ignorant?
Calis. He's grown a handsome gentleman.—Good Siphax,
You're welcome from the wars! 'Would you with us, sir?
Pray speak your will.—He blushes.—Be not fearful;
I can assure you, for your sister's sake, sir—
There's my hand on it.
Cle. Do you hear, sir?
Calis. Sure these soldiers
Are all grown senseless.
Cle. Do you know where you are, sir?
Calis. Tongue-tied;
He looks not well too; by my life, I think——
Cle. Speak, for shame speak!
Lucip. A man would speak.
Calis. These soldiers
Are all dumb saints.*—Consider, and take time, sir.—

* *Are all* dull saints.] Mr Sympson doubts whether we should not read *dull sots:* But I think he has missed a fine image here.

Let's forward, wenches, come; his palate's down.[3]
Lucip. Dare these men charge i' th' face of fire and bullets,
And hang their heads down at a handsome woman?
Good Master Mars, that's a foul fault.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and* LUCIPPE.

Cle. Fy, beast!
No more my brother!
Sip. Sister, honour'd sister!
Cle. Dishonour'd fool!
Sip. I do confess——
Cle. Fy on thee!
Sip. But stay till I deliver——
Cle. Let me go;
I am ashamed to own thee.
Sip. Fare you well then!
You must ne'er see me more.
Cle. Why? Stay, dear Siphax!
My anger's past; I'll hear you speak.
Sip. Oh, sister!
Cle. Out with it, man!
Sip. Oh, I have drank my mischief.
Cle. Ha! what?
Sip. My destruction;
In at mine eyes I have drank it. Oh, the princess,
The rare sweet princess!

These soldiers are like the dull statues of saints, they only stand still in speechless adoration. *Seward.*

This is refinement. We can see no allusion to *statues*, nor perfectly understand her calling soldiers *saints*. The old books say DUMB *saints*. *Dull* never occurs till the octavo of 1711.—Ed. 1778.

The restored reading—*dumb saints*, rather supports than overturns Seward's explanation, which I have no doubt is the true one.

[3] *His* palate's *down*.] This seems to be the same as what is now called *chap-fallen* by the vulgar.—Ed. 1778.

Cle. How, fool? the rare princess!
Was it the princess that thou saidst?
Sip. The princess.
Cle. Thou dost not love her, sure? thou darest not!
Sip. Yes,
By Heaven!
Cle. Yes, by Heaven? I know thou darest not.
The princess? 'Tis thy life, the knowledge of it;[4]
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,
And leave 'em slaves and succourless. The princess?
Why, she's a sacred thing, to see and worship,
Fixed from us as the sun is, high, and glorious,
To be adored, not doted on. Desire things possible,
Thou foolish young man; nourish not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.
Sip. 'Tis my destiny,
And I know both disgrace and death will quit[5] it,
If it be known.
Cle. Pursue it not then, Siphax;
Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee;
Go home and pray.
Sip. I cannot.
Cle. Sleep then, Siphax,
And dream away thy doting.
Sip. I must have her,

[4] *'Tis thy life, the knowledge of it.*] That is, thy life would be forfeited if it was known.

[5] *Quit.*] That is, quite, or requite, in which sense the word occurs so very frequently in these and in all other old plays, that it would not be necessary to explain it more than once, if it was not likely to be mistaken for the verb *quit*, in a modern sense.

Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe;
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, wench.
Cle. Die then; I dare forget. Farewell!
Sip. Farewell, sister;
Farewell for ever! See me buried.
Cle. Stay;
Pray, stay!—He's all my brothers.—No way, Siphax?
No other woman?
Sip. None, none; she, or sinking.
Cle. Go, and hope well; my life I'll venture for thee,
And all my art; a woman may work miracles.
No more! Pray heartily against misfortunes,[6]
For much I fear a main one.
Sip. I shall do it. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Pray heartily* against MY FORTUNES,
For much I fear a main one.] This reading carries a sense directly opposite to what the situation requires. We should certainly read—

Pray heartily against misfortunes,
For much I fear a main one.—Ed. 1778.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Grove near the Temple of Venus.

Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.

Priest. Find him by any means; and, good child, tell him
He has forgot his old friend. Give him this;
And say, this night, without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me;
He knows the way, and how. Be gone!
Boy. I gallop. [*Exit.*

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.[7]
Priest. The fair Cleanthe!—
What may your business be?
Cle. Oh, holy mother,
Such business, of such strange weight! Now or never,
As you have loved me, as you do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time——
Priest. If by my means
Your business may be fitted—you know me,
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,

[7] *I have been* looking you.] That is, looking for you, searching you out. So again in the fourth act:

I' th' wars he would have *look'd* me.

To build your best hopes.
Cle. Oh, but 'tis a strange one;
Stuck with as many dangers——
Priest. There's the working;
Small things perform themselves, and give no pleasures.
Be confident, through death I'll serve you.
Cle. Here. [*Offers a purse.*
Priest. Fy! no corruption.
Cle. Take it; it is yours;
Be not so spiced;[8] 'tis good gold,
And goodness is no gall to th' conscience.
I know you have ways to vent it: You may hold it.
Priest. I'll keep it for you. When?
Cle. To-morrow morning
I'll visit you again; and, when occasion
Offers itself——
Priest. Instruct me, and have at you.
Cle. Farewell till then! Be sure.
Priest. As your own thoughts, lady.
Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.
Priest. Fools only
Make their effects seem fearful.[9] Farewell, daughter! [*Exit* CLEANTHE.

[8] *Spiced.*] Of nice or scrupulous conscience. The word occurs twice in Chaucer, with the same signification. First in the character of the Parson:

"He waited after no pomp or reverence,
He marked him no *spiced* conscience."

Again, in the Wife of Bathe's Prologue:

"Ye shulden be al patient and meke,
And han a swete *spiced* conscience."

[9] —— *Fools only*
Make their effects *seem fearful.*] Mason proposes to read *affects*, "meaning that fools only make what they desire to obtain seem fearful." This is very plausible, but the old text happens to have exactly the same meaning. That *effects* was frequently

This gold was well got for my old tough soldier;
Now I shall be his sweet again.—What business
Is this she has a-foot? Some lusty lover
Beyond her line; the young wench would fain
piddle;
A little to revive her must be thought of;
'Tis even so, she must have it. But how by my
means,
A devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
Before the goddess, giving oracle,
How can I profit her? 'Tis her own project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Antichamber to Memnon's *Apartment.*

Enter Polydore, Eumenes, Stremon, Polybius, *and* Pelius.

Polyd. Why, this is utter madness.
Eum. Thus it is, sir.
Polyd. Only the princess' sight?
Polyb. All we can judge at.

used for actions, or deeds effected, or intended to be effected, may be proved by the following passages in Shakspeare:

—— "Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern *effects*." *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. IV.

—— "Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange *effects*
After the moon." *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. I.

In the latter passage, Johnson makes the same proposal as M. Mason does in the speech above, and the latter supports it.

Polyd. This must be look'd to timely.
Eum. Yes, and wisely.
Polyd. He does not offer at his life?
Eum. Not yet, sir,
That we can hear of.
Polyd. Noble gentlemen,
Let me entreat your watches over him;
Ye cannot do a worthier work.
Pel. We came, sir,
Provided for that service.
Polyd. Where is Chilax?
Stre. A little busy, sir.
Polyd. Are the Fool and Boy here?
Stre. They are, sir.

Enter MEMNON.

Polyd. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours——
Eum. Now you may behold him.
Polyd. Stand close, and work no noise.
By his eyes, now, gentlemen,
I guess him full of anger.
Eum. Be not seen there.
[*They retire to one side of the stage.*
Mem. The hour's past long ago; he's false and fearful,——
Coward go with thy caitiff soul, thou cur-dog!
Thou cold clod, wild-fire warm thee!—monstrous fearful;
I know the slave shakes but to think on't.
Polyd. Who's that?
Eum. I know not, sir.
Mem. But I shall catch you, rascal;
Your mangy soul is not immortal here, sir;
You must die, and we must meet; we must, maggot,

Be sure we must! For not a nook of hell,
Not the most horrid pit, shall harbour thee;
The devil's tail shall not hide thee,[1] but I'll have thee:
And how I'll use thee! Whips and firebrands,
Toasting thy tail against a flame of wildfire,
And basting it with brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all! I'll teach you to be treacherous!
Was never slave so swinged since hell was hell,
As I will swinge thy slave's soul; and be sure on't.

Polyd. Is this imagination, or some circumstance?
For 'tis extreme strange.

Eum. So is all he does, sir.

Mem. 'Till then I'll leave you.—Who's there? Where's the surgeon?
Demagoras!

Enter DEMAGORAS.

Dem. My lord!

Mem. Bring me the surgeon;
And wait you too.

[*Exit* DEM. *and re-enters with the Surgeon.*

Polyd. What would he with a surgeon?

Eum. Things mustering in his head: Pray mark.

Mem. Come hither.
Have you brought your instruments?

Sur. They are within, sir.

Mem. Put to the doors a while there. You can incise
To a hair's breadth, without defacing?

Sur. Yes, sir.

[1] Shall *hide thee.*] So the first folio reads. And, further on, "What would *ye* with a surgeon?" And again, "We'll die before if ye please." These corruptions were corrected in 1679.

Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh?
Sur. The least thing.
Mem. Well, come hither then. Take off my doublet.
For, look you, surgeon, I must have you cut
My heart out here, and handsomely.—Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start: I'll cut your throat else, surgeon!
Come, swear to do it.
Sur. Good sir——
Mem. Sirrah, hold him; [*To* DEMAGORAS.
I'll have but one blow at his head.
Sur. I'll do it.
Why, what should we do living after you, sir?
We'll die before you, if you please.
Mem. No, no!
Sur. Living? hang living!—Is there ne'er a cat-hole
Where I may creep through? 'Would I were i' th' Indies! [*Aside.*
Mem. Swear then, and after my death presently,
To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest,
As ye have faiths, and loves to me!
Dem. We'll do it.
Eum. [*To* POLYDORE.] Pray, do not stir yet; we are near enough
To run between all dangers.
Mem. Here I am, sir.
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly;
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand shake, sirrah,
Or any way deface my heart i' th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, shewing at all points, surgeon,
The honour and the valour of the owner,
Mixed with the most immaculate love I send it,
(Look to't!) I'll slice thee to the soul.

Sur. Ne'er fear, sir,
I'll do it daintily.—'Would I were out once. [*Aside.*

Mem. I will not have you smile, sirrah, when you do it,
As though you cut a lady's corn; 'tis scurvy:
Do me it, as thou dost thy prayers, seriously.

Sur. I'll do it in a dump, sir.

Mem. In a dog, sir!
I'll have no dumps, nor dumplins. Fetch your tools,
And then I'll tell you more.

Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't. [*Aside.*

Mem. Quick, quick!

Dem. Yes, sir——
With all the heels we have.

[*Exeunt Surgeon and* Demagoras.

Eum. Yet stand.

Polyd. He'll do it.

Eum. He cannot, and we here.

Mem. Why when, ye rascals,
Ye dull slaves? Will you come, sir? Surgeon, syringe,
Dog-leach,[1] shall I come fetch you?

Polyd. Now I'll to him.——
God save you, honour'd brother!

Mem. My dear Polydore,
Welcome from travel, welcome! And how do you?

Polyd. Well, sir; 'would you were so.

Mem. I am, I thank you.
You are a better'd man much; I the same still,
An old rude soldier, sir.

Polyd. Pray be plain, brother,

[1] *Dog*-leach.] *i. e.* Dog-doctor. It occurs as a word of reproach in Ford's Lover's Melancholy, and in other old plays.

And tell me but the meaning of this vision,
For, to me, it appears no more; so far
From common course and reason.
Mem. Thank thee, Fortune!
At length I have found the man, the man must do it,
The man in honour bound!
Polyd. To do what?
Mem. Hark,
For I will bless you with the circumstance
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.
Polyd. Speak on, sir.
Mem. It is no story for all ears.
[*Walks with him, and whispers to him.*
Polyd. The princess?
Mem. Peace, and hear all.
Polyd. How?[3]
Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous,
He starts so at it.
Polyd. Your heart? Do you know, sir——
Mem. Yes; pray thee be softer.
Polyd. Me to do it?
Mem. Only reserved, and dedicated.[4]
Polyd. For shame, brother!
Know what you are; a man.
Mem. None of your Athens,
Good sweet sir, no philosophy! Thou feel'st not
The honourable end, fool.
Polyd. I am sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follow. Have you served thus long,
The glory of your country in your conquests,
The envy of your neighbours in your virtues,

[3] *How?*] This exclamation forms part of Memnon's speech in the first folio, but was judiciously restored to Polydore in the second.

[4] *Dedicated.*] *i. e.* Dedicated to my will, resolved to execute my desires.

Ruled armies of your own, given laws to nations,
Beloved and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously,
To fling away your fortune? Where's your wisdom?
Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion?
Does your rule lastly hold upon yourself? Fy, brother!
How are you fallen! Get up into your honour,
The top-branch of your bravery, and, from thence,
Look and lament how little Memnon seems now.

Mem. Hum! 'Tis well spoken; but dost thou think, young scholar,
The tongues of angels from my happiness
Could turn the end I aim at?[5] No, they cannot.
This is no book-case, brother. Will you do it?
Use no more art: I am resolved.

Polyd. You may, sir,
Command me to do any thing that's honest,
And for your noble end: But this, it carries——

Mem. You shall not be so honour'd; live an ass still,
And learn to spell for profit: Go, go study!

Eum. [*Aside to* POL.] You must not hold him up so; he is lost then.

Mem. Get thee to school again, and talk of turnspits,[6]

[5] ——— *dost thou think, young scholar,*
The tongues of angels from my happiness
Could turn the end I aim at?] Memnon plainly means to say, though the construction is a little involved, "Dost thou think, young soldier, that the tongues of angels could turn me from my happiness, or restrain me from executing the end I aim at?" Sympson, in despair, thinks it an indissoluble difficulty!

[6] —— *and talk of* turnips.] Why *turnips* should be a subject for scholars to talk of, more than any one thing in the world beside,

And find the natural cause out why a dog
Turns thrice about ere he lie down: There's learning.

Polyd. Come; I will do it now: 'Tis brave; I find it,
And now allow the reason.

Mem. Oh, do you so, sir?
Do you find it current?

Polyd. Yes, yes; excellent.

Mem. I told you.

Polyd. I was foolish: I have here too
The rarest way to find the truth out. Hark you!
You shall be ruled by me.

Mem. I will be: But——

Polyd. I reach it;
If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll both go.
But two days, and 'tis thus.—[*Whispers him.*] Ha?

Mem. 'Twill do well so.

Polyd. Then is't not excellent? do you conceive it?

Mem. 'Twill work for certain.

Polyd. Oh, 'twill tickle her;
And you shall know then by a line.

Mem. I like it;
But let me not be fool'd again.

Polyd. Doubt nothing:
You do me wrong then. Get you in there private,
As I have taught you. Basta![7]

I can't see. I believe it a corruption, but cannot easily guess what could have been the original. The only conjecture I have is *turnspits*, which is as low a subject in the science of mechanism, as the reason of a dog's turning round thrice is in another part of natural philosophy. *Seward.*

I believe Seward is right, though the old text may possibly refer to something indiscoverable in our days.

[7] *As I have taught ye.* Basta.] *Basta*, in Italian, or Spanish, *sufficit*, or *it's enough*, from whence our sailors' term, *avast*. *Seward.*

Mem. Work.
Polyd. I will do. [*Exit* MEMNON.
Eum. Have you found the cause?
Polyd. Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen,
That e'er I heard of; anon I'll tell you.—Stremon,
Be you still near him to affect his fancy,
And keep his thoughts off: Let the Fool and Boy
Stay him,[8] they may do some pleasure too.—Eumenes,
What if he had a wench, a handsome whore brought,
Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it?[9]
Eum. Well, sir.
Polyd. His cause is merely heat.—And made believe
It were the princess, mad for him?
Eum. I think
'Twere not amiss.
Polyb. And let him kiss her?
Polyd. What else?
Pel. I'll be his bawd, an't please you; young and wholesome,
I can assure you, he shall have.
Eum. 'Faith, let him.
Polyd. He shall; I hope 'twill help him. Walk a little;
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project,
In which you must be mourners; but, by all means,
Stir not you from him, Stremon.
Stre. On our lives, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Stay him.*] *i. e.* Stay for him, wait upon him.

[9] *To* state *it.*] i. e. *To take state upon her,* to imitate the gait of the princess.

SCENE III.

Before a House near the Temple of Venus.

Enter Priestess and CHILAX.

Priest. Oh, you're a precious man! two days in town,
And never see your old friend?
Chi. Pr'ythee, pardon me!
Priest. And, in my conscience, if I had not sent—
Chi. No more; I would ha' come; I must.
Priest. I find you;
God-a-mercy Want! You never care for me,
But when your slops[a] are empty.
Chi. Ne'er fear that, wench;
'Shall find good current coin still. Is this the old house?
Priest. Have you forgot it?
Chi. And the door still standing
That goes into the temple?
Priest. Still.
Chi. The robes too,
That I was wont to shift in here?
Priest. All here still.
Chi. Oh, you tough rogue, what troubles have I trotted through!
What fears and frights! Every poor mouse a monster
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on

[a] *Slops.*] See above, p. 159.

A sharp sting to my conscience.
Priest. 'Las, poor conscience!
Chi. And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.
Priest. Out, beast!
Chi. To new-carine thy carcase;[2] that's the truth on't.
How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a tither[3]
When all thy linen's up, and a more yare[4]——
Priest. Fy, fy, sir!
Chi. Ne'er stemm'd the straights.
Priest. How you talk!
Chi. I am old, wench,
And talking to an old man 's like a stomacher;
It keeps his blood warm.
Priest. But, pray tell me——
Chi. Any thing.
Priest. Where did the boy meet with you? At a wench, sure?
At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure?
Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.
Priest. That's your fault;
And that the surgeon knows.
Chi. Then, farewell!
I will not fail you soon.

[2] Chi. *To new-carine*, &c.] This, and the four following lines, appear in no edition but the first.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *A tether.*] The word is *tither*, not tether, and seems to mean clever, or active. So in the Loyal Subject, Theodore says of Viola—

She is not so strongly built, but she's good mettle,
Of a good stirring strain, she goes *tith*, sirs.

And, in the second act of Monsieur Thomas, he says to Hylas—
——Then take a widow,
A good staunch wench, that's *tith*. *Mason.*

[4] *Yare.*] This word is used in the north of England and in Scotland for alert, nimble, fit, ticklish. In Measure for Measure, the Clown says, "If you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me *yare*."

Priest. You shall stay supper;
I have sworn you shall; by this, you shall!
[*Kisses him.*
Chi. I will, wench;
But, after supper, for an hour, my business——
Priest. And but an hour?
Chi. No, by this kiss; that ended,
I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench—
Priest. No more; I take your meaning. Come,
'tis supper time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Apartment of Calis *in the Palace.*

Enter CALIS, CLEANTHE, *and* LUCIPPE.

Calis. Thou art not well.
Cle. Your grace sees more a great deal
Than I feel.—Yet I lie. Oh, brother! [*Aside.*
Calis. Mark her;
Is not the quickness of her eye consumed, wench?
The lively red and white?
Lucip. Nay, she is much alter'd,
That on my understanding; all her sleeps, lady,
Which were as sound and sweet——
Cle. Pray, do not force me,
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill.
Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith, your
highness
Is mere [5] mistaken in me.

[5] *Mere.*] This word is here used as an adverb for entirely, in which sense it also occurs in All's Well that Ends Well:

"*Dia.* Think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely *mere* the truth."

Calis. I am glad on't.
Yet this I have ever noted, when thou wast thus,
It still fore-run some strange event: My sister
Died when thou wast thus last!—Hark, hark, ho!
[*A dead march within of drums and sackbuts.*
What mournful noise is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer; do ye hear it?

Enter POLYDORE, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS, *mourning.*

Lucip. It seems some soldier's funeral: See, it enters.
Calis. What may it mean?
Polyd. The gods keep you, fair Calis!
Calis. This man can speak, and well. He stands and views us;
'Would I were ne'er worse look'd upon. How humbly
His eyes are cast now to the earth! Pray mark him,
And mark how rarely he has rank'd his troubles.
See, now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter sorrow
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver
Became his grief.—Your will with us?
Polyd. Great lady——
[*Takes out a cup from under his cloak.*
Excellent beauty!
Calis. He speaks handsomely.
What a rare rhetorician his grief plays!
That stop was admirable.
Polyd. See, see, thou princess,
Thou great commander of all hearts——
Calis. I have found it.
Oh, how my soul shakes!
Polyd. See, see the noble heart

Of him that was the noblest! See, and glory
(Like the proud god himself) in what thou hast
purchased:
Behold the heart of Memnon!—Does it start you?
Calis. Good gods, what has his wildness done?
Polyd. Look boldly;
You boldly said you durst. Look, wretched woman!
Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now.
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to death here:
Take it; the legacy of love bequeath'd you,
Of cruel love, a cruel legacy.
What was the will that wrought it then? Can
you weep?
Embalm it in your truest tears, if women
Can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet
Into the soul of your sex; for 'tis a jewel
The world's worth cannot weigh down: Take it,
lady;
And with it all—I dare not curse—my sorrows,
And may they turn to serpents!
Eum. How she looks
Still upon him! See, now a tear steals from her.
Pel. But still she keeps her eye firm.
Polyd. Next, read this. [*Offers a paper.*
But, since I see your spirit somewhat troubled,
I'll do it for you.
Pel. Still she eyes him mainly.

POLYDORE *reads.*

Go, happy heart! for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleased with hearts of men, not kine.

Eum. Now it pours down.
Polyd. I like it rarely.—Lady!
Eum. How greedily she swallows up his language!
Pel. Her eye inhabits on him.
Polyd. Cruel lady,
Great as your beauty scornful![6] had your power
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perished;
But Cupid has more shafts than one, more flames too;
And now he must be open-eyed, 'tis justice:
Live to enjoy your longing; live and laugh at
The losses and the miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken when your cruelty
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service——
Calis. I swear his anger's excellent.
Polyd. Truth, and most tried love,
Into disdain and downfall.—
Calis. Still more pleasing.
Polyd. Live then, I say, famous for civil slaughters,

6 *Great as your beauty scornful.*] This expression is obscure, but means, "As remarkable for your *scorn* and cruelty, as for your *beauty*." *J. N.*

Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,
Live, and be spoken, "This is she, this lady,
This goodly lady, yet most killing beauty,
This with the two-edged eyes, the heart for hardness
Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of crystal;
This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him."
Live till the mothers find you, read your story,
And sow their barren curses on your beauty;
'Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise you,
'Till virgins pray against you, old age find you,[7]
And, even as wasted coals glow in their dying,
So may the gods reward you in your ashes!
But, you're the sister of my king; more prophecies
Else I should utter of you; true loves and loyal
Bless themselves ever from you! So I leave you.
[*Going.*

Calis. Pr'ythee be angry still, young man: good fair sir,
Chide me again.—What would this man do pleased,
That in his passion can bewitch souls!—Stay.
Eum. Upon my life she loves him.
Calis. Pray stay.
Polyd. No.
Calis. I do command you.
Polyd. No, you cannot, lady,
I have a spell against you, Faith and Reason.
You are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too,
But not for hawk's meat, lady.
Calis. Even for charity,

[7] *Old age* find ye.] Mr Seward chooses to read, very ludicrously—old age *fire* you; and Mason pronounces it a happy amendment. But the old text, according to the language of the age, is sense, and very good sense, and must not be disturbed.

Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach me—
Polyd. How can you preach that charity to others,
That in your own soul are an atheist,
Believing neither power nor fear? I trouble you.
The gods be good unto you!
Calis. Amen! [*She swoons.*
Lucip. Lady!
Cle. Oh, royal madam!—Gentlemen, for Heaven sake! [*They return.*
Polyd. Give her fresh air; she comes again: away, sirs,
And here stand close till we perceive the working.
Eum. You have undone all.
[*They retire to one side of the stage.*
Polyd. So I fear.
Pel. She loves you.
Eum. And then all hope's lost this way.
Polyd. Peace! She rises.—
Cle. Now for my purpose, Fortune!
Calis. Where's the gentleman?
Lucip. Gone, madam.
Calis. Why gone?
Lucip. He has dispatch'd his business,
Calis. He came to speak with me.[8]
Cle. He did.
Calis. He did not.
For I had many questions.
Lucip. On my faith, madam,
He talk'd a great while to you.

[8] Cal. *He came to speak with me.*
He did.
Cle. *He did not.*
Cal. *For I had many questions.*] So the folios read. The directions *Cle.* and *Cal.* were accidentally removed a line too low. Seward saw the necessity of the alteration, but gave Cleanthe's speech unnecessarily to Lucippe.

Calis. Thou conceivest not;
He talk'd not as he should do.—Oh my heart!
Away with that sad sight. [*Pointing to the cup.*]—
Didst thou ever love me?
Lucip. Why do you make that question?
Calis. If thou didst,
Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou stirr'st!
Lucip. Whither?
Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thyself,
Thou wouldst run to the devil: But I am grown—
Cle. Fy, lady!
Calis. I ask none of your fortunes, nor your loves,
None of your bent desires I slack; ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one, for shame,
You'll leave your honour'd mistress. Why do ye stare so?
What is that you see about me? tell me.—
Lord, what am I become? I am not wild, sure;
Heaven keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe, help me,
Or I am sunk to death!
Cle. You have offended,
And mightily; Love is incensed against you,
And therefore take my counsel: To the temple,
For that's the speediest physic; before the goddess
Give your repentant prayers; ask her will,
And from the oracle attend your sentence:
She's mild and merciful.
Calis. I will. Oh, Venus!
Even as thou lovest thyself——
Cle. [*Apart.*] Now for my fortune.
[*Exeunt* CALIS, CLEANTHE, *and* LUCIPPE.
Polyd. What shall I do?
Pel. Why, make yourself.
Polyd. I dare not;
No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,

Though her bright beauty would entice an angel.
I will to th'king, my last hope.—Get him a woman,
As we before concluded; and, as ye pass,
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too,
And sent to you; some posts too to the general;
And let me work. Be near him still.

Eum. We will, sir.

Polyd. Farewell, and pray for all! Whate'er I will ye,
Do it, and hope a fair end.

Eum. The gods speed ye! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Anti-chamber in the House of Memnon.

Enter Stremon, *Fool, Page, and Servants.*

Serv. He lies quiet.

Stre. Let him lie; and, as I told ye,
Make ready for this show. He has divers times
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,
And shew the joys—Now I will be that Orpheus;
And, as I play and sing, like beasts and trees
I would have you shaped, and enter: Thou a dog, Fool,—
I have sent about your suits—the Boy a bush,[9]
An ass you, you a lion.

Fool. I a dog?

[9] *Thou a dog, Fool,*
The boy a bush.] An allusion to the popular superstition of the man in the moon. See vol. II. p. 256. Perhaps the poets were thinking of the admirable burlesque play in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

I'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!
Stre. 'Tis excellent.
Steal in, and make no noise.
Fool. Bow wow!
Stre. Away, rogue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The House of the Priestess, next to the Temple.

Enter Priestess and CHILAX.

Priest. Good sweet friend, be not long.
Chi. Thou think'st each hour ten
Till I be ferreting.
Priest. You know I love you.
Chi. I will not be above an hour: Let thy robe be ready,
And the door be kept.
[CLEANTHE *knocks within.*
Priest. Who knocks there? Yet more business?

Enter CLEANTHE.

Chi. Have you more pensioners?—The princess woman!
Nay then, I'll stay a little: What game's a-foot now? [*Retires apart.*
Cle. Now is the time.
[*Whispers to the Priestess.*
Chi. A rank bawd, by this hand, too;
She grinds o' both sides: Hey, boys!
Priest. How? your brother Siphax?
Loves he the princess?

Cle. Deadly; and you know
He is a gentleman, descended nobly.
Chi. But a rank knave as ever piss'd. [*Aside.*
Cle. Hold, mother; [*Gives a purse.*
Here's more gold, and some jewels.
Chi. Here's no villainy![1] [*Aside.*
I am glad I came to th' hearing.
Priest. Alas, daughter,
What would you have me do?
Chi. Hold off, you old whore!
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all. [*Aside.*
Cle. Do you shrink now?
Did you not promise faithfully? and told me,
Through any danger——
Priest. Any I can wade through.
Cle. You shall and easily; the sin not seen neither.
Here's for a better stole,[2] and a new veil, mother:
[*Gives a purse.*

[1] Chi. *Here's villainy!*] The old folio reads, *here's* no *villainy*, but that is false in fact. My reading both completes the sense and the antithesis to the foregoing sentence.—*Sympson.*

Mr Sympson reads, *Here's* MORE *villainy!* but the old reading, we think, is right, the negative being used ironically.

In the first part of Henry IV. act v. scene iii. Falstaff, seeing Sir Walter Blunt, exclaims, "here's *no* vanity!" upon which passage Bishop Warburton comments thus: "In our author's time, the negative, in common speech, was used to design ironically the excess of a thing. Thus Ben Jonson, in every Man in his Humour, says,

'O here's *no* foppery!
Death, I can endure the stocks better;'

meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places."

Mr Steevens has produced another instance of the same mode of expression from the Tale of a Tub, by the same author:

"Here was *no* subtile device to get a wench."—*Reed.*

[2] *A better* stole.] *Stole,* from the Latin *stola,* means A ROBE;

Come, you shall be my friend.[3] If all hit——
Chi. Hang me! [*Aside.*
Cle. I'll make you richer than the goddess.
Priest. Say then;
I'm yours. What must I do?
Cle. I' th' morning,
But very early, will the princess visit
The temple of the goddess, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: From the oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The goddess' pleasure, and a man to cure her.
That oracle you give: Describe my brother;
You know him perfectly.
Priest. I have seen him often.
Cle. And charge her take the next man she shall meet with,
When she comes out: You understand me?
Priest. Well!
Cle. Which shall be he attending. This is all,
And easily without suspicion ended;
Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?
The venture is most easy.
Priest. I will do it.
Cle. As you shall prosper—
Priest. As I shall prosper!
Cle. Take this too, and farewell! But, first, hark hither.

and so, at this day, "Groom of the *stole*," an officer of the *wardrobe*.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *Come, ye shall be my friend; if all hit.*
Chi. *Hang me,*
I'll make you richer than the goddess.] So the first folio reads. The appropriation of the last line to Cleanthe is a necessary variation introduced by Seward.

Chi. What a young whore's this to betray her mistress!
A thousand cuckolds shall that husband be
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a spoke among your wheels. [*Aside.*
Cle. Be constant!
Priest. 'Tis done.
Chi. I'll do no more at drop-shot[4] then. [*Exit.*
Priest. Farewell, wench! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of Memnon.

Enter a Servant and STREMON, *at the door.*[5]

Serv. He stirs, he stirs.
Stre. Let him; I'm ready for him;
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with music. Are they ready?

[4] *Drop-shot.*] This seems to have been a cant expression for listening, in the same manner as eves-dropper is still used for a listener. I have not met with the word in any other author.

[5] The first folio reads—"Enter a Servant and R. Bax, and Stremon at the doore." R. Bax., perhaps Richard Baxter, was probably the name of some menial actor at the time.

Enter MEMNON.

Serv. All, all. See where he comes.
Stre. I'll be straight for him. [*Exit.*

Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Serv. How sad he looks, and sullen! Here are the captains: [*They stand close.*
My fear's past now.
Mem. Put case, i' th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old, 'tis certain—
Eum. His spirit is a little quieter. [*Apart.*
Mem. My blood lost, and my limbs stiff; my embraces
Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless;
My words worse: My fame only, and achievements,
(Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion)
Must woo her, win her, wed her;—that's but wind,
And women are not brought to-bed with shadows.
I do her wrong, much wrong; she's young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping north-wind, my head hung
With hails, and frosty icicles: Are the souls so too,
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?
No, sure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our flesh no more; and that forced opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.
There must be love, there is love.

Enter Stremon, *like Orpheus, and his Boy like Charon.*

What art thou?

SONG.

Orph. *Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,*
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to shew:
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:
Hark, and beware! unless thou hast loved, ever
Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing!
Oh, take heed then!
Hark how they howl for over-daring!
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed!

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How! should I know my passage is denied me,[7]
Or which of all the devils dare——

[7] *How should* I *know.*] The editors of 1750 change *I* to *he;* but the old reading is certainly right; for as Memnon imagined

Eum. This song
Was rarely form'd to fit him. [*Apart.*

SONG.

Orph. *Charon, oh, Charon,*
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane!
Cha. *Who calls the ferryman of hell?*
Orph. *Come near,*
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.
Cha. *Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow;*
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.
Orph. *Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow*
That kill themselves for love?
Cha. *Oh, no, no, no.*
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near;
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.
Orph. *What lovers pass, and in Elyzium reign?*
Cha. *Those gentle loves that are beloved again.*
Orph. *This soldier loves, and fain would die to win;*
Shall he go on?
Cha. *No, 'tis too foul a sin.*
He must not come aboard; I dare not row;
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.
Orph. *Shall time release him, say?*
Cha. *No, no, no, no.*
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer:
My boat is Destiny; and who then dare,
But those appointed, come aboard? Live still,
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.
Orph. *And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes*——
Cha. *Then come aboard, and pass.*

Stremon to be Orpheus, he would not ask how should *he* know. The meaning is, "What is it you tell me? If I should know my passage was denied, or which of the devils durst——oppose my entrance to Elyzium," &c.—Ed. 1778.

Orph. *Till when, be wise.*
Cha. *Till when, be wise.*

Eum. How still he sits! I hope this song has settled him.
Polyb. He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery eyes yet.
I fear, for all this——
Pel. Stremon, still apply to him.
Stre. Give me more room then. Sweetly strike, divinely,
Such strains as old earth moves at!
[*Continues as Orpheus.*
" The power I have over both beast and plant;
Thou man alone feel'st miserable want.[8] [*Music.*
Strike, you rare spirits[9] that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

Enter the Fool, and Servants, disguised in a masque of Beasts[1] and Trees, and dance.

This lion was a man of war that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his lady's pride:

[8] Orph. *The power I have over both beast and plant,*
Thou man alone feel'st miserable want.] This appeared quite unintelligible to Mr Sympson. I think there is nothing but an *of* wanting to make it clear, which I have therefore added. *Seward.*

Mr Seward reads, OF THE *power;* but his alteration is hard, and the old reading (with the usual licence of construction) conveys the same sense.—Ed. 1778.

[9] Your *rare spirits.*] So the old folio reads corruptedly; and, further on,—" to gild *her* ladies pride." Both were corrected in the second folio.

[1] *Enter a masque of beasts.*] Our ancestors delighted in such exhibitions as this; and the dramatic poets often condescended to introduce them into their best plays, for the purpose of delighting vulgar minds. They were, however, never so ridiculous as some pantomimes of the present day are.

This dog, a fool, that hung himself for love:
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat, and died: This goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his lady,
Wither'd at root: This, for he could not woo,
A grumbling lawyer: This pyed bird, a page,
That melted out because he wanted age:
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more!"

[*Exit* MEMNON.

Eum. He steals off silently, as though he would sleep.
No more; but all be near him; feed his fancy,
Good Stremon, still: This may lock up his folly;
Yet, Heaven knows, I much fear him. Away, softly! [*Exeunt* POLYB. *and* PEL.

Fool. Did I not do most doggedly?

Stre. Most rarely.

Fool. He's a brave man. When shall we dog again?

Page. Untie me first, for God's sake.

Fool. Help the boy;
He's in a wood, poor child! Good honey Stremon,
Let's have a bear-baiting; you shall see me play
The rarest for a single dog! at head all;
And, if I do not win immortal glory,
Play dog play devil!

Stre. Peace for this time!

Fool. Pr'ythee
Let's sing him a black santis;[2] then let's all howl

[2] *A black santis.*] "The black Sanctus was a hymn to Saunte Satan, written in ridicule of monkish luxury. The curious reader may find it in the Nugæ Antiquæ, and in Sir John Harrington's Metamorphoses of Ajax, 1596."—*Dodsley's Old Plays*, VI. 203. It is mentioned again in Fletcher's Wild Goose Chace:

"Out, kitlings!
What caterwauling's here? What gibing?
Do you think my heart is softened with a *black santis*."

In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your time.
Untie there.—Bow, wow, wow!
Stre. Away, ye ass, away!
Fool. Why, let us do something
To satisfy the gentleman; he's mad,—
A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,[3]—
And must have men as mad about him.
Stre. Peace,
And come in quickly; 'tis ten tò one else
He'll find a staff to beat a dog. No more words;
I'll get you all employment. Soft, soft! in, all!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Chilax *and* Cloe.

Chi. When camest thou over, wench?
Cloe. But now this evening,
And have been ever since looking out Siphax;
I' th' wars, he would have look'd me. Sure he has gotten
Some other mistress?
Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand;
They are as common here as caterpillars
Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.
Cloe. Are they so hungry? Yet, by their leave, Chilax,

[3] *A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion.*] In Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Master Stephen says, "I am mightily given to melancholy;" and Master Matthew replies, "Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit." This, Mr Whalley observes, "was designed as a sneer upon the fantastic behaviour of the gallants in that age, who affected the appearing melancholy and abstracted from common objects." This passage of our author's seems intended to ridicule the same, or the like folly. *Reed.*

I'll have a snatch too.
Chi. Dost thou love him still, wench?
Cloe. Why should I not? He had my maidenhead,
And all my youth.
Chi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time, sweet wench, the fittest,
If thou dar'st make thy fortune! By this light, Cloe—
And so I'll kiss thee: And, if thou wilt but let me—
For 'tis well worth a kindness——
Cloe. What should I let you?
Chi. Enjoy thy minikin.
Cloe. Thou art still old Chilax.
Chi. Still, still, and ever shall be. If, I say,
Thou wo't strike the stroke—I cannot do much harm, wench.
Cloe. Nor much good.
Chi. Siphax shall be thy husband,
Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy cuckold,
Or what thou wilt make him.
Cloe. I am overjoy'd,[4]
Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this fortune! Kiss me,
Or I shall lose myself. My husband, said you?
Chi. Said I? and will say, Cloe; nay, and do it,
And do it home too; peg thee as close to him
As birds[5] are with a pin to one another:
I have it, I can do it. Thou want'st clothes too,
And he'll be hanged, unless he marry thee,

[4] *I am overjoy'd, &c.*] These words, to the end of the speech, [as far as *lose myself*] have hitherto been given to *Chilax*. We have no doubt of their belonging to *Cloe*.—Ed. 1778.

[5] *As birds are with a pin.*] The editors of 1750 read,—*As* boards *are with a pin.* If they had ever gone to market, or to a poulterer's, they would not have made such an absurd variation.

Ere he maintain thee: Now he has ladies, courtiers,
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We are taken up for threshers. Will you bite?

Cloe. Yes.

Chi. And let me——

Cloe. Yes, and let you——

Chi. What?

Cloe. Why, that you wot of.

Chi. The turn,[6] the good turn?

Cloe. Any turn; the roach turn.

Chi. That's the right turn; for that turns up the belly.
I cannot stay; take your instructions, [*Gives money.*
And something toward household. Come! whatever
I shall advise you, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I 'point you; for, I'll tell you,
A strange way you must wade through.

Cloe. Fear not me, sir.

Chi. Come then, and let's dispatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one;
Besides, more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot,[7] I must provide for.

[6] Chi. *The turn, &c.*] This, and the two following lines, appear only in the first folio. Fidelity obliges us to restore them to the text. They seem to be the effusion of one of Fletcher's unguarded moments.—Ed. 1778.

We cannot justly charge Fletcher's unguarded moments for having produced these obscenities, which have their parallels in almost every author of the time. In 1679, when these lines were expunged from the second folio, direct bawdry had given place to *double entendre.*

[7] *An old weak* over-shot.] Chilax is continuing the metaphor of the mill in the preceding line.

There's an old nunnery at hand.
Cloe. What's that?
Chi. A bawdy-house.
Cloe. A pox consume it!
Chi. If the stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,
Your curse came handsomely! Fear not; there's ladies,
And other good sad people,[8] your pink'd citizens,[9]
That think no shame to shake a sheet there:—
Come, wench! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Street.

Enter CLEANTHE *and* SIPHAX.

Cle. A soldier, and so fearful?
Sip. Can you blame me,

[8] *And other good* sad *people.*] *Sad* here signifies the same with *sage, wise,* or *sober.* *Seward.*
We believe Mr Seward is the first divine who ever discovered that *sage, wise, sober* people were to be met with at a *bawdy-house.* Ed. 1778.
The wish of the last editors to refute Seward's interpretation, which is undoubtedly right, and which might be supported by six or seven passages from Shakspeare, shows that they completely misunderstand this very obvious and easy speech. It might be truly questioned whether they wrote their note in sober sadness, or introduced it for the wretched piece of wit which is contained in it.

[9] *Pinked.*] To *pink,* is to work in small eyelet holes, and was probably much used in the dresses of grave and sober citizens at the time. So in Shakspeare: "A haberdasher's wife of small wit railed upon me, till her *pinked* porringer fell off her head."

When such a weight lies on me?
Cle. Fy upon you!
I tell you you shall have her, have her safely,
And for your wife, with her own will.
Sip. Good sister——
Cle. What a distrustful man are you! To-morrow,
To-morrow morning——
Sip. Is it possible?
Can there be such a happiness?
Cle. Why, hang me
If then you be not married! If to-morrow night
You do not——
Sip. Oh, dear sister——
Cle. What you would do,
What you desire to do—lie with her—devil!
What a dull man are you!
Sip. Nay, I believe now.
And shall she love me?
Cle. As her life, and stroke you.
Sip. Oh, I will be her servant.
Cle. 'Tis your duty.
Sip. And she shall have her whole will.
Cle. Yes, 'tis reason;
She is a princess, and by that rule boundless.
Sip. What would you be? for I would have you, sister,
Choose some great place about us: As her woman
Is not so fit.
Cle. No, no, I shall find places.
Sip. And yet to be a lady of her bed-chamber,
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title,
Believe it, shall be look'd out.
Cle. You may; a duchess,
Or such a toy; a small thing pleases me, sir.
Sip. What you will, sister. If a neighbour prince,

When we shall come to reign——

Cle. We shall think on't.

Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest; within this half hour
The princess will be going; 'tis almost morning.
Away, and mind your business!

Sip. Fortune bless us! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter King, POLYDORE, *and Lords.*

Polyd. I do beseech your grace to banish me!

King. Why, gentleman, is she not worthy marriage?

Polyd. Most worthy, sir, where worth again shall meet her;
But I, like thick clouds, sailing slow and heavy,[1]
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her.
I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treason
But to imagine—As you love your honour——

King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if cross'd,
I know it kills her.

1 *Lord.* How knows your grace she loves him?

King. Her woman told me all, (beside his story)

[1] *Sailing* slow *and heavy.*] Mr Sympson would read *low*, to make the antithesis stronger to the next line. But I rather prefer the old text, or at least think it too good to need any change. *Seward.*

Sympson's conjecture is adopted by the last editors; but, though a very happy one, it is not absolutely necessary, and, for that reason, the text should not be disturbed.

Her maid Lucippe; on what reason too,
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.
Polyd. Sir,
Even by your wisdom, by that great discretion
You owe to rule and order——
2 *Lord.* This man's mad, sure,
To plead against his fortune!
1 *Lord.* And the king too,
Willing to have it so.
Polyd. By those dead princes,
From whose descents you stand a star admired at,
Lay not so base allay* upon your virtues!
Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed! The bramble
No wise man ever planted by the rose,
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton ivy.—Good my lords,
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,
And the main body brick?
2 *Lord.* You wrong your worth;
You are a gentleman descended nobly.
1 *Lord.* In both bloods truly noble.
King. Say you were not,
My will can make you so.
Polyd. No, never, never!
'Tis not descent, nor will of princes does it;
'Tis virtue which I want, 'tis temperance;
Man, honest man! Is't fit your majesty
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, brother?
Or such a blessed maid my breach of faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers
(In which I am also mischievous) her husband?
Oh, gods preserve her! I am wild as winter,
Ambitious as the devil; out upon me!

* —— *a lay.*] So the folios. Corrected by Seward.

I hate myself, sir. If you dare bestow her
Upon a subject, you have one deserves her.
King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.—
This young man's love unto his noble brother
Appears a mirror.—What must now be done, lords?
For I am gravel'd: If she have not him,
She dies for certain; if his brother miss her,
Farewell to him, and all our honours!
1 *Lord*. He is dead, sir,—
Your grace has heard of that?—and strangely.
King. No,
I can assure you, no; there was a trick in't:
Read that, and then know all. [*Gives him a paper.*]
What ails the gentleman?
[POLYDORE *is sick on the sudden.*
Hold him.—How do you, sir?
Polyd. Sick on the sudden,
Extremely ill, wond'rous ill.
King. Where did it take you?
Polyd. Here in my head, sir, and my heart. For Heaven sake——
King. Conduct him to his chamber presently,
And bid my doctors——
Polyd. No, I shall be well, sir.
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods' sake,
Remember my poor brother! I shall pray then—
King. Away, he grows more weaker still.[3]—I'll do it,
Or Heaven forget me ever! [POLYDORE *is led out.*
Now your counsels,
For I am at my wit's end.—What with you, sir?

[3] *More weaker.*] The modern editors, without noticing the alteration, choose to read—*more weak*. The old text, though not correct grammar, was the phraseology of the age.

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.
King. Yet more troubles?—— [*Reads.*
The Spartans are in arms, and like to win all;
Supplies are sent for, and the general.—
This is more cross than t'other! Come, let's to him;
For he must have her ('tis necessity)
Or we must lose our honours. Let's plead all,
(For more than all is needful) shew all reason,
If love can hear o' that side: If she yield,
We have fought best, and won the noblest field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

MEMNON'S *Apartment.*

Enter EUMENES, STREMON, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Pel. I have brought the wench; a lusty wench,
And somewhat like the princess.
Eum. 'Tis the better; let's see her;
And go you in and tell him that her grace
Is come to visit him. [*Exit* PELIUS.] How sleeps he, Stremon?
Stre. He cannot; only thinks, and calls on Polydore;
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,
And sometimes sits and muses. [*Exit* STREMON.

Enter Courtezan[4] *and* PELIUS.

Eum. He's past all help, sure.—
How do you like her?
Polyb. By the mass, a good round virgin;
And, at first sight, resembling. She's well cloth'd too.
Eum. But is she sound?
Pel. Of wind and limb, I warrant her.
Eum. You are instructed, lady?
Court. Yes; and know, sir,
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.
Eum. Polybius,
Where did he get this vermin?
Polyb. Hang him, badger!
There's not a hole free from him; whores and whores' mates
Do all pay him obedience.
Eum. Indeed, i' th' war
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,
And lined with whore.—Beshrew me, 'tis a fair whore.
Polyb. She has smock'd away her blood; but, fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,

[4] *Enter* Whore *and Captain.*] Because Seward needlessly supposed this strumpet to be no other than Cloe, the last editors choose to refute him in a huge note of thirty lines, which the reader is spared the trouble of perusing. Towards the end of the play, she enters when Cloe goes out, which is a sufficient proof without such elaborate dissertations; though Seward lays great stress upon the "Exit Cloe," at the end of this scene, an accidental oversight in the old copies. There is some confusion in the appropriation of the speeches of Polybius and Pelius, which was rectified by the last editors. The speech beginning "I have brought the wench," &c., was improperly given to Polybius, as well as the following, "Of wind and limb, I warrant her."

Comes not amiss to him; he rides like a night-
mare,
All ages, all religions.
Eum. Can you state it?[5]
Court. I'll make a shift.
Eum. He must lie with you, lady.
Court. Let him; he's not the first man I have
lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.

Enter MEMNON.

Pel. He comes; no more words;
She has her lesson throughly. How he views
her!
Eum. Go forward now; so! bravely; stand!
Mem. Great lady,
How humbly I am bound——
Court. You shall not kneel, sir.
Come, I have done you wrong. Stand up, my
soldier;
And thus I make amends. [*Kisses him.*
Eum. A plague confound you!
Is this your state?
Pel. 'Tis well enough.
Mem. Oh, lady,
Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest beauty,
Is more than I must purchase! Here, divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha!
Polyb. A damn'd foul one.

[5] *Can you* state *it.*] That is, can you assume the dignity or gait of the person you are personating. And again, immediately after:

A plague confound you!
Is this your *state*?

Eum. The lee's of bawdy pruins,[6] mourning gloves!
All spoil'd, by Heaven.
Mem. Ha! who art thou?
Polyb.[7] A shame on you,
You clawing scabby whore!
Mem. I say, who art thou?
Eum. Why, 'tis the princess, sir.
Mem. The devil, sir!
'Tis some rogue thing.
Court. If this abuse be love, sir,
Or I, that laid aside my modesty——
Eum. So far thou'lt never find it.
Mem. Do not weep;
For, if you be the princess, I will love you,
Indeed I will, and honour you, fight for you:
Come, wipe your eyes.—By Heaven, she stinks,—
Who art thou?—
Stinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging,—
Woman, who art thou?—like a rotten cabbage!
Pel. You're much to blame, sir; 'tis the princess.

[6] *The lees of bawdy* prewns.] This reading obtained till 1750, when the modest and judicious editors of that æra chose to substitute *brewis* for *prewns.* Though they may stand excused for not understanding the expression, *bawdy* PREWNS, whence had they the right of introducing *brewis*, without the least notice given to their readers? That *prunes* is the right word, (while *brewis* is devoid of meaning) appears beyond a doubt. Memnon, taking the hand of the counterfeit princess, expresses a surprise, which Eumenes explains the cause of, by supposing he had discovered the lees of *bawdy* PREWNS upon it. *Stewed prewns* were the constant appendages of a brothel in our author's time. *Reed.*

The ingenious author of this note quotes a long note on stewed prewns, from Steevens's Shakspeare, containing no less than nine instances from old pamphlets and plays where they are mentioned. Such readers as wish to peruse the note, are referred to the last edition of the Variorum Shakspeare, vol. XI. p. 361.

[7] This speech is improperly given to Polybius in the folios.

Mem. How!
She the princess?
Eum. And the loving princess.
Polyb. Indeed, the doting princess.
Mem. Come hither once more;
The princess smells like morning's breath, pure amber,
Beyond the courted Indies[8] in her spices.——
Still a dead rat, by Heaven! Thou art a princess?
Eum. What a dull whore is this!
Mem. I'll tell you presently;
For, if she be a princess, as she may be,
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.
Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over:
If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion,
He'll do you reverence;[9] else——
Court. I beseech your lordship——
Eum. He'll tear her all to pieces.
Court. I am no princess, sir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither?
Pel. If you confess, we'll hang you.
Court. Good my lord——
Mem. Who art thou then?
Court. A poor retaining whore, sir,
To one of your lordship's captains.
Mem. Alas, poor whore!

[8] *Indies.*] The editors of 1750 and 1778 choose to read—*India.* In the following line the text is from the first folio. The second, and the modern editors, read—Thou a princess?

[9] *If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion,*
He'll do you reverence.] This refers to the well-known fable of the respect in which royal blood is held by the king of beasts, which was a favourite fiction among writers of romance. So in Octouian Imperator, (Metr. Romances. Edin. 1810, vol. III. v. 481.)

"A chyld that ys of kynges blood,
A lyoun struys hit for no good."

Go; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit Courtezan.*
What fools are these, and coxcombs!
[*Exit* MEMNON.

Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.
Polyb. Methinks his face too
Is not so clouded as it was. How he looks!
Eum. Where's your dead rat?
Pel. The devil dine upon her!
Lions? Why, what a medicine had he gotten
To try a whore!

Enter STREMON.

Stre. Here's one from Polydore stays to speak with ye.
Eum. With whom?
Stre. With all. Where has the general been?
He's laughing to himself extremely.
Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I'm glad yet he's so merry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Temple of Venus. Night.

Enter Chilax *and Priestess.*

Chi. What lights are those that enter there? Still nearer?
Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me hither
Into the temple, to betray me? Was there no place
To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me!
Still they come forward.
Priest. Peace, you fool! I have found it:
'Tis the young princess Calis.
Chi. 'Tis the devil,
To claw us for our catterwauling.
Priest. Retire softly.—
I did not look for you these two hours, lady.
Beshrew your haste!—That way. [*To* Chilax.
Chi. That goes to the altar,
You old blind beast!
Priest. I know not; any way.
Still they come nearer. I'll in to the oracle.
Chi. That's well remember'd; I'll in with you.
Priest. Do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, CLEANTHE, *and her train, with lights, singing.*

SONG.

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing!
Oh, thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring,
Grant this lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her, all retire,
Whilst the princess feeds the fire.
When your devotions ended be
To the oracle I'll attend ye.
Exit Nun, and draws the curtain close to CALIS.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter STREMON *and* EUMENES.

Stre. He will abroad.
Eum. How does his humour hold him?

Stre. He's now grown wond'rous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his brother to himself, starts strangely.
Eum. Does he not curse?
Stre. No.
Eum. Nor break out in fury,
Offering some new attempt?
Stre. Neither. "To the temple,"
Is all we hear of now: What there he will do——
Eum. I hope repent his folly; let's be near him.
Stre. Where are the rest?
Eum. About a business
Concerns him mainly; if Heaven cure this madness,
He's man for ever, Stremon.
Stre. Does the king know it?
Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it; he's now gone
To seek his sister out.
Stre. Come, let's away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Temple. A dark Recess, with a Curtain half-drawn, where the Priestess is sitting at the Oracle, and Chilax, *having put on the Robe of the Priestess.*

Enter Nun, who opens the Curtain to Calis.

Nun. Peace to your prayers, lady! Will it please you
To pass on to the oracle?
Calis. Most humbly.

Chi. Do you hear that?
Priest. Yes; lie close.
Chi. A wildfire take you!
What shall become of me? I shall be hanged now!
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake you!
Come up and juggle, come.
Priest. I'm monstrous fearful!
Chi. Up, you old gaping oyster, up and answer!
A mouldy mange upon your chops! You told me
I was safe here till the bell rung.
Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the princess.
Chi. Shall we be taken?
Priest. Speak, for love's sake, Chilax!
I cannot, nor I dare not.
Chi. I'll speak treason,
For I had as lieve be hanged for that——
Priest. Good Chilax!
Chi. Must it be sung or said? What shall I tell 'em?
They're here; here now, preparing.
Priest. Oh, my conscience!
Chi. Plague o' your spur-galled conscience! does it tire now,
Now when it should be toughest? I could make thee——
Priest. Save us! we're both undone else.
Chi. Down, you dog then!
Be quiet, and be staunch too; no inundations.—
Nun. Here kneel again; and Venus grant your wishes!
Calis. Oh, divinest[1] star of Heaven,
Thou, in power above the seven:

[1] *O, divine star of Heaven.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires:
Thou, oh gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart:
Thou, the fuel and the flame;
Thou, in Heaven, and here the same:
Thou, the wooer, and the woo'd:
Thou, the hunger and the food:
Thou, the prayer, and the pray'd;
Thou, what is, or shall be said:
Thou, still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy answer blessed!

Chi. When?

Priest. Now speak handsomely, and small by all means;
I have told you what.

Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale.
Now for my neck-verse.[a]—I have heard thy pray'rs,
And mark me well. [*In a disguised voice.*

Loud Thunder, and then Music. Venus descends.

Nun. The goddess is displeased much;
The temple shakes and totters: She appears.
Bow, lady, bow! [CALIS *kneels.*

Venus. Purge me the temple round,
And live by this example henceforth sound.
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,
Heard thy wishes, and thy fears;

[a] *Now for my* neck-verse.] When a person formerly had the benefit of clergy allowed him, he was obliged to read, and one verse was always selected for that purpose. It was that containing the words *miserere mei Deus*, which, from that circumstance, obtained the name of the *neck-verse*. *Reed.*

Thy holy incense flew above,
Hark, therefore, thy doom in love:[3]
Had thy heart been soft at first,
Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst;
Had thy stubborn will but bended,
All thy sorrows here had ended;
Therefore, to be just in love,
A strange fortune thou must prove;
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,
A dead love thou shalt enjoy.

Calis. Oh, gentle goddess!
Venus. Rise, thy doom is said;
And fear not, I shall please thee with the dead.
[*Ascends.*
Nun. Go up into the temple, and there end
Your holy rites; the goddess smiles upon you.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and Nun.*

SCENE IV.

The Area before the Temple.

Enter CHILAX, *in the Robe of the Priestess.*

Chi. I'll no more oracles, nor miracles,
Nor no more church-work; I'll be drawn and hanged first.
Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder?

[3] *Hark, therefore, to thy doom in love.*] The insertion of the word *to* is an unnecessary alteration in the folio of 1679, which is followed in the modern copies. A few lines lower down, the first folio reads, corruptedly,—*And* strange fortune, which was corrected in the second.

'Death, I can scarce believe I live yet!
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang!
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-whips.
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I would advise ye, my old friend;[4] the good gentlewoman
Is strucken dumb, and there her grace sits mumping
Like an old ape eating a brawn. Sure the good goddess
Knew my intent was honest, to save the princess,
And how we young men are enticed to wickedness
By these lewd women; I had paid for't else too.
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful.
Oh, 'twas a plaguy thump, charged with a vengeance!
'Would I were well at home! The best is, 'tis not day.—

Enter SIPHAX, *walks softly over the Stage, and goes in.*

Who's that? ha! Siphax? I'll be with you anon, sir.
You shall be oracled, I warrant you,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your lordship
Must needs enjoy the princess? yes.—Ha! torches?

Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, STREMON, *and two Servants carrying torches.*

And Memnon coming this way? He's dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,

[4] *My old* friends.] So all the copies read hitherto. But Chilax is only addressing one person, the Priestess. The variation is M. Mason's.

He worries me. I must go by him.
Eum. Sir?
Mem. Ask me no further questions.—What art thou?
How dost thou stare? Stand off! Nay look upon me,
I do not shake, nor fear thee. [*Draws his sword.*
Chi. He will kill me:
This is for church-work.
Mem. Why dost thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,
And know thine envy to mine honour: But——
Chi. Stay, Memnon,
I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.
Eum. This is the voice of Chilax.
Stre. What makes he thus?
Chi. 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: Therefore, mark me,
I do appear again to quit[5] mine honour,
And on thee single.
Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?
Chi. On the Stygian banks.
Mem. When?
Chi. Four days hence.
Mem. Go, noble ghost, I will attend.

[5] *To* quit *mine honour.*] Quit, as has been observed before, is generally used in the sense of *requite*, here evidently in that of *revenge*, or *repay the loss of*. It occurs in a similar manner in Antony and Cleopatra, where Antony, after having caused Thyreus, the follower of Cæsar, to be whipped, dismisses him with these words:

——— "If he mislike
My speech, or what is done, tell him he has
Hyparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, *to quit me.*"

Chi. I thank you.

Stre. You have saved your throat, and handsomely: Farewell, sir. [*Exit* CHILAX.

Mem. Sing me the battle of Pelusium,
In which this worthy died.

Eum. This will spoil all,
And make him worse than e'er he was. Sit down, sir,
And give yourself to rest. [STREMON *sings*.

SONG.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in.
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
Bows, bills, glaves,[6] *arrows, shields, and spears;*
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring;[7]
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring.
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!
Dub, dub.
They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes.

[6] *Glaves.*] These were weapons shaped like halberts, and are frequently mentioned in old plays. So in the following beautiful lines of Marlow, a poet who should speedily be rescued from oblivion:

———— "a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and *gleave*
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore!"

Edward II.

[7] *Like a dark* wood *he comes, or tempest pouring.*] Mr Sympson would read *cloud* for *wood;* but I much prefer the old reading. The closeness and firmness of an army, the groves of spears, and the dark horror of the soldiers' looks, are all finely imaged in this simile of a *dark wood moving.* One might indeed quote several authors, Greek, Roman, and English, in support of both readings, but that is not at present my province.—*Seward.*

See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky;
Hark how the trumpets sound,
Hark how the hills rebound!
Tara, tara.
Hark how the horse charge! in boys, boys in!
The battle totters; now the wounds begin;
Oh, how they cry,
Oh, how they die!
Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder!
See how he breaks the ranks asunder.
They fly, they fly! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow!
Hark how the soldiers hollow! Hey, hey!
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled,
The battle's won, and lost,
That many a life has cost.

Mem. Now forward to the temple. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHILAX.

Chi. Are you gone?
How have I 'scaped this morning? By what miracle?
Sure I'm ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter CLOE, *disguised as the Princess.*

Cloe. How is it?
Chi. Come; 'tis as well as can be.
Cloe. But is it possible
This should be true you tell me?

Chi. 'Tis most certain.
Cloe. Such a gross ass to love the princess?
Chi. Peace!
Pull your robe close about you. You are perfect
In all I taught you?
Cloe. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck!
'Tis strange my brains should still be beating knavery,
For all these dangers; but they are needful mischiefs,
And such as are nuts to me, and I must do 'em.
You will remember me?
Cloe. By this kiss, Chilax!
Chi. No more of that; I fear another thunder.
Cloe. We are not i' th' temple, man.

Enter SIPHAX.

Chi. Peace! here he comes.
Now to our business handsomely. Away now!
[*Exit with* CLOE.
Sip. 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she look'd every way: I hope the oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she look'd for.
Fortune, I will so honour thee! Love, so adore thee!

Re-enter CHILAX *and* CLOE, *at the other side.*

She's here again; looks round about, again too;
'Tis done, I know 'tis done! 'Tis Chilax with her,
And I shall know of him.—Who's that?
Chi. Speak softly:
The princess from the oracle.
Sip. She views me;

By Heaven she beckons me!
Chi. Come near, she would have you.
Sip. Oh, royal lady! [*Kisses her hand.*
Chi. She wills you read that; for, belike, she's bound to silence
For such a time. She's wondrous gracious to you.
[*Gives a paper to* SIPHAX.
Sip. Heaven make me thankful!
Chi. She would have you read it.
Sip. [*Reads.*] "Siphax, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee
To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd:
Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter.
Convey me to a secret ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united;
And use no language, till before my brother
We both appear, where I will shew the oracle;
For till that time I'm bound, I must not answer."
Oh, happy I!
Chi. You're a made man.
Sip. But, Chilax,
Where are her women?
Chi. None but your grace's sister—
Because she would have it private to the world yet—
Knows of this business.
Sip. I shall thank thee, Chilax;
Thou art a careful man.
Chi. Your grace's servant.
Sip. I'll find a fit place for thee.
Chi. If you will not,
There's a good lady will. She points you forward;
Away, and take your fortune; not a word, sir.—
So; you are greased,[8] I hope.
[*Exeunt* SIPHAX *and* CLOE.

[8] *Greased.*] This verb, when used metaphorically, generally means *bribed;* but, in the present instance, some other allusion

Enter STREMON, *Fool, and Page.*

Stremon, Fool, Picus!
Where have you left your lord?
Stre. I' th' temple, Chilax.
Chi. Why are you from him?
Stre. Why, the king is with him,
And all the lords.
Chi. Is not the princess there too?
Stre. Yes: And the strangest coil[9] amongst 'em—She weeps bitterly;
The king entreats, and frowns; my lord, like autumn,
Drops off his hopes by handfuls; all the temple
Sweats with this agony.
Chi. Where's young Polydore?
Stre. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.
Chi. Dead?
Stre. For certain;
But not yet known abroad.
Chi. There's a new trouble.
A brave young man he was; but we must all die.
Stre. Did not the general meet you this morning
Like a tall stallion-nun?
Chi. No more o' that, boy.
Stre. You had been ferreting.
Chi. That's all one.—Fool!
My master Fool, that taught my wits to traffick,
What has your wisdom done? How have you profited?
Out with your audit: Come, you are not empty;

seems to be intended, perhaps derived from the term *grease* in horsemanship.

[9] *Coil.*] *i. e.* Stir, bustle.

Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do, you shaker.[1]

[*Takes out his purse, and shakes it.*

What think you of this shaking? Here's wit, coxcomb!
Ha, boys? ha, my fine rascals? here's a ring;[2]
How right they go!

Fool. Oh, let me ring the fore-bell.

Chi. And here are thumpers, chequins, golden rogues:
Wit, wit, ye rascals!

Fool. I have a sty here,[3] Chilax.

Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one cross, cavalier: We are dull soldiers,
Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for victuals!

Fool. Why, you are the spirits of the time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. The valiant, fiery![4]

Chi. Fy, fy! no.

Fool. Be-lee me, sir.[5]

[1] *Do you* shaker?] The pointing is from the last edition. The word *shaker* may be used here in the same manner as in the ancient popular dance, called the Shaking of the Sheets, which is often used as a *double entendre* in old plays.

[2] *Here's a* ring.] Meaning the *ringing* of the money. So Shakspeare compares a voice to a piece of uncurrent gold, cracked in the *ring*.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *I have a* sty *here.*] A *sty* on his eye, desiring to have it stroked with money; so Chilax before,

Put out mine eye *with twelve-pence.*—Ed. 1778.

[4] *The valiant* firie.] Mr Seward for *firie* substitutes *frie*, and Mason approves the variation. But the word in the text is perfectly intelligible, and was introduced in the last edition.

[5] *Be-lee me, sir.*] A term of navigation, which is also used in Othello, act I. sc. i. meaning to place the vessel in a direction unsuitable to the wind. The precise import of the fool's speech I do

Chi. I would I could, sir.
Fool. I will satisfy you.
Chi. But I will not content you.—[*To the Page.*] —Alas, poor boy,
Thou shew'st an honest nature; weep'st for thy master?
There's a red rogue,[6] to buy thee handkerchiefs.
[*Gives him a piece of gold.*
Fool. He was an honest gentleman, I have lost too.
Chi. You have indeed, your labour, Fool.—But, Stremon,
Dost thou want money too? No virtue living?
No firking out at fingers' ends?[7]
Stre. It seems so.
Chi. Will ye all serve me?
Stre. Yes, when you are lord-general;
For less I will not go.
Chi. There's gold for thee then;
Thou hast a soldier's mind.—Fool!
Fool. Here, your first man.
Chi. I will give thee for thy wit, (for 'tis a fine wit,

not understand. *Be-lee* may possibly be corrupted from believe, but is spelt the same way in all the editions.

6 ———— *weep'st for thy master?*
There's a red rogue *to buy thee handkerchiefs.*] We can't explain this; yet think we should separate *red rogue,* and read,

There's a red, rogue, *to buy thee handkerchiefs.*—Ed. 1778.

It is singular that the last editors should not have conjectured that the expression, a *red rogue,* might have been used for a piece of gold. It is surely far more unlikely that it should have been denominated—*a red.*

7 *No* firking *out at fingers' ends.*] The verb *to firk* was used in a great variety of senses. Here *firking* evidently signifies stealing, picking pockets.

A dainty diving wit) hold up!—just nothing.
Go, graze i' th' commons; yet I am merciful——
There's sixpence: Buy a saucer,[8] steal an old gown,
And beg i' th' temple for a prophet.—Come away, boys!
Let's see how things are carried. Fool up, sirrah;[9]
You may chance get a dinner. Boy, your preferment
I'll undertake; for your brave master's sake,
You shall not perish.

Fool. Chilax!

Chi. Please me well, Fool,
And you shall light my pipes. Away to th' temple!
But stay: the king is here: Sport upon sport, boys.

Enter King, Lords, SIPHAX *kneeling;* CLOE *with a veil.*

King. What would you have, captain?
Speak suddenly, for I am wond'rous busy.

Sip. A pardon, royal sir.

King. For what?

Sip. For that,
Which was Heaven's will, should not be mine alone, sir;
My marrying with this lady.

[8] *Buy a* saucer.] Mendicants formerly, instead of receiving alms into their hats, as at present, carried a clapper, or clap-dish, which was originally the distinguishing mark of a leper. Saucer, in the text, is used for a similar instrument.

[9] *Fool, up sirrah.*] So the old copies read. The last modern edition—Fool! up, sirrah. But the comma was certainly misplaced accidentally in the first folio; for *fool up*, as Mason observes, was a usual phrase in old authors. So in Fletcher and Shirley's Night-Walker:

"You're merry, aunt, I see, and all the company;
If you be not, I'll *fool up*, and provoke ye."

King. It needs no pardon,
For marriage is no sin.
Sip. Not in itself, sir;
But in presuming too much: Yet, Heaven knows,
So does the oracle that cast it on me,
And——the princess, royal sir.
King. What princess?
Sip. Oh, be not angry, my dread king! your sister.
King. My sister? she's i' th' temple, man.
Sip. She is here, sir.
Lord. The captain's mad! she's kneeling at the altar.
King. I know she is.—With all my heart, good captain,
I do forgive ye both: Be unveil'd, lady.
[*Puts off her veil.*
Will you have more forgiveness? The man's frantic.
Come, let's go bring her out.—God give you joy, sir!
Sip. How! Cloe? my old Cloe?
[*Exeunt King, Lords.*
Cloe. Even the same, sir.
Chi. Gods give your manhood much content!
Stre. The princess
Looks something musty since her coming over.
Fool. 'Twere good you would brush her over.
Sip. Fools and fiddlers
Make sport at my abuse too!
Fool. Oh, 'tis the nature
Of us fools to make bold with one another;
But you are wise, brave sir.
Chi. Cheer up your princess.
Believe it, sir, the king will not be angry;
Or, say he were; why, 'twas the oracle:
The oracle, an't like your grace; the oracle.

Stre. And who, most mighty Siphax——
Sip. With mine own whore?
Cloe. With whom else should you marry? speak your conscience,
Will you transgress the law of arms, that ever
Rewards the soldier with his own sins?
Sip. Devils!
Cloe. You had my maidenhead, my youth, my sweetness;
Is it not justice then?
Sip. I see it must be;
But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.
Cloe. You shall not need; my honesty shall do it.
Sip. If there be wars in all the world——
Cloe. I'll with you;
For you know I have been a soldier.
Come, curse on!
Sip. When I need another oracle[1]——
Chi. Send for me, Siphax; I'll fit you with a princess.
And so, to both your honours——
Fool. And your graces——
Sip. The devil grace you all!
Cloe. God-a-mercy, Chilax!
Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?
Stre. No, the king comes,
And all the train.
Chi. Away, then; our act's ended. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, CALIS, MEMNON, CLEANTHE, *Lords, and Courtezan.*

King. You know he does deserve you, loves you dearly;

[1] *Come, curse on: When I need another oracle.*] So the old editions. Seward gives the whole line to Siphax: the last editors, more properly, only the last hemistich.

You know what bloody violence he had used
Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it;
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him,
And covet to take birth: Look on him, lady;
The wars have not so far consumed him yet,
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,
To be abhorr'd: Look on his honour, sister;
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it;
No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heaven, that nightly waken
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,[2]
And not the weakness: Look with your virtuous eyes;
And then clad royally in all his conquests,
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues,
He shall appear a miracle: Look on our dangers,
Look on the public ruin.

Calis. Oh, dear brother!

King. Fy! let us not, like proud and greedy waters,
Gain to give off again: This is our sea,
And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take heed;
His floods have been as high and full as any,[3]

[2] *To view the wonders of* the *glorious Maker,*
And not the weakness.] The first folio reads, *To view the wonders of* my *glorious Maker*. The text is from the second. Seward proposes to read—"And see *no* weakness." The text, though somewhat involved, is good sense: "Look upon the virtues of Memnon, not upon his faults; as the eyes of Heaven, the stars, awake nightly to behold the miraculous parts of creation, not to search out the little weaknesses and vices of those who live upon the world." Two lines further an emendation proposed by Mason has been adopted, which seems indispensably necessary. The folios read,

"And then clad *royalty* in all his conquests.

[3] *His floods have been as high and full as any,*
And gloriously now is got up to the girdle.
The kingdoms he hath purchased.] The emendation of this pas-

And gloriously now he's got up to girdle
The kingdoms he hath purchased. Noble sister,
Take not your virtue from him; oh, take heed
We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!
Calis. The will of Heaven (not mine) which must not alter,
And my eternal doom, for aught I know,
Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love nothing;
Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd with!
The gentle vine climbs up the oak, and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him!
Oh, noble sir.
Mem. Those tears are some reward yet:
Pray, let me wed your sorrows.

sage gave me greater pleasure than usual, as it retrieved a fine poetical image, which, by the corruption of the press, appeared utter obscurity to Mr Sympson, and was left untouched by Mr Theobald. By observing the tendency of the metaphor, the two following passages occurred. Cymbeline, act iii. scene i. speaking of the island of Britain,

——— "which stands,
Like Neptune's park, *ribbed* and *paled* in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters."

I thought therefore that waters *girdling* a kingdom was a similar metaphor; and then recollected, that in the Two Noble Kinsmen (which was wrote by Shakspeare and Fletcher in conjunction) act v. scene i. walls are called *The stony* girths *of cities.* I therefore was fully satisfied that I had hit upon the true reading; and long afterwards I met in the Captain with the very expression, act ii. scene i. speaking of soldiers,

That whilst the wars were, served like walls and ribs
To girdle *in the kingdom.* *Seward.*

Mr Seward's emendation and explanation are very happy, and, as he does not often succeed so well in his lucubrations, he must be allowed to retain the honour of his triumphant annotation. The king seems to refer to the proposed marriage between Calis and Memnon.

Calis. Take 'em, soldier;
They are fruitful ones; lay but a sigh upon 'em,
And straight they will conceive to infinites:
I told you what you would find 'em.
Eum. [*Within.*] Room before there![4]

A hearse is brought in, upon which Polydore *is laid, covered, and seemingly dead;* Eumenes, Polybius, *and* Pelius *following.*

King. How now? what's this? more drops to th' ocean?
Whose body's this?
Eum. The noble Polydore:
This speaks his death. [*Showing a letter.*
Mem. My brother dead?
Calis. Oh, goddess!
Oh, cruel, cruel Venus! here's my fortune.
King. Read, captain.
Mem. Read aloud.—Farewell, my follies!
Polyb. [*Reading.*] "To the excellent princess Calis.
Be wise as you are beauteous; love with judgment,
And look with clear eyes on my noble brother;
Value desert and virtue, they are jewels
Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady;
The gods reward ingratitude most grievous.
Remember me no more; or, if you must,
Seek me in noble Memnon's love; I dwell there.
I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him.
I can no more; make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. Farewell!"

[4] *Room before there.*] These words, which complete the verse, are only in the first folio. They are there made a continuation of Calis's speech.—Ed. 1778.

Mem. And didst thou die for me——
King. Excellent virtue!
What will you now do?
Calis. Dwell for ever here, sir.
[*Kneels before the hearse.*
Mem. For me, dear Polydore? oh, worthy young man!
Oh, love, love, love! Love above recompence!
Infinite love, infinite honesty!—
Good lady, leave; you must have no share here;
Take home your sorrows: Here's enough to store me,
Brave glorious griefs! Was ever such a brother?
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,
And search through all the memories [5] of mankind,
And find me such a friend! He has outdone all,
Outstripp'd 'em sheerly; [6] all, all: thou hast, Polydore!
To die for me? Why, as I hope for happiness,
'Twas one o' th' rarest-thought-on things, the bravest,
And carried beyond compass of our actions.
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,
Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch Heaven!
It startles me extremely.[7] Thou bless'd ashes,
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship
Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!
Calis. Oh, let me speak too!
Mem. No, not yet.—Thou man,
(For we are but man's shadows) only man——

[5] *Memories.*] That is, histories, memorials.

[6] *Sheerly.*] *Sheer* is used by Shakspeare and Spenser for *clear.* In the same manner the word in the text means *clearly*, evidently.

[7] *It* starts *me extremely.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

I have not words to utter him.—Speak, lady;
I'll think a while.
Calis. The goddess grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy thee dead:[8] No tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no trickments[9] but my tears:
Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,
Shall hang for ever: On the toughest marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph:
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.
Oh, sweet young man!
King. Now I begin to melt too.
Mem. Have you enough yet, lady? Room for a gamester!
To my fond love, and all those idle fancies,
A long farewell! Thou diedst for me, dear Polydore;
To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory!—
I stay and talk here! I will kiss thee first,
And now I'll follow thee. [*Offers to kill himself.*
Polyd. [*Rises.*] Hold, for Heaven's sake!
Mem. Ha! does he live? Dost thou deceive me?
Polyd. Thus far;
Yet for your good and honour.
King. Now, dear sister——
Calis. The oracle is ended; noble sir,
Dispose me now as you please.
Polyd. You are mine, then?
Calis. With all the joys that may be!
Polyd. Your consent, sir!

[8] *I shall enjoy* the *dead.*] The context, we think, authorizes the alteration we have made.—Ed. 1778.

[9] *Trickments.*] I have not met with this substantive, which means adornments, embellishments, in any other author. Tricking is used for dressing in the Merry Wives of Windsor:

——— "Go get us properties
And *tricking* for our fairies."

King. You have it freely.
Polyd. Walk along with me then,
And, as you love me, love my will.
[*Leads her to* MEMNON.
Calis. I will so.
Polyd. Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous princess;
You have deserved her nobly; she will love you:
And when my life shall bring you peace, as she does,
Command it, you shall have it.
Mem. Sir, I thank you.
King. I never found such goodness in such years.
Mem. Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die for't.
Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best brother!
You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,
Would make the worthiest king alive a beggar:
What may I give you back again?
Polyd. Your love, sir.
Mem. And you shall have it, even my dearest love,
My first, my noblest love: Take her again, sir;
She's yours, your honesty has over-run me.
She loves you; lov'st her not?—Excellent princess,
Enjoy thy wish; and now, get generals.
Polyd. As you love Heaven, love him.—She's only yours, sir.
Mem. As you love Heaven, love him.—She's only yours, sir.—
My lord the king——
Polyd. He will undo himself, sir,
And must without her perish: Who shall fight then?
Who shall protect your kingdom?
Mem. Give me hearing,
And, after that, belief. Were she my soul,

(As I do love her equal)[1] all my victories,
And all the living names I have gain'd by war,
And loving him, that good, that virtuous good man,[2]
That only worthy of the name of brother,
I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love
To me, all marriage rites, the joy of issues,
To know him fruitful, that has been so faithful!

King. This is the noblest difference—Take your choice, sister.

Calis. I see they are so brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on.

Polyd. Choose discreetly,
And Virtue guide you! There all the world, in one man,
Stands at the mark.

Mem. There all man's honesty,
The sweetness of all youth.

Calis. Oh, gods!

Mem. My armour!—
By all the gods, she's yours!—My arms, I say!
And, I beseech your grace, give me employment:
That shall be now my mistress, there my courtship.

King. You shall have any thing.

Mem. Virtuous lady,
Remember me, your servant now.—Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.—
Oh, Love! how sweet thou look'st now, and how gentle!
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty.
Your hand, your hand, sir!

[1] *As I do love her equal.*] That is, equally with his soul. Old authors frequently confounded adjectives and adverbs.

[2] *That good, that virtuous* good *man.*] The two last octavo editions wantonly and unnecessarily omit the last *good*, without any mention.

King. Take her, and Heaven bless her!
Mem. So.
Polyd. 'Tis your will, sir, nothing of my merit;
And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.
Calis. And I from Heaven this gentleman.—
Thanks, goddess!
Mem. So, you are pleased now, lady?
Calis. Now or never.
Mem. My cold stiff carcase would have frozen
you.—
Wars, wars!
King. You shall have wars.
Mem. My next brave battle
I dedicate to your bright honour, sister:
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your soldier.
Calis. This, and all fair fortunes!
[*Gives him a scarf.*[3]
Mem. And he that bears this from me, must
strike boldly. [CLEANTHE *kneeling.*
Calis. I do forgive thee. Be honest; no more,
wench.
King. Come, now to revels. This blest day shall
prove
The happy crown of noble faith and love.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *A scarf.*] The favour which Calis bestows upon Memnon is not particularised in the old copies. It is of little consequence what it was; for in the days of chivalry, and even in those of our authors, warriors accepted scarfs, gloves, &c., and, as is well known, by placing them in some conspicuous part of their armour, declared themselves the champions of the lady who bestowed the token.

EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now; let our plays be good,
Our own care sailing equal in this flood,
Our preparations new, new our attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th' mire,
Here we stick fast: Is there no way to clear
This passage of your judgment, and our fear?
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends;
And every thing preserves itself; each will,
If not perverse and crooked, utters still
The best of that it ventures in.[1] Have care,
Even for your pleasure's sake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all; you may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

[1] ——— *each will,*
If not perverse and crooked, utters *still*
The best of that it ventures in.] *i. e.* "It is the inclination of all fair dealers to sell their customers the best of their wares." So the passage is explained by the last editors, and no further comment is necessary, though M. Mason wishes to read—*utter still,* and confidently asserts that it is the old and true reading; but it happens that *utters* is the oldest, and certainly a very good one. That which he proposed to restore was an unnecessary alteration, or accidental corruption, in the second folio.

THE

NICE VALOUR;

OR THE

PASSIONATE MADMAN.

THE NICE VALOUR.

This Comedy first appeared in the folio of 1647, and, like most of the plays then given to the world, it appears to have been the effort of Fletcher's genius solely. Both the prologue and the epilogue speak of "the poet" singly; and the circumstance of the former having been written for a revival, considerably supports Fletcher's claim, as the lines referring to "our poet" pretty clearly refer to Fletcher. Seward has endeavoured, in a very laborious note subjoined to Beaumont's verses to Fletcher, on his Faithful Shepherdess, (see vol. I.) to prove that Beaumont was sole author of this and some other plays in this collection; but the futility of his arguments has been sufficiently proved by a note in the last edition, signed J. N. (probably John Nichols). Besides, from the mention of Selden's "Duello, or Single Combat," 1610, in the last act, it is evident that the play must have been written after that year. Beaumont was then within five years of his death, which happened in 1615; and it is more than probable, that during the latter years of his life, he did not write without the assistance of his coadjutor Fletcher. These circumstances will certainly justify us in asserting that the latter was "the poet" mentioned in the prologue and epilogue, notwithstanding Seward's arguments, drawn from internal evidence, which are at best very fallacious, as he attributed, on the same grounds, portions of plays to Beaumont, which are well known to have been produced many years after his death.

The present comedy is evidently formed on the rules of Ben Jonson's school; and, having very little nature in the incidents, and less in the characters, it has been long neglected, notwithstanding the inimitable humour displayed in every part of it. The plot hangs very loosely together, and some of the chief characters have but little connection with it. Shamont, whose superstitious and precise notions of honour give one of the titles to the play, is drawn with great spirit; and though he appears, in our days, a monster created in the brains of the poet, is probably a true portrait of many a knight even in the days of James I. Directly opposite to Shamont stands Lapet, evidently designed his counter-

part; and a more highly-finished portrait of a coward, though no doubt too extravagantly conceived, can hardly be found in any dramatic writer. Shakspeare, Jonson, and other poets, have ridiculed the absurd points of honour which prevailed in their days; but no one has so steadily attacked and combated them with the most exquisite humour as Fletcher. There is hardly a single play of his without some scene, or at least some single passage, alluding to the prevalence of those minute and ridiculous punctilios. The speeches and actions of Lapet are chiefly directed against the treatises of Saviolo and Caranza, which were held infallible guides of honour amongst the gallants of those days, and from which there seems to have been no appeal to any higher authority. The idea of throwing ridicule on their works by Lapet's composing a book, and drawing a picture by which the respective ranks of the different kicks and blows may be decided, and his endeavouring by his publication to banish the regular gradations of lies, and the rules of the duello, which were nicely distinguished even to absurdity, is conceived with singular felicity, and executed with great spirit. The speech of the coward, which begins the second scene of the third act, can hardly be equalled for pleasantry by any in these plays, or in those of Ben Jonson. The character of the Passionate Madman is not so happily imagined as those of Shamont and Lapet. In many parts he strongly reminds us of Memnon, in the preceding play. But the talent for drawing the characters of madmen, clowns, and fools, as well as of introducing supernatural agency into the drama, is almost entirely confined to Shakspeare, and when we meet with them in other old play writers, we must make considerable allowances for their inferiority. Allowing this however to the fullest extent, we must still claim for Galoshio a rank immediately after the clowns of Shakspeare, though he falls far short of any such character delineated by that poet. The female characters in this play are, like those in Ben Jonson's comedies, rather insignificant.

This play is remarkable for containing the first sketch of Milton's *Penseroso*; for the song of the Passionate Madman, in the third scene of the third act, indubitably suggested to that great poet the idea of that admirable poem. On this subject I take great pleasure in introducing the following quotation upon this song from Mr Todd's Preliminary Observations on Milton's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, [Works, VI. p. 68.] It occurs in "Cursory Remarks on some of the ancient English Poets, particularly Milton, Lond. [printed, but not published] 1789, p.114." "It would be doubtless," says the judicious author of these remarks, "in the opinions of all readers, going too far to say that this song deserves as much notice as the *Penseroso* itself; but it so happens that very little of the former has been noticed whenever the latter is praised.

Of this song the construction is, in the first place, to be admired. It divides into three parts. The first part displays the moral of melancholy; the second, the person or figure; the third, the circumstance, that is, such things as encrease or flatter the disposition. Nor is it surprising that Milton should be struck with the images and sentiments it affords, most of which are somewhere inserted in the *Penseroso*. It will not, however, be found to have contributed much to the construction of Milton's poem. The subjects they severally exhibit are very different: they are alike only as shown under the same disposition of melancholy. Beaumont's [or Fletcher's] is the melancholy of the swain; of the mind that contemplates nature and man, but in the grove and the cottage. Milton's is that of the scholar and philosopher; of the intellect that has ranged the mazes of science, and that decides upon vanity and happiness from large intercourse with man, and upon extensive knowledge and experience. To say, therefore, that Milton was indebted to Beaumont's song for his *Penseroso* would be absurd. That it supplied some images to his poem will be readily allowed; and that it would be difficult to find, throughout the *Penseroso*, amidst all its variety, any more striking than what Beaumont's second stanza affords, may also be granted. Milton's poem is among those happy works of genius which leave a reader no choice how his mind shall be affected." It is undoubtedly one of the highest compliments paid to the genius of Fletcher, that Milton not only condescended palpably to imitate the Faithful Shepherdess in his Comus, but that his imagination was inspired by the song in question to compose one of the most delightful poems which he has left behind him. It is moreover not unfair to suppose that the song, having given rise to the *Penseroso*, was also the indirect occasion of the *Allegro*, the counterpiece of the former, and, from the circumstance of the imitation here alluded to, most probably a subsequent production.

PROLOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

It's grown in fashion of late, in these days,
To come and beg a sufferance to our plays:[2]
'Faith, gentlemen, our poet ever writ
Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly wit,
He made the theatre so sovereign
With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein.
We stabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd
Him write a preface to a play well made.
He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far
To bring a felon to appear at th' bar,
So much he hated baseness; which this day,
His scenes will best convince you of in's play.

[2] *A* sufferage *to our plays.*] So the second folio and the modern editions. The text is from the first.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke *of Genoa.*

Shamont, *his favourite, a superstitious lover of reputation.*

A Passionate Lord, *the Duke's distracted kinsman.*

A Soldier, *brother to Shamont.*

Lapet, *the cowardly monsieur.*

A Gallant *of the same temper.*

Poltrot, Moulbazon, } *Two mushroom courtiers.*

Two Brothers *to the Lady, affecting the Passionate Lord.*

La Nove, *a courtier.*[1]

Three Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber.

Base, *jester to the Passionate Lord.*

A Priest, Six Women, } *in a masque.*

Galoshio,[2] *a clown.*

A Huntsman.

Lords, Gallants, &c.

Lady, *sister to the Duke, Shamont's beloved.*

Lapet's Wife.

A Lady, *personating Cupid, mistress to the Mad Lord.*

SCENE—Genoa, except in the second scene of the last act, where it is in the Country.

[1] *La Nove.*] In all the editions hitherto, this personage, though named here expressly, has been, throughout the play, designated, "1 Gentleman;" but there are so few names given to any of the dramatis personæ, that we ought at any rate to preserve those which occur. In the same manner, Poltrot is probably one and the same person with the "Gallant of the same temper."

[2] The second folio, where the dramatis personæ were first collected, facetiously reads—"Galoshio, a clown, such another tried piece of man's flesh."

THE

NICE VALOUR;

OR THE

PASSIONATE MADMAN.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Genoa. The Court of the Palace.

Enter Duke, SHAMONT, LA NOVE, *and three Gentlemen.*

Duke. Shamont, welcome, we have missed thee long,
Though absent but two days: I hope your sports
Answered[2] your time and wishes.

[1] *The* Passionate *Madman.*] The adjective *passionate* must not be understood here in its usual modern signification. It means afflicted with the different passions alternately.

[2] *Answer.*] This has hitherto been the reading of all copies. M. Mason proposed the alteration in the text, which must unavoidably be adopted.

Sham. Very nobly, sir;
We found game worthy your delight, my lord,
It was so royal.

Duke. I have enough to hear on't;
Pr'ythee bestow't upon me in discourse.
[*They walk apart.*

La Nove. What is this gentleman, coz? You are a courtier,
Therefore know all their insides.

1 *Gent.* No further than the taffaty goes, good coz,
For the most part, which is indeed the best part
Of the most general inside. Marry, thus far
I can with boldness speak this one man's character,
And upon honour pass it for a true one:
He has that strength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his sovereign's power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man, from Cæsar's time, or further off,
That ever took disgrace, unrevenged;
And if he chance to read his abject story,
He tears his memory out, and holds it virtuous
Not to let shame have so much life amongst us;
There is not such a curious piece of courage
Amongst man's fellowship, or one so jealous
Of honour's loss, or reputation's glory:
There's so much perfect of his growing story!

La Nove. 'Twould make one dote on virtue, as you tell it.

1 *Gent.* I have told it to much loss, believe it, coz.—

2 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him! What is he, brother?

3 *Gent.* Do you not yet know him? a vain-glorious coxcomb,

As proud as he that fell for't ![3]
Set but aside his valour;[4] no virtue,
Which is indeed not fit for any courtier,
And we, his fellows, are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of favour too,
For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into.
Give me a man, were I a sovereign now,
Has a good stroke at *tennis*, and a stiff one;
Can play at *æquinoctium* with the line,
As even as the thirteenth of September,
When day and night lie in a scale together!
Or, may I thrive as I deserve at *billiards*;
No otherwise at *chess*, or at *primero* ![5]

[3] *As proud as he that fell for't* :] *i. e.* As proud as Lucifer, who fell through pride. *Seward.*

[4] *Set but aside his valour, no virtue,*
Which is indeed not fit for any courtier;
And we his fellows, &c.] There is considerable awkwardness of expression in these lines, and I strongly suspect, with the last editors, that one or more words have been casually omitted. They propose to read—

As proud as he that fell for't ! HE POSSESSES,
Set but aside his valour, no virtue;
Which (i. e. his *valour*) *is indeed not fit for any courtier, &c.*

and properly observe, that "it is very common with our authors to refer to a remote antecedent." M. Mason observes, that "the meaning of the passage is sufficiently evident, if we read *nor* fit for any courtier, instead of *not*." I can scarcely persuade myself that he understood his own emendation. Though I have not disturbed the text, I strongly suspect we ought to read thus:

——————A vain-glorious coxcomb,
As proud as he that fell for't;
Set but aside his valour, *of* no virtue,
Which [*i. e.* valour] is indeed not fit for any courtier.

[5] *Primero.*] This game has already been fully illustrated in a note in vol. II., p. 185. *Æquinoctium* seems, from the passage in the text, to have been a game in the days of our poets; and, from its name, seems to have been played upon a line, most probably with a ball. The *thirteenth of September* refers to the old style of the computation of time.

These are the parts required; why not advanced?
Duke. Trust me, it was no less than excellent pleasure;
And I'm right glad 'twas thine.—How fares our kinsman?
Who can resolve us best?
La Nove. I can, my lord.
Duke. There, if I had a pity without bounds,
It might be all bestow'd: A man so lost
In the wild ways of passion, that he's sensible
Of nought but what torments him!
La Nove. True, my lord;
He runs through all the passions of mankind,
And shifts 'em strangely too: One while in love;
And that so violent, that, for want of business,
He'll court the very 'prentice of a laundress,
Though she have kib'd heels; and, in his melancholy again,
He will not brook an empress, though thrice fairer
Than ever Maud was,[6] or higher-spirited
Than Cleopatra, or your English Countess.
Then, on a sudden, he's so merry again,
Out-laughs a waiting-woman before her first child:
And, turning of a hand, so angry—
He has almost beat the Northern fellow[7] blind,

[6] *Maud.*] The Empress *Maud*, daughter of Henry I., and mother of Henry II. *Reed.*

[7] *He has almost beat* the Northern fellow *blind*,
That is for that use only.] This is probably an allusion to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the hero of the north, who ascended the throne in 1611. He was one of the greatest and most successful princes which Europe hath seen, either before or since his time. *Reed.*

Mr R.'s supposition, that this was an allusion to Gustavus Adolphus, is one of the strangest that ever entered into the head of a commentator. It appears from the sequel, that the madman was allowed a slave to vent his spleen upon in his angry fits. Poor

That is for that use only: If that mood hold, my lord,
He had need of a fresh man; I'll undertake
He shall bruise three a-month.

Duke. I pity him dearly;
And let it be your charge, with his kind brother,
To see his moods observed: Let every passion
Be fed even to a surfeit, which in time
May breed a loathing: let him have enough
Of every object that his sense is rapt with:
And being once glutted, then the taste of folly
Will come into disrelish.[8]

La Nove. I shall see
Your charge, my lord, most faithfully effected.— [*Exit Duke.*
And how does noble Shamont?

Sham. Never ill, man,
Until I hear of baseness; then I sicken:
I am the healthfullest man i' th' kingdom else.

Enter Lapet, *and walks on one side of the Stage.*

La Nove. Be arm'd then for a fit! here comes a fellow
Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.

Sham. Let me be gone! What is he?

La Nove. Let me tell you first;
It can be but a qualm. Pray stay it out, sir!
Come, you have borne more than this.

Galloshio was the wretch hired for this purpose, and the person here meant by the northern man that was for that use only. *Mason.*

This annotator is right in his animadversions on this passage, but does not seem to have understood the meaning of *northern man*, which formerly signified a clown, and is used in that sense by Shakspeare and other authors.

[8] His *relish.*] We have no doubt but this is corrupt, and that we ought to read, changing only one letter, dis*relish.*—Ed. 1778.

Sham. Borne? never any thing
That was injurious.
La Nove. Ha! I am far from that.[a]
Sham. He looks as like a man as I have seen one:
What would you speak of him? Speak well, I pr'ythee,
Even for humanity's cause.
La Nove. You would have it truth, though?
Sham. What else, sir? I have no reason to wrong Heaven
To favour Nature; let her bear her own shame
If she be faulty!
La Nove. Monstrous faulty there, sir.
Sham. I'm ill at ease already.
La Nove. Pray bear up, sir.
Sham. I pr'ythee let me take him down with speed then,
Like a wild object that I would not look upon.
La Nove. Then thus; he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.
Sham. That may be noble;
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.
La Nove. Oh, sir,
Take heed of rash repentance![1] you're too forward
To find out virtue where it never settled:
Take the particulars, first, of what he endures;
Videlicet, bastinadoes by the great.[2]

[a] *Ha! I am far from that.*] Meaning, that is far from my thoughts. *Mason.*

[1] *Take heed of rash repentance.*] *i. e.* *Repentance* on account of rashness. *Seward.*

[2] *By the* great.] I incline to think we should read—*by the* groat, which may signify four at a time; and the next line supports the supposition.

Sham. How!
La Nove. Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by wholesale.
Sham. No more of him!
La Nove. The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.
Sham. Away!
La Nove. He has been thrice switch'd from seven o'clock till nine;
Yet, with a cart-horse stomach, fell to breakfast,
Forgetful of his smart.
Sham. Nay, the disgrace on't;
There is no smart but that: Base things are felt
More by their shames than hurts.—[*Goes up to* LAPET.] Sir, I know you not;
But that you live an injury to Nature,
I'm heartily angry with you.
Lapet. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then;
For I ne'er saw you before; and indeed
Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.
Sham. Why, wouldst thou take a blow?
Lapet. I would not, sir,[3]
Unless 'twere offer'd me; and, if from an enemy,
I would be loth to deny it from a stranger.

[3] *I would not, sir,*
Unless 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy,
I'd be loth to deny it from a stranger.] Seward reads—

I would not, sir,
Unless 'twere offer'd me; if from a friend,
I'd take't in friendship, *and if from an enemy,*
I would be loth to deny it from a stranger.

And makes this proposed interpolation: But the old text gives very complete sense; and there is no saying where arbitrary variations would end, if insertions, omissions, or alterations, were made whenever the critic thinks it might improve the passages under his consideration. An editor should give the author's text, not his own.—Ed. 1778.

Sham. What! a blow?
Endure a blow? and shall he live that gives it?
Lapet. Many a fair year: Why not, sir?
Sham. Let me wonder!
As full a man to see too, and as perfect!
I pr'ythee live not long.
Lapet. How!
Sham. Let me entreat it!
Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind,
To walk so long here; not to die betimes.
Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here,
Even for man's honour sake, take not a blow more!
Lapet. You should advise them not to strike me then, sir;
For I'll take none, I assure you, 'less they're given.
Sham. How fain would I preserve man's form from shame,
And cannot get it done!—However, sir,
I charge thee live not long.
Lapet. This is worse than beating.
Sham. Of what profession art thou; tell me, sir,
Besides a tailor? for I'll know the truth.
Lapet. A tailor? I'm as good a gentleman—
Can shew my arms and all.
Sham. How black and blue they are:
Is that your manifestation? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of *gentleman*, because I am one
That must not let thee live!
Lapet. I have done, I have done, sir.
If there be any harm, beshrew the herald!
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a gentleman,
To make this anger: I have nothing, no where,
But what I dearly pay for.
Sham. Groom, begone!—— [*Exit* Lapet.
I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Enter the Lady, and LAPET'S *Wife.*

La Nove. Here comes a cordial, sir, from the other sex,
Able to make a dying face look cheerful.
Sham. The blessedness of ladies!
Lady. You're well met, sir.
Sham. The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make Virtue sicken.
Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was it, sir?
Sham. A thing that takes a blow, lives and eats after it,
In very good health: You ha' not seen the like, madam;
A monster worth your sixpence, lowly worth.[4]
Lady. Speak low, sir! by all likelihoods 'tis her husband,
That now bestow'd a visitation on me.
Farewell, sir. [*Exit.*
Sham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'tis some forced match!
If he were not kick'd to th' church o' th' wedding day,
I'll never come at court. 'Can be no otherwise;

[4] *Lovely worth.*] Thus the old text reads, which Mr Seward prints as an address from Shamont to the Lady. But, as M. Mason observes, such an exclamation does not suit the character of Shamont at all; for which reason, I have adopted his proposed alteration, which is remarkably judicious, and means—He is a monster well worthy paying sixpence for, to behold him, lowly (that is cheaply) worth that sum.

Perhaps he was rich; speak, Mistress Lapet, was't not so?

Wife. Nay, that's without all question.

Sham. Oh, ho! he would not want kickers enough then.
If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty,
For Wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon Merit: If you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society;
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man
That honours you, to advise you, 'troth, his company
Should not be frequent with you.

Wife. 'Tis good counsel, sir.

Sham. Oh, I'm so careful where I reverence,
So just to Goodness, and her precious purity,
I am as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved stain might fall
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.

Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counsel and your care.

Sham. We are your servants.

Wife. He's but a gentleman o' th' chamber; [*Aside.*
He might have kiss'd me, faith!
Where shall one find less courtesy than at court?
Say, I have an undeserver to my husband,
That's ne'er the worse for him. Well, strange-lipp'd man,
'Tis but a kiss lost; there'll more come again. [*Exit.*

Enter the Passionate Lord; he makes a congee or two to nothing.

La Nove. Look, who comes here, sir! his love-fit's upon him:

I know it, by that set smile, and those congees.
How courteous he's to nothing, which indeed
Is the next kin to woman, only shadow,
The elder sister of the twain, because 'tis seen
through![5]
See how it kisses the fore-finger still!
Which is the last edition,[6] and, being come
So near the thumb, every cobler has got it.
Sham. What a ridiculous piece Humanity
Here makes itself!
La Nove. Nay, good, give leave a little, sir;
You're so precise a manhood——
Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unseemliness in an image
So near the godhead! 'Tis an injury
To glorious eternity.
La Nove. Pray use patience, sir!
Pas. I do confess it freely, precious lady;
And love's suit is so, the longer it hangs
The worse it is: Better cut off, sweet madam.
Oh, that same drawing-in your nether lip there,
Foreshews no goodness, lady. Make you question
on't?
Shame on me, but I love you!
La Nove. Who is't, sir,
You are at all this pains for? may I know her?
Pas. For thee, thou fairest, yet the falsest woman,
That ever broke man's heart-strings.

[5] *Because 'tis seen too.*] So old editions read; and the modern editors allow the last word to stand as if they had perfectly understood the passage, which, without the alteration in the text which was proposed by M. Mason, is perfect nonsense. That commentator seems to be distrustful that the sense is still imperfect after his amendment has been introduced, but surely without reason.

[6] *The last edition.*] I suppose the newest fashion.

La Nove. How? how's this, sir?
Pas. What, the old trick of ladies? man's apparel?
Will't ne'er be left amongst you? Steal from court in't!
La Nove. I see the fit grows stronger.
Pas. Pray let's talk a little.
Sham. I can endure no more!
La Nove. Good, let us alone a little!
You are so exact a work! love light things somewhat, sir.
Sham. They're all but shames.
La Nove. What is't you would say to me, sir?
Pas. Can you be so forgetful to inquire it, lady?
La Nove. Yes, truly, sir.
Pas. The more I admire your flintiness!
What cause have I given you, illustrious madam,
To play this strange part with me?
La Nove. Cause enough:
Do but look back, sir, into your memory,
Your love to other women. Oh, lewd man,
It has almost kill'd my heart; you see I'm changed with it;
I ha' lost the fashion of my sex with grief on't!
When I have seen you courting of a dowdy
(Compared with me,) and kissing your fore-finger
To one o' th' blackguard's mistresses; would not this
Crack a poor lady's heart, that believed love,
And waited for the comfort? But 'twas said, sir,
A lady of my hair[7] cannot want pitying;
The country's coming up: Farewell to you, sir!
Pas. Whither intend you, sir?

[7] *A lady of my* hair.] That is, of my complexion.

La Nove. A long journey, sir :
The truth is, I'm with child, and go to travail.
Pas. With child? I never got it.
La Nove. I heard you were busy
At the same time, sir; and was loth to trouble you.
Pas. Why, are not you a whore then, excellent madam?
La Nove. Oh, by no means ; 'twas done, sir, in the state
Of my belief in you, and that quits me ;
It lies upon your falsehood.
Pas. Does it so?—
You shall not carry her though, sir; she's my contract.
Sham. I pr'ythee, thou four elements ill-brewed,
Torment none but thyself! Away, I say,
Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is
The beast of wine! Dishonour to thy making,
Thou man in fragments!
Pas. Hear me, precious madam!
Sham. Kneel for thy wits to Heaven.
Pas. Lady, I'll father it,
Whoe'er begot it: 'Tis the course of greatness.
Sham. How Virtue groans at this!
Pas. I'll raise the court, but I will stay your flight. [*Exit Passionate Lord.*
Sham. How wretched is that piece!
La Nove. He's the Duke's kinsman, sir.
Sham. That cannot take a passion away, sir,
Nor cut a fit but one poor hour shorter ;
He must endure as much as the poorest beggar,
That cannot change his money ; there's the equality
In our impartial essence.——

Enter a Servant.

What's the news now?

Serv. Your worthy brother, sir, has left his charge,
And come to see you.

Enter the Soldier.

Sham. Oh, the noblest welcome
That ever came from man, meet thy deservings!
Methinks, I have all joy's treasure in mine arms now.
Sold. You are so fortunate in prevention, brother,
You always leave the answerer barren, sir;
You comprehend in few words so much worth.
Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: Come, thou'rt welcome! [*Embraces him.*
So I include all.—Take especial knowledge, pray,
Of this dear gentleman, my absolute friend,
That loves a soldier far above a mistress,[8]
Though excellently faithful to 'em both:
But love to manhood owns the purer troth. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *That loves a soldier far above a mistress,*
Thou *excellently faithful to 'em both.*] The emendation here of *thou* to *though*, (although the old reading was not absolute nonsense, supposing the points altered) is so easy, that I cannot fear the reader's concurrence. *Seward.*

The last editors discard this amendment, but it is strongly supported by the pointing of the old folios, the alteration of which, in 1778, is far more violent than the slight variation of *thou* to *though*, the propriety of which the next line appears to sanction.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace. Chairs placed against the wall.

Enter the Soldier and the Lady.

Lady. There should be in this gallery—Oh, they're here.
Pray sit down: Believe me, sir, I'm weary.
Sold. It well becomes a lady to complain a little
Of what she never feels: Your walk was short, madam;
You can be but afraid of weariness,
Which well implies the softness of your sex:[9]
As for the thing itself, you never came to't.
Lady. You're wondrously well read in ladies, sir.
Sold. Shall I think such a creature as you, madam,
Was ever born to feel pain, but in travail?
There's your full portion,
Besides a little tooth-ache in the breeding,
Which a kind husband too takes from you, madam.
Lady. But where do ladies, sir, find such kind husbands?
Perhaps you have heard

[9] *Which well* employs *the softness of your sex.*] What is it that employs the softness of the sex, weariness, or the fear of it? 'Tis scarcely sense in either light, and Mr Sympson seems to have hit of the true reading, *implies.* *Seward.*

The rheumatic[1] story of some loving chandler now,
Or some such melting fellow, that you talk
So prodigal of men's kindness: I confess, sir,
Many of those wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher than to love and ignorance,
Which makes an excellent husband, and a fond one:
Now, sir, your great ones aim at height and cunning,
And so are oft deceived, yet they must venture it;
For 'tis a lady's contumely, sir,
To have a lord an ignorant; then the world's voice
Will deem her for a wanton, ere she taste on't:
But, to deceive a wise man, to whose circumspection
The world resigns itself with all his envy,[2]
'Tis less dishonour to us then to fall;[3]
Because his believed wisdom keeps out all.

Sold. 'Would I were the man, Lady, that should venture
His wisdom to your goodness!

[1] *Rheumatic.*] This word is not used here in the present medical sense, but means affecting, bringing tears into the eyes. Malone has observed, that "rheumatic diseases signified, in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call rheumatism, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c."

[2] *With all* his *envy.*] Seward, and the last editors, read—With all *its* envy. But, if they had been sufficiently acquainted with old writings, they would have known that there was frequently no distinction made in the use of the pronouns *his* and *its*, in the language of our authors' age. See page 288:

"*Serv.* Nay, do but mark how the chair plays *his* part too;
How amorously *'tis* bent."

[3] *'Tis less dishonour to us* than *to fall.*] We must read—"*then* to fall," as in Seward's edition.—*Mason.* Or rather, "as in the oldest edition, that is, the first folio." The word was corrupted in the second.

Lady. You might fail
In the return, as many men have done, sir.
I dare not justify what is to come of me,
Because I know it not; though I hope virtuously:
Marry, what's past, or present, I durst put
Into a good man's hand; which if he take
Upon my word for good, it shall not cozen him.
Sold. No, nor hereafter?
Lady. It may hap so too, sir:
A woman's goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a man's desert, believe it, sir;
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis first in him, if she were ever good[4]
That makes one: knowing not a husband yet,
Or what he may be, I promise no more virtues
Than I may well perform; for that were cozenage.
Sold. Happy were he that had you, with all fears!
That's my opinion, Lady.

Enter SHAMONT *and a Servant, listening.*

Serv. What say you now, sir?
Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?
Sham. Not yet I dare not.
Serv. No?
Sham. Scarce yet, or yet,
Although I see 'tis he. Why, can a thing,

4 *'Tis first in him, if she were ever good;*
That makes one, knowing not a husband yet,
Or what he may be, promise no more virtues,
Than I may well perform.] Thus the passage was altered by Seward; and the last editors, not satisfied with his text, make a farther alteration of *one* to *me*. I have restored the old text, which, though certainly not expressed with perfect accuracy, is good sense. The words "that makes one," are an unnecessary repetition of those occurring a little higher up, "If there be fault in her." The Lady says—"If she commit a fault, it is owing to the husband, if she that makes or commits a fault ever was good."

That's but myself divided, be so false?
Serv Nay, do but mark how the chair plays his part too:
How amorously 'tis bent.
Sham. Hell take thy bad thoughts!
For they are strange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worse. Look on 'em, Heaven!
For that's a brother! send me a fair enemy,
And take him! for a fouler fiend there breathes not.
I will not sin to think there's ill in her,
But what's of his producing:
Yet goodness, whose inclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft-times but sorrily. But, as black, sir,
As ever kindred was, I hate mine own blood,
Because it is so near thine.[5] Live without honesty;
And mayst thou die with an unmoisten'd eye,
And no tear follow thee.
[*Exeunt* SHAMONT *and Servant.*
Lady. You're wond'rous merry, sir;
I would your brother heard you!
Sold. Or my sister;[6]

[5] *But, as black, sir,*
As ever kindred was, I hate mine own blood,
Because it is so near thine.] M. Mason says this is not sense, and proposes to alter the first line thus—"Thou'rt as black sin." But these words, which are at best very awkward, could never be corrupted into those which stand in all the editions, and which have not been disturbed in that at present offered to the public. Shamont had been speaking of the Lady with moderation, and then addressing his brother, not loud enough to be overheard by him, says—"But, as for thee, sir, who art as black as ever kindred was," &c. This explanation will not, perhaps, seem far-fetched, considering the licentious use of language in those days.

[6] O *my sister.*] First folio. Subsequent editions—Oh, *my sister*. The text by Seward.—Ed. 1778.

I would not, out o' th' way, let fall my words,
lady,
For the precisest humour.

Enter Passionate Lord.

Pas. Yea, so close?
Sold. They are merry, that's the worst you can
report of 'em;
They are neither dangerous, nor immodest.
Pas. So, sir!
Shall I believe you, think you?
Sold. Who's this, lady?
Lady. Oh, the duke's cousin; he came late
from travel, sir.
Sold. Respect belongs to him.
Pas. [*Mimicking the Soldier.*] "For, as I said,
lady,
They are merry, that's the worst you can report
of 'em;
They are neither dangerous, nor immodest."
Sold. How's this?
Pas. "And there I think I left."
Sold. Abuses me!
Pas. "Now, to proceed, Lady: Perhaps I
swore I loved you;
"If you believe me not, you're much the wiser"—
Sold. He speaks still in my person, and derides
me!
Pas. "For I can cog [7] with you"—
Lady. You can all do so;
We make no question of men's promptness that
way.

[7] *Cog.*] This verb was used in a considerable variety of senses; here, in that of *flatter*, or *wheedle*.

Pas. "And smile, and wave a chair with comely grace too,
Play with our tassel gently,[8] and do fine things,
That catch a lady sooner than a virtue."
Sold. I never used to let man live so long,
That wronged me!
Pas. "Talk of battalions, woo you in a skirmish;
Divine my mind to you,[9] lady: and, being sharp-set,
Can court you at half-pike; or name your weapon,
We cannot fail you, lady."

Enter LA NOVE.

Sold. Now he dies, [*Draws.*
Were all succeeding hopes stored up within him!
La Nove. Oh, fy! i' th' court, sir? [*Detains him.*
Sold. I most dearly thank you, sir.
La Nove. 'Tis rage ill spent upon a passionate madman.
Sold. That shall not privilege him for ever, sir.
A madman call you him? I have found too much reason
Sound in his injury to me, to believe him so.

[8] *Play with our tassel gently.*] "Probably we should read *your* for *our*," say the last editors: But the tassel meant is no doubt that of the gallant's bonnet, and the text not only good sense, but better than the proposed alteration.

[9] Divine *my mind to you.*] Seward thinks the first word a corruption, and substitutes for it, *discharge*, which is not very likely to have been corrupted into *divine*. His alteration is adopted by the last editors, and supported by Mason, who says, "we may divine the mind of another, but not our own." He is certainly correct, according to our present mode of speech; but, if we were always to discard readings which would be incorrect in a modern writer, when they occur in an old author, there would be no end to alterations.

La Nove. If ever truth from man's lips may be held
In reputation with you, give this confidence;
And this his love-fit, which we observe still
By his flattering and his fineness; at some other time[1]
He'll go as slovenly as heart can wish.
The love and pity that his highness shews to him,
Makes every man the more respectful of him:
He has never a passion but is well provided for,
As this of love; he is full fed in all
His swinge, as I may term it: Have but patience,
And you shall witness somewhat!

Sold. Still he mocks me:
Look you! in action, in behaviour, sir.—
Hold still the chair, with a grand mischief to you!
Or I'll set so much strength upon your heart, sir—

Pas. "I feel some power has restrained me, lady:
If it be sent from Love, say, I obey it,
And ever keep a voice to welcome it." [*Sings.*

SONG.

Thou deity, swift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power;
Thou, that makest a heart thy tower,

[1] *In reputation with you, give this confidence;*
And this his love-fit, which we observe still,
By'sflattering and his fineness; at some other time, &c.] The last editors say that something seems wanting here; but I can perceive no deficiency. The Gentleman has told the Soldier, that the person who insulted him was a passionate madman, and entreats him to give confidence to that which he had told him, adding, that he was then in his love-fit. *Mason.*

And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise;[2]
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,[3]
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more!

Enter a Lady disguised as Cupid, offering to shoot at the Passionate Lord.

Pas. I pr'ythee hold though, sweet celestial boy!
I'm not requited yet with love enough
For the first arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an equal archer, Cupid,
Shoot this lady, and twenty more for me.
Lady. Me, sir?
La Nove. [*Apart to her.*] 'Tis nothing but device; fear it not, lady!
You may be as good a maid after that shaft, madam,
As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the boy that draws it, it has no sting yet.
Cupid. [*Aside.*] 'Tis like the miserable maid that draws it,
That sees no comfort yet, seeing him so passionate.
Pas. Strike me the Duchess of Valois in love with me,

[2] *From whence thou strikest the* fond *and wise.*] Fond is continually used for foolish in old writings, but Mr Seward, not knowing its signification, had recourse to a forced explanation.

[3] *Stick fast in my ambitious* liver.] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. So in the Merry Wives of Windsor;

Pist. He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.
Ford. Love my wife?
Pist. With *liver*-burning hot.

With all the speed thou canst, and two of her women!

Cupid. You shall have more. [*Exit.*

Pas. Tell 'em, I tarry for 'em.

La Nove. Who would be angry with that walking trouble now,
That hurts none but itself?

Sold. I am better quieted.

Pas. I'll have all woman-kind struck in time for me
After thirteen once.
I see this Cupid will not let me want;
And let him spend his forty shafts an hour,
They shall be all found from the duke's exchequer.
He's come already.

Enter again the Lady, personating Cupid, her two Brothers and six Women as Masquers; Cupid's bow bent all the way towards them; the first Woman singing and playing; one disguised as a Priest.

SONG,

By the First Woman.

Oh, turn thy bow!
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid, turn away thy bow!
They be those golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their sorrows;
And till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at maid again!

Pas. What a felicity of whores are here![4]

[4] *What a* felicity *of whores are here!*] Mr Sympson thinks *felicity* stands as a designed mistake for *multiplicity*. But he does

And all my concubines struck bleeding new!
A man can in his life-time make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty queans a month.

Cup. Have you remember'd a priest, honest brothers? [*Apart to the Brothers.*

1 *Bro.* Yes, sister, and this is the young gentleman;
Make you no question of our faithfulness.

2 *Bro.* Thy growing shame,[5] sister, provokes our care.

Priest. He must be taken in this fit of love, gentlemen?

1 *Bro.* What else, sir? he shall do't.

2 *Bro.* Enough.

1 *Bro.* Be cheerful, wench!

[*A dance, Cupid leading.*

Pas. Now, by the stroke of pleasure,—a deep oath!—
Nimbly hopt, ladies all! What height they bear too!
A story higher than your common statures;[6]

not observe the common conciseness of poetry, which, instead of saying, What a felicity is it to have such a number of whores here! expresses it by two words, *felicity of whores.* The very nerves, and almost the essence of poetry, consists in this conciseness. *Seward.*

[5] His *growing shame.*] So the old folios read; but the text so plainly refers to the pregnancy of the lady personating Cupid, that the change in the text is evidently necessary. Seward reads—"*Your* growing shame;" but *thy* is nearer the trace of letters of the corrupted word.

[6] *What a height they bear too!*
A story higher than your common statures.] What the Madman alludes to in these lines, it is difficult to conceive, except we suppose that the masqued ladies were mounted on *chopines*, or heels of an extravagant height, which were common in Italy, and thence imported into England. They are frequently the butt of contemporary satirists. A correct representation of one of these

A little man must go up stairs to kiss 'em:
What a great space there is
Betwixt Love's dining-chamber and his garret!
I'll try the utmost height. The garret stoops, methinks:
The rooms are made all bending, I see that,
And not so high as a man takes 'em for.

Cupid. Now, if you'll follow me, sir, I have that power
To make them follow you.

Pas. Are they all shot?

Cupid. All, all, sir; every mother's daughter of 'em.

Pas. Then there's no fear of following: If they be once shot,
They'll follow a man to the devil. As for you, sir——

[*Exit with the Lady and the Masquers.*

Sold. Me, sir?

La Nove. Nay, sweet sir!

Sold. A noise, a threatning! Did you not hear it, sir?

La Nove. Without regard, sir; so would I have you.[7]

monstrous exuberances of fashion, may be found in Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. II. p. 234.

[7] Sold. *A noise, a threat'ning! Did you not hear it, sir?*
La Nove. *Without regard, sir; so would I* hear you.] So all the editions hitherto read. The alteration in the text is absolutely necessary, and was proposed by M. Mason, who observes—"The meaning is, I heard him without regard to what he said, and I wish you would do the same. It could not be the intention of the Gentleman to affront the Soldier by saying that he should pay no regard to what he should say, which the old reading implies." What adds to the probability that the old text was corrupted, is the occurrence of the word *hear,* in the preceding line, which might have been easily caught by the eye of an inattentive compositor, and substituted for *have.*

Sold. This must come to something; never talk of that, sir!
You never saw it otherwise.
La Nove. Nay, dear Merit——
Sold. Me, above all men?
La Nove. 'Troth, you wrong your anger.
Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable lecher—
La Nove. Oh, fy, sweet sir!
Sold. That devours women's honesties by lumps,
And never chew'st thy pleasure.
La Nove. What do you mean, sir?
Sold. What does he mean, t' engross all to himself?
There's others love a whore as well as he, sir.
La Nove. Oh, an that be part o' th' fury, we have a city
Is very well provided for that case:
Let him alone with her, sir! we have women
Are very charitable to proper men,
And to a soldier that has all his limbs:
Marry, the sick and lame gets not a penny;
Right women's charity! and the husbands follow't too.
Here comes his highness, sir.

Enter Duke, attired for the chase, and Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool myself. [*Exit.*
Duke. Who's that?
La Nove. The brother of Shamont.
Duke. He's brother then
To all the court's love, they that love discretely,
And place their friendliness upon desert:
As for the rest, that with a double face
Look upon Merit much like Fortune's visage,[8]

[8] Fortune's *visage.*] Fortune, like Janus, being double-visaged,

That looks two ways, both to life's calms and storms,
I'll so provide for him, chiefly for him,
He shall not wish their loves, nor dread their envies.
And here comes my Shamont.

Enter SHAMONT, *and walks on one side of the Stage.*

Sham. That lady's virtues are my only joys;
And he to offer to lay siege to them!
Duke. Shamont!
Sham. Her goodness is my pride: In all discourses,
As often as I hear rash-tongued gallants
Speak rudely of a woman, presently
I give in but her name, and they're all silent.
Oh, who would lose this benefit!
Duke. Come hither, sir.
Sham. 'Tis like the gift of healing, but diviner:
For that but cures diseases in the body,
This works a cure on fame, on reputation;
The noblest piece of surgery upon earth!
Duke. Shamont!—He minds me not.
Sham. A brother do't?
Duke. Shamont, I say!
[*Gives him a touch with his switch.*
Sham. Ha!
If he be mortal, by this hand he perishes!
[*Draws.*
Unless it be a stroke from Heaven, he dies for't!
Duke. Why, how now, sir? 'twas I.
Sham. The more's my misery.
Duke. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?
Sham. Can you ask it, sir?

the one face looking on the calms, the other on the storms of life, is a picture, I believe, quite new, but equal, if not superior, to the ancient classical portraitures of this fickle deity. *Seward.*

No man else should: Stood forty lives before him,
By this I would have op'd my way to him.
It could not be you, sir; excuse him not,
Whate'er he be, as you are dear to honour,
That I may find my peace again!
Duke. Forbear, I say!
Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.
Sham. Still miserable!
Duke. Come, come; what ails you, sir?
Sham. Never sat shame cooling so long upon me,
Without a satisfaction in revenge;
And Heaven has made it here a sin to wish it.
Duke. Hark you, sir!
Sham. Oh, you have undone me!
Duke. How?
Sham. Cruelly undone me;
I have lost my peace and reputation by you!
Sir, pardon me; I can ne'er love you more. [*Exit.*
Duke. What language call you this, sirs?
1 *Gent.* 'Truth, my lord,
I have seldom heard a stranger.[9]
La Nove. He is a man of a most curious[1] valour,
Wond'rous precise, and punctual in that virtue.
Duke. But why to me so punctual? my last thought
Was most entirely fixed on his advancement.
Why, I came now to put him in possession
Of his fair fortunes,—what a mis-conceiver 'tis!—
And, from a gentleman of our chamber merely,
Make him vice-admiral; I was settled in't:
I love him next to health. Call him, gentlemen!
Why, would not you, or you, ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd? [*Exit* LA NOVE.
1 *Gent.* 'Troth, I think we should, my lord;

9 The speakers of this and the next speech are improperly reversed in the folios.

1 *Curious.*] *i. e.* Precise, punctilious.

And there's a fellow walks about the court
Would take a hundred of 'em.
Duke. I hate you all for it;
And rather praise his high-pitch'd fortitude,
Though in extremes for niceness: Now I think on't,
I would I had never done it!—Now, sir, where is he?

Enter LA NOVE.

La Nove. His suit is only, sir, to be excused.
Duke. He shall not be excused; I love him dearlier:
Say, we entreat him; go! he must not leave us.
[*Exeunt* LA NOVE *and* 1 *Gent.*
So Virtue bless me, I ne'er knew him parallel'd!
Why, he's more precious to me now than ever.

Re-enter LA NOVE *and First Gentleman, with* SHAMONT, *who stays in the back-ground.*

La Nove. With much fair language we have brought him.
Duke. Thanks!—
Where is he?
1 *Gent.* Yonder, sir.
Duke. Come forward, man,
Sham. Pray pardon me; I am ashamed to be seen, sir.
Duke. Was ever such a touchy man heard of?
Pr'ythee, come nearer.
Sham. More into the light?
Put not such cruelty into your requests, my lord:
First, to disgrace me publicly, and then draw me
Into men's eye-sight, with the shame yet hot
Upon my reputation!
Duke. What disgrace, sir?

Sham. What?
Such as there can be no forgiveness for,
That I can find in honour.
Duke. That's most strange, sir.
Sham. Yet I have search'd my bosom to find one,
And wrestled with my inclination;
But 'twill not be: 'Would you had kill'd me, sir!
With what an ease had I forgiven you then!
But, to endure a stroke from any hand,
Under a punishing angel's, which is justice,
Honour disclaim that man! For my part chiefly,
Had it been yet the malice of your sword,
Though it had cleft me, it had been noble to me;
You should have found my thanks paid in a smile,
If I had fell unworded:[a] But, to shame me
With the correction that your horse should have,
Were you ten thousand times my royal lord,
I cannot love you, never, nor desire
To serve you more.
If your drum call me, I am vow'd to valour;
But peace shall never know me yours again,
Because I have lost mine own. I speak to die, sir:
'Would you were gracious that way to take off shame,
With the same swiftness as you pour it on!
And since it is not in the power of monarchs
To make a gentleman, which is a substance
Only begot of merit, they should be careful
Not to destroy the worth of one so rare,
Which neither they can make, nor, lost, repair.
[*Exit.*
Duke. You have set a fair light, sir, before my judgment,

[a] *If I had fell* unworded.] *i. e.* Without speaking, without being able to pay my thanks in words.

Which burns with wond'rous clearness; I acknowledge it,
And your worth with it: But then, sir, my love,
My love—What, gone again?
La Nove. And full of scorn, my lord,
Duke. That language will undo the man that keeps it,
Who knows no difference 'twixt contempt and manhood.
Upon your love to goodness, gentlemen,
Let me not lose him long.—How now?

Enter a Huntsman.

Hunts. The game's at height, my lord.
Duke. Confound both thee and it! Hence, break it off!
He hates me brings me news of any pleasure.
I felt not such a conflict, since I could
Distinguish betwixt worthiness and blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter the Two Brothers, La Nove, *with those that were the Masquers, and the Lady disguised as Cupid.*

La Nove. I heartily commend your project, gentlemen;
'Twas wise and virtuous.
1 *Bro.* 'Twas for the safety
Of precious honour, sir, which near blood binds us to:
He promised the poor easy fool, there, marriage;
There was a good maidenhead lost i' th' belief on't,
Beshrew her hasty confidence!
La Nove. Oh, no more, sir!
You make her weep again: Alas, poor Cupid!—
Shall she not shift herself?[3]
1 *Bro.* Oh, by no means, sir;
We dare not have her seen yet: All the while
She keeps this shape, it is but thought device,
And she may follow him so without suspicion,
To see if she can draw all his wild passions
To one point only, and that's love, the main point:
So far his highness grants, and gave at first

[3] *Shift herself.*] That is, put off the dress of Cupid, in which she was disguised.

Large approbation to the quick conceit;
Which then was quick indeed.[4]
La Nove. You make her blush, in sooth.
1 *Bro.* I fear 'tis more the flag of shame than grace, sir.
La Nove. They both give but one kind of colour, sir.
If it be bashfulness in that kind taken,
It is the same with grace; and there, she weeps again.
In truth, you are too hard, much, much too bitter, sir;
Unless you mean to have her weep her eyes out,
To play a Cupid truly.
1 *Bro.* Come, have done, then!
We should all fear to sin first; for, 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodged, though entertained in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it e'er come forth.
La Nove. Now, 'tis so well, I'll leave you.
1 *Bro.* Faithfully welcome, sir!——
Go, Cupid, to your charge: He's your own now;
If he want love, none will be blamed but you.
Cupid. The strangest marriage, and unfortunat'st bride,
That ever human memory contained!
I cannot be myself for't. [*Exit.*

Enter GALOSHIO, *the Clown.*

Gal. Oh, gentlemen!
1 *Bro.* How now, sir? what's the matter?

[4] *Large approbation to the quick conceit;*
Which then was quick *indeed.*] The reader will readily understand that this is intended for a pun. The first *quick* means lively, ready, sudden; the latter alludes to the pregnancy of the fictitious Cupid.

Gal. His melancholy passion is half spent already;
Then comes his angry fit at the very tail on't:
Then comes in my pain, gentlemen; he has beat me
E'en to a cullis: I am nothing, right worshipful,
But very pap, and jelly; I have no bones,
My body's all one business:[5] they talk of ribs
And chines most freely abroad i' the world; why, I
Have no such thing; whoever lives to see me
Dead, gentlemen, shall find me all mummy,
Good to fill gallipots,[6] and long dildo glasses;
I shall not have a bone to throw at a dog.
All. Alas, poor vassal, how he goes!
Gal. Oh, gentlemen,
I am unjointed; do but think o' that!
My breast is beat into my maw, that what I eat
I'm fain to take't in all at mouth with spoons;—
A lamentable hearing!—and, 'tis well known,
My belly's driven into my back. I earned
Four crowns a-month most dearly, gentlemen:
And one he must have, when the fit's upon him;
The privy purse allows it, and 'tis thriftiness;
He would break else some forty pounds in casements,
And, in five hundred years, undo the kingdom:
I have cast it up to a quarrel.[7]

[5] *My body's all one* business.] The reading of the last editors is—all one *brewis*; Seward reads—all one *bruise*; Sympson proposes to read—all o'er *bruises*: But the old reading, all one *business*, appears to me preferable to any of these amendments. Galoshio says, "I've no bones. They talk freely in the world of ribs and chines, but I have no such things; [I am all one substance] all mummy, fit to fill gallipots. *Mason.*

[6] *All mummy,*
Fit to fill gallipots.] It must be recollected here, that mummy was used as a medicine in former times, as it is still employed as a paint.

[7] *I have cast it up to a* quarrel.] That is, the quarrel or square in a casement.

1 *Bro.* There's a fellow
Kick'd about court, I would he had his place, brother,
But for one fit of his indignation!
2 *Bro.* And suddenly I have thought upon a means for't.
1 *Bro.* I pr'ythee how?
2 *Bro.* 'Tis but preferring, brother,
This stock-fish to his service, with a letter
Of commendations, the same way he wishes it,
And then you win his heart; for, o' my knowledge,
He has laid wait this half-year for a fellow
That will be beaten; and with a safe conscience
We may commend the carriage[8] of this man in't.
Now servants he has kept,[9] lusty tall feeders,
But they have beat him, and turn'd themselves away:
Now one that would endure, is like to stay,
And get good wages of him; and the service too
Is ten times milder, brother; I would not wish it else:
I see the fellow has a sore crush'd body,
And the more need he has to be kick'd at ease.
Gal. Ay, sweet gentlemen, a kick of ease!
Send me to such a master.
2 *Bro.* No more, I say!
We have one for thee, a soft-footed master,
One that wears wool in's toes.[1]

[8] *Carriage.*] *i.e.* Behaviour.

[9] Now *servants he has kept.*] The word *now* seems to have been printed here by mistake. It stands in its right place two lines lower.—Ed. 1778. It was probably printed for some other word containing similar letters; but, as the text is not without sense, it has not been disturbed.

[1] *We have one for thee, a soft-footed*
One that wears wool in's toes.
Gal. *Oh, gentlemen,*
Soft garments may you wear, MASTER,

Gal. Oh, gentlemen,
Soft garments may ye wear, soft skins may ye wed,
But as plump as pillows, both for white and red!
And now will I reveal a secret to you,
Since you provide for my poor flesh so tenderly:
He has hired mere rogues,[2] out of his chamber-
window,
To beat the Soldier, Monsieur Shamont's brother.
1 *Bro.* That nothing concerns us, sir.
Gal. For no cause, gentlemen,
Unless it be for wearing shoulder-points,
With longer taggs than his.
2 *Bro.* Is not that somewhat?
By'r lakin, sir,[3] the difference of long taggs

Soft skins may ye wed,
But as plump, &c.] Thus, in defiance of measure, sense, and even *rhyme*, has this passage been exhibited.—Ed. 1778.

The transposition of the word *master* occurs in Seward's edition, but not in the folios, where it is placed in the following manner, to save a line:

2 *Bro.* No more, I say, we have one for thee, a soft-footed
One that wears wool in's toes. [master.
Clo. O, gentlemen, soft garments may ye wear, &c.

The corruption by Seward is thus accounted for: It is certainly a very strange one.

[2] *Mere.*] Often signified absolute, entire. For instance, in the speech of Ulysses in Troilus and Cressida:

"Take but degree away, untune that spring,
And hark what discord follows! each thing meets
In *mere* oppugnancy."

[3] *By'rlakin.*] This extraordinary exclamation was probably a corruption of—By her ladikin, that is, little lady. The syllable *kin*, is still used as a diminutive, and as a term of endearment, in Scotland, and, in the latter sense, attached to many words. The same asseveration occurs in a song by Patrick Carey, whose poems exist only in a MS. *penes* Walter Scott, Esq. dated 1651:

"To plump Besse her sister I drink downe this cup,
Birlackins (my masters) each man must take't up,
'Tis foul play (I barre it) to simper and sup
Wen such a health goes round."

Has cost many a man's life,[4] and advanced other
some.
Come, follow me!
Gal. See what a gull am I!
Oh, every man in his profession!
I know a thump now as judiciously
As the proudest he that walks, I'll except none;
Come to a tagg, how short I fall! I'm gone.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter LAPET.

Lapet. I have been ruminating with myself
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,

4 ——— *the difference of long taggs*
Has cost many a man's life.] Quarrels, founded upon differences of dress, seem to have been common in our authors' time. The admirable humour of Touchstone's conversation with Jaques respecting duels, in Shakspeare's As You Like It, is too well known to require any reference to it in this place. He there relates his quarrel on the cut of his antagonist's beard, according to the laws of the Duello. A similar passage, pointed out by Steevens, occurs in Fletcher's Queen of Corinth:

—— "Has he familiarly
Disliked your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly Frenchified?
—— or drawn your sword,
Cried, 'twas ill mounted?"

Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
Under the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour,
The world will confess so much:
Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer,
Where honour never comes? I would fain know that.
This being well forced,[5] and urged, may have the power
To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the duellos out o' th' kingdom:
For they that stand upon their honour most,
When they conceive there is no honour lost,—
As, by a table[6] that I have invented
For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large,
And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
Numbering but twice over the letters *patience*,
From *P. A.* to *C. E.*[7]—I doubt not but in small time
To see a dissolution of all blood-shed,
If the *Reformed Kick* do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we observe't, for every little justle,
Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
In our meek computation, we must fight, forsooth; yes!
If I kill, I'm hanged; if I be killed myself,
I die for't also: Is not this trim wisdom?

[5] *Forced.*] Forced means here, enforced. *Mason.*

[6] *A table.*] That is, a picture which was afterwards engraved and sold along with Lapet's book. *Table* is used for *picture* throughout the play. Indeed, the word occurs in that sense in most ancient authors.

[7] *From* C. P. *to* E.] So the oldest folio. The second adds an I. The letters were properly corrected by Seward.

Now for the *con.*[8] A man may be well beaten,
Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after:
I had a father did it; and, to my power,
I will not be behind him.

Enter SHAMONT.

Sham. Oh, well met!
Lapet. Now a fine *punch* or two! I look for't duly.
Sham. I have been to seek you.
Lapet. Let me know your lodging, sir:
I'll come to you once a-day, and use your pleasure, sir.
Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society!
I'll live and die with thee: Come, shew me a chamber!
There is no house but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: I have took a blow, sirrah.
Lapet. I would you had indeed! Why, you may see, sir,
You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.
Sham. Since I did see thee last, I have took a blow.
Lapet. Pho, sir, that's nothing! I ha' took forty since.
Sham. What, and I charged thee thou shouldst not?
Lapet. Ay, sir,
You might charge your pleasure; but they would give't me
Whether I would or no.
Sham. Oh, I walk
Without my peace; I have no companion now!

[8] *Now for the* con.] A conceited abbreviation of contra, purposely put into the mouth of Lapet to ridicule the precise and pedantic language of the masters of defence.

Pr'ythee resolve me, (for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame they do thee: Yet, having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mayst deliver,
Though it be by chance, the most injurious one.
Lapet. You put me to't, sir; but, to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, little exception.
Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from you!
Lapet. With all the speed I may: First then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the *bastinado*, sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i' th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.
Sham. Go to! I'll pass that then.
Lapet. You're the more happy, sir;
'Would I were past it too: But being accustom'd to't,
It is the better carried.
Sham. Will you forward?
Lapet. Then there's your *souse*, your *wherrit*, and your *dowst*,
Tugs on the hair, your *bob* o' th' lips, a whelp on't!
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *thump*,
A thing derived first from your hemp-beaters,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully;
There's nothing that destroys a cholic like it,
For it leaves no wind i' th' body.
Sham. On, sir, on!
Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath with thinking on't.
Sham. This is far off yet.

Lapet. For the *twinge* by th' nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my table says,
But helps against the head-ache, wondrous strangely.

Sham. Is't possible?

Lapet. Oh, your *crushed nostrils* slakes your opilation,[9]
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome sneezes.

Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.

Lapet. Oh, plenitude, sir.
Now come we lower, to our *modern kick*,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you
'Tis a most scornful wrong, 'cause the foot plays it;
But mark again, how we that take't requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?

Sham. And is this all?

Lapet. All but a *lug by th' ear*,
Or such a trifle.

Sham. Happy sufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear:
I see the worst disgrace thou never felt'st yet:
It is so far from thee, thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis so abject.

Lapet. I would you would though, that I might prepare for't!
For I shall have it at one time or another.
If it be a *thwack*, I make account of that;
There's no new-fashion'd swap[1] that e'er came up yet,

[9] *Opillation.*] An old word for obstruction.

[1] *Swap.*] An ancient term for a blow, a sudden stroke. It oc-

But I have the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

Enter the Lady and Servants.

Lady. [*Entering.*] Hast thou inquired?
1 *Serv.* But can hear nothing, madam.
Sham. [*To* Lapet.] If there be but so much substance in thee
To make a shelter for a man disgraced,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman,
That comes with all perfection about her,
So noble that I dare not be seen of her,
Since shame took hold of me: Upon thy life,
No mention of me! [*Exit.*
Lapet. I'll cut out my tongue first,—
Before I'll lose my life; there's more belongs to't.
Lady. See, there's a gentleman; inquire of him.
2 *Serv.* For Monsieur Shamont, madam?
Lady. For whom else, sir?
1 *Serv.* Why, this fellow dares not see him.
Lady. How!
1 *Serv.* Shamont, madam?
His very name's worse than a fever to him;
And when he cries, there's nothing stills him sooner:
Madam, your page of thirteen is too hard for him;
'Twas tried i' th' wood-yard.
Lady. Alas, poor grieved Merit!
What is become of him? If he once fail,
Virtue shall find small friendship! farewell, then,
To ladies' worths, for any hope in men!
He loved for goodness, not for wealth or lust,
After the world's foul dotage; he ne'er courted

curs in the romance of Sir Gawan and Gologras, (Pinkerton's Anc. Sc. P. vol. III.)

"With a *swap* of a sworde that swathel him swikes."

The body, but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtship never thinks on:
All his affections were so sweet and fair,
There is no hope for fame, if he despair.
[*Exeunt Lady and Servants.*

Enter GALOSHIO, *kicks* LAPET, *and gives him a Letter.*

Lapet. Good morrow to you again most heartily, sir! [*Kicks him again.*[a]
'Cry you mercy, I heard you not; I was somewhat busy.
Gal. He takes it as familiarly as an *ave,*
Or precious salutation: I was sick
'Till I had one, because I am so used to't.
Lapet. However you deserve, your friends and mine here
Give you large commendations i' this letter;
They say you will endure well.
Gal. I would be loath
To prove 'em liars: I have endured as much
As mortal pen and ink can set me down for.
Lapet. Say you me so?
Gal. I know and feel it so, sir;
I have it under black and white already;
I need no pen to paint me out.
Lapet. He fits me, [*Aside.*
And hits my wishes pat, pat: I was never
In possibility to be better mann'd;
For he's half lamed already; I see't plain,
But take no notice on't, for fear I make

[a] Mason properly observes, that Lapet returns the kick with the words, "Good-morrow," &c., kicking being their mode of salutation.

The rascal proud, and dear, to advance his wages.—
First, let me grow into particulars with you!
What have you endured of worth? let me hear.
Gal. Marry, sir,
I am almost beaten blind.
Lapet. That's pretty well
For a beginning; but many a mill-horse
Has endured as much.
Gal. Shame o' the miller's heart
For his unkindness then!
Lapet. Well, sir, what then?
Gal. I have been twice thrown down stairs, just before supper.
Lapet. Puh! so have I; that's nothing.
Gal. Ay, but, sir,
Was yours, pray, before supper?
Lapet. There thou posest me.
Gal. Ay, marry, that's it; it had been less grief to me,
Had I but filled my belly, and then tumbled;
But, to be flung down fasting, there's the dolor!
Lapet. It would have grieved me, that, indeed. Proceed, sir!
Gal. I have been plucked and tugged by th' hair o' th' head
About a gallery half an acre long.
Lapet. Yes, that's a good one, I must needs confess;
A principal good one that, an absolute good one!
I have been trod upon, and spurn'd about,
But never tugg'd by th' hair, I thank my fates.
Gal. Oh, 'tis a spiteful pain!
Lapet. Peace! never speak on't,
For putting men in mind on't![3]

[3] *For putting men in mind on't.*] A usual mode of phraseology in old plays, meaning, "lest you put men in mind of it."

Gal. To conclude,
I'm bursten, sir; my belly will hold no meat.
Lapet. No? that makes amends for all.
Gal. Unless it be puddings,
Or such fast food; any loose thing beguiles me;
I'm ne'er the better for't.
Lapet. Sheep-heads will stay with thee?
Gal. Yes, sir, or chawdrons.[4]
Lapet. Very well, sir;
Your bursten fellows[5] must take heed of surfeits.
Strange things, it seems, you have endured.
Gal. Too true, sir.
Lapet. But now the question is, what you'll endure
Hereafter in my service?
Gal. Any thing
That shall be reason, sir, for I'm but froth;
Much like a thing new calved; or, come more nearer,[6] sir,
You have seen a cluster of frog-spawns in April;
E'en such a starch am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.
Lapet. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.
Gal. Oh, ay, sweet sir!
Lapet. Peace, when thou'rt offer'd well! lest I begin now.

[4] *Chaldrons.*] The orthography is *chawdrons*. We meet with the expression in Macbeth: Mr Steevens says it means *entrails*; and that it was "a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*." *Reed.*

[5] Any *your bursten fellows.*] So the first folio. The text is from the second.

[6] *Come more nearer.*] That is, to come nearer to the subject, to make the simile more perfect.

Your friends and mine have writ here, for your truth
They'll pass their words themselves: And I must meet 'em.

Gal. Then have you all;
As for my honesty, there's no fear of that,[7]
For I have never a whole bone about me.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] *As for my honesty, there is no fear of that,*
For I have never a whole bone about me.] Mr Sympson observes, that this is a very unaccountable reason for a man's being honest. It certainly is so in general, but not in this place. The Clown means by *honesty* here, his *veracity* in the account he had given of himself, and all his bones being broke was a pretty strong testimony of it. *Seward.*

Both Seward and Sympson are mistaken in their interpretation of this passage. Honesty does not here mean either integrity or veracity, but continence; honesty with regard to women. So Lapet says in the next scene, p. 320—

> " If I can get security for his truth,
> I'll never mind his *honesty*. Poor worm!
> I durst lay him by my wife."

And, in the Honest Man's Fortune, when the Duchess of Orleans protests her innocence, notwithstanding her formal avowal of incontinency, she expresses it by saying, " I'm honest." *Mason.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Music. Enter the Passionate Lord, rudely and carelessly apparelled, unbraced, and untrussed; the Lady disguised as Cupid, following.

Cupid. Think upon love, which makes all creatures handsome,
Seemly for eye sight! go not so diffusedly:[8]
There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you.
Pas. Grand plagues! Shut in my casements, that the breaths
Of their coach-mares reek not into my nostrils!
Those beasts are but a kind of bawdy fore-runners.
Cupid. It is not well with you, when you speak ill of fair ladies.
Pas. Fair mischiefs! give me a nest of owls, and take 'em!
Happy is he, say I, whose window opens
To a brown baker's chimney![9] he shall be sure there

[8] Diffusedly;] i. e. *Disorderly*, or *negligently*; as in Henry V.
"—— swearing and stern looks, *diffused attire*." *Reed.*

9 *To a brown baker's chimney.*] We have the same allusion in Shakspeare's Hamlet, where Ophelia, in her distraction, says,—
"The owl was a baker's daughter." *Reed.*
This singular expression refers, as Mr Steevens observes, to a story of our Saviour's punishing a baker's daughter for refusing him bread, by turning her into an owl. Mr Douce gives the story more at large, and observes, that it is still popular among the

To hear the bird sometimes after twilight.[1]
What a fine thing 'tis, methinks, to have our garments
Sit loose upon us, thus, thus carelessly!
It is more manly and more mortifying;
For we're so much the readier for our shrouds:
For how ridiculous were't to have death come,
And take a fellow pinn'd up like a mistress!
About his neck a ruff, like a pinch'd lanthorn,
Which school-boys make in winter; and his doublet
So close and pent, as if he feared one prison
Would not be strong enough to keep his soul in,
But his tailor makes another;
And trust me, (for I know't when I loved, Cupid)
He does endure much pain for the poor praise
Of a neat-sitting suit.

Cupid. One may be handsome, sir,
And yet not pain'd, nor proud.

Pas. There you lie, Cupid,
As bad as Mercury: There is no handsomeness,
But has a wash of pride and luxury.
An you go there too, Cupid,[2]—away, dissembler!—
Thou takest the deed's part, which befools us all:
Thy arrow-heads shoot out sinners:[3] Hence, away!

lower class of people in Gloucestershire. See the last variorum edition of Shakspeare, XVIII. 280.

[1] *To hear the* bird sometimes *after twilight.*] Mr Seward thinks this line refers to the nightingale, and reads,

——— *he shall be sure there*
To hear the night-bird's summons *after twilight.*

But the last editors properly observe, "The text being sense, an improvement unwarranted ought not to supersede it. The *bird* refers to the *owl* mentioned two lines above."

[2] And *you go there too, Cupid.*] *And* was frequently used and printed for *an*, i. e. if. Mason first saw the proper meaning of the word in this passage.

[3] *Thy arrow* heads *shoot* out *sinners.*] Seward makes the follow-

And after thee I'll send a powerful charm,
Shall banish thee for ever.
Cupid. Never, never!
I am too sure thine own. [*Exit.*

Pas. [*Sings.*] *Hence, all you vain delights,*
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.[4]

ing licentious alteration, "*Thy arrows shoot at sinners,*" and defends it in a long note; but the text, though at first it appears obscure, is good sense, and thus explained by the last editors, who observe,—"We are not satisfied with Seward's alteration, particularly his obliteration of *heads*: *Thy arrow heads shoot out sinners*, might mean to continue the idea of Cupid's *taking the deed's part*, and say that *his darts shoot forth sin*;" or rather simply—*produce sinners.*

[4] Milton certainly took many of his sentiments in his *Il Penseroso* from this song. We have here the plan which is there drawn out into larger dimensions, and is one of the finest poetic buildings that England has to boast of. *Seward.*

See the Introduction to this play.

Enter at another door Lapet, *the disguised Lady's Brothers watching his coming.*

1 *Bro.* So, so! the woodcock's ginn'd:[5] Keep this door fast, brother.
2 *Bro.* I'll warrant this.
1 *Bro* I'll go incense him instantly;
I know the way to't.
2 *Bro.* Will't not be too soon,
Think you, and make two fits break into one?
1 *Bro.* Pah! no, no; the tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows
As close as the report follows the powder.
Lapet. This is the appointed place, and the hour struck.
If I can get security for his truth,
I'll never mind his honesty: Poor worm!
I durst lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many masters ha' not: I shall ha' no maid
Now got with child, but what I get myself,
And that's no small felicity; in most places
They are got by th' men, and put upon the masters:
Nor shall I be resisted when I strike,
For he can hardly stand; these are great blessings!
Pas. [*Within*] I want my food; deliver me a varlet!
Lapet. How now! from whence comes that?
Pas. I am allow'd
A carcase to insult on: Where's the villain?
Lapet. He means not me, I hope.
Pas. My maintenance, rascals!

[5] *So, so! the woodcock's ginn'd.*] The species of bird is not chosen at random; for the woodcock, according to the vulgar error, has no brains, and was therefore properly applied as a denomination for the Madman.

My bulk,[6] my exhibition![7]

Lapet. Bless us all!
What names are these? 'Would I were gone again!

The Passionate Lord enters furiously, with a truncheon.

Pas. [*Sings.*] *A curse upon thee, for a slave!*
Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
To shew my indignation nigh?[8].
Am I not all foam and fire,
With voice as hoarse as a town-crier?
How my back opes and shuts together
With fury, as old men's with weather!
Couldst thou not hear my teeth gnash hither?

Lapet. No, truly, sir; I thought it had been a squirrel
Shaving a hazel-nut.

Pas. *Death, hell, fiends, and darkness!*
I will thrash thy mangy carcase.
[*Strikes him down.*

Lapet. Oh, sweet sir!

[6] *Bulk.*] One of the significations affixed to this word by Skinner, in his Etymologicon, is, "*Venter, hinc* Hisp. *Buche*, Ventriculus animalis, Belg. *Bulcke*, Thorax." *Reed.*

[7] *My exhibition.*] *i. e.* Allowance. So in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

" What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like *exhibition* shalt thou have from me."

[8] *To shew my indignation nigh?*] *i. e.* The effects of indignation in beating the first he could meet with. Mr Sympson thinks we should read *high*, which is indeed good sense, but not necessary. *Seward.*

Pas. There cannot be too many tortures
Spent upon those lousy quarters.[9]

Lapet. Hold!—oh! [*Falls down for dead.*

Pas. Thy bones shall rue, thy bones shall rue!
Thou nasty, scurvy, mungrel toad,
Mischief on thee!
Light upon thee
All the plagues that can confound thee,
Or did ever reign abroad!
Better a thousand lives it cost,
Than have brave anger spilt or lost. [Exit.

Lapet. May I open mine eyes yet, and safely peep?
I'll try a groan first: Oh!—Nay then, he's gone.
There was no other policy but to die;
He would ha' made me else—Ribs, are you sore?
I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the Two Brothers.

1 *Bro.* Lapet!

Lapet. Again? [*Falls again.*

1 *Bro.* Look, look! he's flat again,
And stretch'd out like a corse; a handful longer
Than he walks,[1] trust me, brother.—Why, Lapet!
I hold my life we shall not get him speak now.—
Monsieur Lapet!—It must be a privy token,
If any thing fetch him, he's so far gone.—
We come to pass our words for your man's truth.

Lapet. Oh, gentlemen, you're welcome! I have been thrash'd, i' faith.

[9] *Quarters.*] This passage strongly confirms the explanatory note of Mason, vol. II. p. 167.

[1] *A handful longer than he walks.*] That is, he has stretched himself out like a corse, till he is a hand's-breadth longer than when he walks.

2 Bro. How! thrash'd, sir?
Lapet. Never was Shrove-Tuesday bird
So cudgell'd,[a] gentlemen.
1 Bro. Pray how? by whom, sir?
Lapet. Nay, that I know not.
1 Bro. Not who did this wrong?
Lapet. Only a thing came like a walking song.
1 Bro. What, beaten with a song?
Lapet. Never more tightly, gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then; methinks,
He that endures well, of all waters drinks.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Soldier and La Nove.

Sold. Yes, yes; this was a madman, sir, with you,
A Passionate Madman.

[a] *Never was Shrove-Tuesday bird so cudgell'd.*] Shrove-tide was a season of great festivity amongst our ancestors, and is still celebrated in many parts of the kingdom, being particularly devoted to different sports amongst apprentices. The text alludes to a barbarous diversion still practised on that day.—A cock is tied down, and every one throws a cudgel at him till he is killed.

La Nove. Who would ha' look'd for this, sir?
Sold. And must be privileged? a pox privilege him!
I was never so dry-beaten since I was born,
And by a litter of rogues, mere rogues; the whole twenty
Had not above nine elbows 'mongst 'em all too;
And the most part of those left-handed rascals,
The very vomit, sir, of hospitals,
Bridewells, and spital-houses; such nasty smellers,
That, if they had been unfurnish'd of club-truncheons,
They might have cudgell'd me with their very stink,
It was so strong and sturdy: And shall this,
This filthy injury, be set off with *madness*?
La Nove. Nay, take your own blood's counsel, sir; hereafter,
I'll deal no further in't: If you remember,
It was not come to blows when I advised you.
Sold. No; but I ever said 'twould come to something;
And 'tis upon me, thank him! Were he kin
To all the mighty emperors upon earth,
He has not now in life three hours to reckon!
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

La Nove. Your noble brother, sir. I'll leave you now. [*Exit.*
Sham. Soldier, I would I could persuade my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't! Thou hast no friend here,
But fortune and thy own strength; trust to them!

Sold. How! what's the incitement, sir?[3]
Sham. Treachery to virtue,
Thy treachery, thy faithless circumvention.
Has honour so few daughters—never fewer!—
And must thou aim thy treachery at the best?
The very front of virtue? that bless'd lady,
The duke's sister?
Created more for admiration's cause,
Than for love's ends; whose excellency sparkles
More in divinity, than mortal beauty;
And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body,
As 'twixt this earth's poor centre and the sun:
And couldst thou be so injurious to fair goodness,
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is weakness,
Sin, and desire, which she should never hear of?
Wretch, thou'st committed worse than sacrilege,
In the attempting on't, and ought'st to die for't!
Sold. I rather ought to do my best to live, sir.
Provoke me not! for I've a wrong sits on me,
That makes me apt for mischief: I shall lose
All respects suddenly of friendship, brotherhood,
Or any sound that way!
Sham. But 'ware me most;
For I come with a two-edged injury,
Both my disgrace, and thy apparent falsehood!
Which must be dangerous.
Sold. I courted her, sir:
Love starve me with delays, when I confess it
not!
Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a penance fit for thy confession.
Sold. But far from any vicious taint.

[3] Sold. *How! what's, &c.*] This line was restored from the first folio in the last edition, having been accidentally omitted in the second.

Sham. Oh, sir,
Vice is a mighty stranger grown to courtship.
Sold. Nay, then, the fury of my wrong light on thee! [*Draws.*

Enter La Nove *and three Gentlemen.*

La Nove. Forbear! the duke's at hand;
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation!
Sold. I must do something now. [*Exit.*
Sham. I'll follow you close, sir.
La Nove. We must entreat you must not; for the duke
Desires some conference with you. [*They hold him.*
Sham. Let me go,
As ye are gentlemen!
1 *Gent.* 'Faith, we dare not, sir.
Sham. Dare ye be false to honour, and yet dare not
Do a man justice? Give me leave!
La Nove. Good sweet sir!
He has sent twice for you.
Sham. Is this brave, or manly?
La Nove. I pr'ythee, be conform'd![4]
Sham. 'Death!——

Enter Duke.

1 *Gent.* Peace! he's come, in troth.
Sham. Oh, have you betray'd me to my shame afresh?
How I am bound to loath you!
Duke. Shamont, welcome!

[4] *Conform'd.*] This is rather an uncommon use of the word, signifying the same as conformable.

I sent twice.

1 *Gent.* But, my lord, he never heard on't.

Sham. Pray pardon him for his falseness! I did, sir,
Both times: I had rather be found rude than faithless.

Duke. I love that bluntness dearly: He has no vice,
But is more manly than some other's virtue,
Thatlets it out only for show or profit.

[*Exeunt* LA NOVE *and Gentlemen.*

Sham. Will't please you quit me, sir? I have urgent business!

Duke. Come, you're so hasty now! I sent for you
To a better end.

Sham. And if it be an end
Better or worse, I thank your goodness for't.

Duke. I have ever kept that bounty in condition,
And thankfulness in blood, which well becomes
Both prince and subject, that where any wrong
Bears my impression, or the hasty figure
Of my repented anger, I'm a law
Even to myself, and doom myself most strictly
To justice, and a noble satisfaction:
So that what you, in tenderness of honour,
Conceive to be loss to you, which is nothing
But curious[5] opinion, I'll restore again,
Although I give you the best part of Genoa,
And take to boot[6] but thanks for your amends.

Sham. Oh, miserable satisfaction!
Ten times more wretched than the wrong itself!
Never was ill better made good with worse!

[5] *Curious.*] See note 9, on the next page.

[6] *To boot.*] *i. e.* In requital, in return.

Shall it be said that my posterity
Shall live the sole heirs of their father's shame?
And raise their wealth and glory from my stripes?
You have provided nobly, bounteous sir,
For my disgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-lasting brass or marble!
This is my fear's construction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter:
Yet, I dare swear, I wrong your goodness in't, sir,
And the most fair intent on't; which I reverence
With admiration, that in you, a prince,
Should be so sweet and temperate a condition,
To offer to restore where you may ruin,
And do it with justice; and in me, a servant,
So harsh a disposition, that I cannot
Forgive where I should honour, and am bound
to it.
But I have ever had that curiosity[7]
In blood, and tenderness of reputation,
Such an antipathy against a blow—
I cannot speak the rest! good sir, discharge me!
It is not fit that I should serve you more,
Nor come so near you: I'm made now for privacy,
And a retired condition; that's my suit,
To part from court for ever, my last suit;
And, as you profess bounty, grant me that, sir!

Duke. I would deny thee nothing.

Sham. Health reward you, sir! [*Exit.*

Duke. He's gone again already, and takes hold
Of any opportunity: Not riches
Can purchase him, nor honours, peaceably,

[7] *But I have ever had that* curiosity in blood.] Curiosity (which Seward wished to alter to courtesy) was continually used for "pricked diligence, something too curious, or too much affected," as it is explained by Barret in his Alvearie, printed in 1580. *Curious*, which occurs in the preceding page, and again in the following one, was used in the same manner as an adjective.

And force were brutish. What a great worth's
gone with him!
And but a gentleman? Well, for his sake,
I'll ne'er offend more "those I cannot make;"
They were his words, and shall be dear to memory.
Say, I desire to see him once again.—
Yet stay! he's so well forward of his peace,
'Twere pity to disturb him: He would groan
Like a soul fetch'd again, and that were injury;
And I have wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the gentlemen of our chamber instantly!
1 *Serv.* [*Within.*] I shall, my lord.
Duke. I may forget again,
And therefore will prevent: The strain of this
Troubles me so, one would not hazard more.

Enter LA NOVE *and the three Gentlemen.*

La Nove. Your will, my lord?
Duke. Yes, I discharge you all.
1 *Gent.* My lord——
Duke. Your places shall be otherwise disposed of.
3 *Gent.* Why, sir?
Duke. Reply not! I dismiss you all:
You are gentlemen; your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor shall your farewell tax me of ingratitude.
I'll give you all noble remembrances,
As testimonies 'gainst reproach and malice,
That you departed loved.
2 *Gent.* This is most strange, sir.
La Nove. But how is your grace furnish'd, these dismiss'd?
Duke. Seek me out grooms,
Men more insensible of reputation,
Less curious and precise in terms of honour;
That, if my anger chance let fall a stroke,

As we're all subject to impetuous passions,
Yet it may pass unmurmur'd, undisputed,
And not with braver fury prosecuted.

La Nove. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exit the Duke.*

2 Gent. Know you the cause, sir?

La Nove. Not I, kind gentlemen, but by conjectures;
And so much shall be yours when you please.

3 Gent. Thanks, sir!

2 Gent. We shall i' th' mean time think ourselves guilty
Of some foul fault, through ignorance committed.

La Nove. No, 'tis not that, nor that way.

3 Gent. For my part,
I shall be disinherited, I know so much.

La Nove. Why, sir? for what?

3 Gent. My sire's of a strange humour;
He'll form faults for me, and then swear 'em mine;
And commonly the first begins with lechery;
He knows his own youth's trespass.

La Nove. Before you go,
I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all, sirs.

2 Gent. Thou wert ever just and kind.
[*Exeunt the three Gentlemen.*

La Nove. That's my poor virtue, sir;
And parcel valiant;[8] but it's hard to be perfect.
The choosing of these fellows now will puzzle me,
Horribly puzzle me; and there's no judgment
Goes true upon man's outside, there's the mischief.
He must be touch'd, and tried, for gold or dross;
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too:
But, since I'm put in trust, I will attempt it;
The duke shall keep one daring man about him.

[8] *And parcel valiant.*] *i. e.* In part, or partly valiant. *Seward.* Shakspeare speaks of a parcel-bawd and a parcel-gilt goblet.

Enter a cowardly Gallant.

Soft! who comes here? A pretty bravery[9] this!
Every one goes so like a gentleman,
'Tis hard to find a difference, but by the touch.
I'll try your metal, sure. [*Strikes him.*
Gallant. Why, what do you mean, sir?
La Nove. Nay, an you understand it not, I do not.
Gallant. Yes; 'would you should well know!
I understand it for a box o' th' ear, sir.
La Nove. And, o' my troth, that's all I gave it for.
Gallant. 'Twere best it be so!
La Nove. This is a brave coward,
A jolly threat'ning coward; he shall be captain.—
Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i' th' lobby.
Gallant. Meet you? the world might laugh at me then, i'faith.
La Nove. Lay by your scorn and pride (they are scurvy qualities)
And meet me; or I'll box you while I have you,
And carry you gambril'd[1] thither like a mutton.
Gallant. Nay, an you be in earnest, here's my hand;
I will not fail you.
La Nove. 'Tis for your own good——
Gallant. Away!
La Nove. Too much for your own good, sir, a pox on you!

[9] *Bravery.*] A common word in old writings for gallant attire, rich garments.

[1] *Gambril'd.*] Gambril is a technical term for the leg of a horse. From the text, it appears that gambriled was used for tying together the legs of a sheep after it had been killed.

Gallant. I pr'ythee curse me all day long so.
La Nove. Hang you!
Gallant. I'll make him mad; he's loth to curse too much to me.——
Indeed, I never yet took box o' th' ear,
But it redounded,[2] I must needs say so——
La Nove. Will you be gone?
Gallant. Curse, curse, and then I go.—
Look how he grins! I have anger'd him to th' kidnies. [*Exit.*
La Nove. Was ever such a prigging coxcomb seen!
One might have beat him dumb now in this humour,
And he'd ha' grinn'd it out still.

Enter a plain Fellow.

Oh here's one
Made to my hand, methinks looks like a craven:[3]
Less pains will serve his trial; some slight justle.
[*Pushes him.*

[2] *But it* redounded.] Mason proposes to read, *rebounded,* and says, the meaning of his proposed text is, "I never took a box on the ear but it became in some way a punishment to the person who gave it." But it happens that *redound* is used in the very sense which Mason gives to *rebound,* in the following passage of Milton:

—— "The evil, soon
Driven back, *redounded,* as a flood, on those
From whom it sprung."

[3] *Craven.*] *i. e. A coward.* So in Philaster, vol. I. p. 163:

"*Thou'rt a* craven, *I warrant.*"

Again, in Henry V., Act IV. Sc. VII.

"Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?
He is a *craven,* and a villain else." *Reed.*

Fel. How! Take you that, sir; and if that content you not—— [*Strikes him.*

La Nove. Yes, very well, sir; I desire no more.

Fel. I think you need not; for you have not lost by't. [*Exit.*

La Nove. Who would ha' thought this would have proved a gentleman?
I'll never trust long chins and little legs again;
I'll know 'em sure for gentlemen hereafter:
A gristle but in show, but gave his cuff
With such a fetch and reach of gentry,
As if he had had his arms before the flood.
I have took a villainous hard task upon me,
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter LAPET, *and* GALOSHIO *habited as his Servant.*

Oh, here comes a tried piece: Now the reform'd kick!
The millions of punches, spurns, and nips
That he has endured! His buttock's all black-lead;
He's half a negro backward; he was past a Spaniard
In eighty-eight, and more Egyptian like:
His table and his book come both out shortly,
And all the cowards in the town expect it.
So, if I fail of my full number now,
I shall be sure to find 'em at church corners,
Where Dives and the suffering ballads hang.[4]

Lapet. Well, since thou'rt of so mild a temper, of
So meek a spirit, thou mayst live with me,
Till better times do smile on thy deserts.—

[4] *The suff'ring ballads*] *i. e.* We suppose, *gallows poetry.* So, in Rowley's Noble Spanish Souldier, 1634:

"The king! should I be bitter 'gainst the king,
I shall have scurvy ballads made of me,
Sung to the *hanging tune.*" *Reed.*

I'm glad I am got home again.
Gal. I'm happy
In your service, sir; you'll keep me from the hospital.
Lapet. So! bring me the last proof; this is corrected.
Gal. Ay, you're too full of your correction, sir.
Lapet. Look I have perfect books within this half-hour!
Gal. Yes, sir.
Lapet. Bid him put all the *thumps* in Pica Roman,
And with great T's, you vermin, as *thumps* should be.
Gal. Then in what letter will you have your kicks?
Lapet. All in *Italica;* your backward blows
All in *Italica,* you hermaphrodite!
When shall I teach you wit?
Gal. Oh, let it alone, [*Half aside.*
Till you have some yourself, sir!
Lapet. You mumble!
Gal. The victuals are lock'd up; I'm kept from mumbling. [*Exit.*
Lapet. He prints my blows upon pot paper too, the rogue!
Which had been proper for some drunken pamphlet.
La Nove. Monsieur Lapet! How the world rings of you, sir!
Your name sounds far and near.
Lapet. A good report it bears,
For an enduring name.
La Nove. What luck have you, sir!
Lapet. Why, what's the matter?
La Nove. I'm but thinking on't!
I have heard you wish this five year for a place;
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too;

And empty yet, and yet you cannot have it.

Lapet. No? what's the reason? I'll give money for't,
Rather than go without, sir.

La Nove. That's not it, sir:
The troth is, there's no *gentleman* must have it,
Either for love or money; 'tis decreed so:
I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you;
Had you not been a gentleman, I had fitted you.

Lapet. Who? I a gentleman? a pox! I'm none, sir.

La Nove. How?

Lapet. How! why, did you ever think I was?

La Nove. What! not a gentleman?

Lapet. I would thou hadst put it upon me, i'faith!
Did not my grandfather cry cony-skins?
My father aquavitæ?[5] a hot gentleman!
All this I speak on, i' your time and memory too;
Only a rich uncle died, and left me chattels:
You know all this so well too!

La Nove. Pray excuse me, sir!
Ha' not you arms?

Lapet. Yes; a poor couple here,
That serve to thrust in wild-fowl.

La Nove. Herald's arms,
Symbols of gentry, sir; you know my meaning;
They have been shewn and seen.

Lapet. They have?

La Nove. I' fex,[6] have they.

Lapet. Why, I confess, at my wife's instigation once,
(As women love these herald's kickshaws naturally)

[5] *Aquavitæ.*] This was formerly in England, as it is still in France, a general term for spirits.

[6] *I' fex.*] Not *Ay, fex*, as the modern editors have it. It is probably a corruption of *i' faith*.

I bought 'em; but what are they, think you? puffs.

La Nove. Why, that's proper to your name being *Lapét.*
Which is *La fart,* after the English letter.

Lapet. The herald, sir, had much ado to find it.

La Nove. And can you blame him?
Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the devil.

Lapét. At last, he look'd upon my name again;
And having well compared it, this he gave me;
The two cholics playing upon a wind instrument.

La Nove. An excellent proper one! But, I pray tell me,
How does he express the cholics? they are hard things.

Lapet. The cholics? with hot trenchers at their bellies;
There's nothing better, sir, to blaze a cholic.

La Nove. And are you not a gentleman by this, sir?

Lapet. No; I disclaim it!
No belly-ache upon earth shall make me one;
He shall not think to put his gripes upon me,
And wring out gentry so, and ten pound first.
If the wind instrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for she was a harper's grandchild!
But, sir, for my particular, I renounce it.

La Nove. Or to be call'd so?

Lapet. Ay, sir, or imagined.

La Nove. None fitter for the place: Give me thy hand!

Lapet. A hundred thousand thanks, beside a bribe, sir!

La Nove. You must take heed of thinking toward a gentleman now.

Lapet. Pish! I am not mad, I warrant you! Nay, more, sir;

If one should twit me i' th' teeth that I'm a gentleman,
Twit me their worst, I am but one since Lammas;
That I can prove, if they would see my heart out.
La Nove. Marry, in any case, keep me that evidence.

Enter GALOSHIO, *with a Proof-sheet and a Table.*

Lapet. Here comes my servant, sir: Galoshio
Has not his name for nought; he will be trod upon.[7]—
What says my printer now?
Gal. Here's your last proof, sir;
You shall have perfect books now in a twinkling.
Lapet. These marks are ugly.
Gal. He says, sir, they're proper;
Blows should have marks, or else they are nothing worth.
Lapet. But why a peel-crow here?
Gal. I told 'em so, sir:
A scare-crow had been better.
Lapet. How, slave?—Look you, sir!
Did not I say this *wherrit*, and this *bob*,
Should be both Pica Roman?
Gal. So said I, sir,
Both *picked Romans*, and he has made 'em Welsh bills.[8]

[7] *Galoshio
Has not his name for nought; he will be trod upon.*] Cotgrave explains the French word, *galoche*, "a woodden shooe, or patten, made all of a piece, without any latchet or ty of leather, and worne by the poore clowne in winter."

[8] *Welsh bills.*] A kind of offensive weapons, commonly called Welsh hooks. In Grose's Treatise on Ancient Armour, he says, "The Welsh glaive [*i. e.* halberd] is a kind of *bill*, sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes." I suspect we should read, in order to retrieve Galoshio's pun,—*piked* Romans.

Indeed, I know not what to make on 'em.

Lapet. Hey-day! a *souse, Italica?*

Gal. Yes, that may hold, sir:
Souse is a *bona roba;* so is *flops* too.[9]

Lapet. But why stands *bastinado* so far off here?

Gal. Alas, you must allow him room to lay about him, sir.

Lapet. Why lies this *spurn* lower than that *spurn*, sir?

Gal. Marry, this signifies one kick down stairs, sir,
The other in a gallery: I ask'd him all these questions.

La Nove. Your book's name? pr'ythee, Lapet, mind me!
You never told me yet.

Lapet. Marry, but shall, sir:
'Tis call'd, "The Uprising of the Kick,
And the Downfall of the Duello."

La Nove. Bring that to pass, you'll prove a happy member,
And do your country service: Your young bloods
Will thank you then, when they see four-score.

Lapet. I hope
To save my hundred gentlemen a-month by it;
Which will be very good for the private house.[1]

[9] Souse *is a* bona-roba; *so is* flops *too.*] Galoshio's puns upon the technical printer's terms employed by Lapet are rather obscure. *Bona-roba,* an Italian word, was generally used for a lady of pleasure in our authors' days, and was suggested to the Clown by Lapet's having mentioned the Italic type. To *souse* and to *flop* are both terms of ornithology; the first signifying to strike with sudden violence, as a bird strikes his prey, and the latter, to clap the wings with a noise. The particular allusion of these words to the bona-robas is difficult to decypher.

[1] *Good for the private house.*] This, I suppose, means one of the playhouses, which were sometimes thus denominated, as the Private House in Drury-lane, the Private House in the Black-friars, &c.

Gal. Look you! your Table's finish'd sir, already. [*Giving the picture.*

Lapet. Why, then, behold my master-piece!— See, see, sir;
Here's all your blows, and blow-men whatsoever,
Set in their lively colours, givers and takers.

La Nove. 'Troth, wond'rous fine, sir!

Lapet. Nay, but mark the postures!
The standing of the takers I admire
More than the givers: They stand scornfully,
Most contumeliously; I like not them.
Oh, here's one cast into a comely figure.

Gal. My master means him there that's cast down headlong.

Lapet. How sweetly does this fellow take his *dowst!*
Stoops like a camel, that heroic beast,
At a great load of nutmegs: And how meekly
This other fellow here receives his *wherrit!*

Gal. Oh, master, here's a fellow stands most gallantly,
Taking his *kick* in private behind the hangings,
And raising up his hips to it. But, oh, sir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on!
'Would I were in thy place, whate'er thou art!
How lovely he endures it!

La Nove. But will not
These things, sir, be hard to practise, think you?

Lapet. Oh, easy, sir; I'll teach 'em in a dance.

La Nove. How! in a dance?

Lapet. I'll lose my new place else,
Whate'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet.

La Nove. And now you put me in mind, I could employ it well,
For your grace, specially: For the duke's cousin
Is by this time in his violent fit of mirth;
And a device must be sought out for suddenly,

To over-cloy the passion.
Lapet. Say no more, sir!
I'll fit you with my scholars, new practitioners,
Endurers of the time.
Gal. Whereof I am one, sir.
La Nove. You carry it away smooth: Give me thy hand, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter the Two Brothers.

Pas. [*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha!
2 *Bro.* Hark, hark! how loud his fit's grown!
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
1 *Bro.* Now let our sister lose no time, but ply it
With all the power she has!
2 *Bro.* Her shame grows big, brother;
The Cupid's shape will hardly hold it longer;
'Twould take up half an ell of China damask[2] more,
And all too little; it struts perilously;
There is no tampering with these Cupids longer:
The mere conceit with woman-kind works strong.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!

[2] China *damask.*] The last editors, for what reason I know not, choose to read—*cheyney* damask.

2 Bro. The laugh comes nearer now;
'Twere good we were not seen yet.
[*Exeunt Brothers.*

Enter Passionate Lord, and BASE, *his Jester.*

Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
And was he bastinadoed to the life? ha, ha, ha!
I pr'ythee say, lord general, how did the rascals
Entrench themselves?
Base. Most deeply, politickly, all in ditches.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
Base. 'Tis thought he'll ne'er bear arms i' th' field again:
He has much ado to lift 'em to his head, sir.
Pas. I would he had!
Base. On either side round truncheons play'd so thick,
That shoulders, chines, nay, flanks, were paid to the quick.
Pas. Well said, lord general! ha, ha, ha!
Base. But pray, how grew the difference first betwixt you?
Pas. There was never any, sir; there lies the jest, man!
Only because he was taller than his brother,
There's all my quarrel to him; and methought
He should be beaten for't, my mind so gave me, sir,
I could not sleep for't: Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Another good jest quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vain! ply me, oh, ply me,
As you will answer't to my cousin duke!
Base. Alas, who has a good jest?
Pas. I fall, I dwindle in't.
Base. Ten crowns for a good jest!—Ha' you a good jest, sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. A pretty moral one.
Base. Let's ha't, whate'er it be!
Serv. There comes a Cupid
Drawn by six fools.
Base. That's nothing.
Pas. Help it, help it then!
Base. I ha' known six hundred fools drawn by a Cupid.
Pas. Ay, that, that, that's the smarter moral: Ha, ha, ha!
Now I begin to be song-ripe, methinks.
Base. I'll sing you a pleasant air, sir, before you ebb.

SONG.

Pas. *Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha!*
Base. *Oh, how my lungs do tickle! oh, oh, ho, ho!*
Pas. *Set a sharp jest*
Against my breast,
Then how my lungs do tickle!
As nightingales,
And things in cambric rails,[3]
Sing best against a prickle.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Base. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha!*
Pas. *Laugh!*
Base. *Laugh!*
Pas. *Laugh!*
Base. *Laugh!*
Pas. *Wide!*
Base. *Loud!*
Pas. *And vary!*

[3] *Things in cambric rails.*] *i. e.* Women. A rail was a kind of upper garment or jacket worn by women.

Base. *A smile is for a simpering novice,*
Pas. *One that ne'er tasted caveare,*
Base. *Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies.*
Pas. *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!*
Base. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!*
Pas. *A giggling waiting-wench for me,*
That shews her teeth how white they be!
Base. *A thing not fit for gravity,*
For theirs are foul and hardly three.
Pas. *Ha, ha, ha!*
Base. *Ho, ho, ho!*
Pas. *Democritus, thou ancient fleerer,*
How I miss thy laugh, and ha' sense![4]
Base. *There you named the famous jeerer,*
That e'er jeer'd in Rome or Athens.
Pas. *Ha, ha, ha!*
Base. *Ho, ho, ho!*
Pas. *How brave lives he that keeps a fool,*
Although the rate be deeper!
Base. *But he that is his own fool, sir,*
Does live a great deal cheaper.
Pas. *Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break, thou art so witty.*
Base. *'Tis rare to break at court, for that belongs to th' city.*
Pas. *Ha, ha! my spleen is almost worn to the last laughter.*
Base. *Oh, keep a corner for a friend; a jest may come hereafter.*

[4] Now *I miss thy laugh, and* ha' since.] So the first folio. The word *now* was corrected in the second. Seward changed *ha' since* to *ha sense,* which he interprets laughing sense; but Mason properly explains it, half-sense, and observes, that it is still common to call a foolish joker an half-witted fellow. His conjecture is strongly supported by the apostrophe after *ha'*, which was improperly omitted by Seward and the last editors.

Enter LAPET *and Clown, and four others, habited like Fools, dancing, the Lady disguised as Cupid leading; bearing* LAPET'S *Table, holding it up to him at every strain, and acting the postures.*

Lapet. Twinge all now! twinge, I say!
2 Strain.
Souse upon Souse.
3 Strain.
Douces single.
4 Strain.
Justle sides.
5 Strain.
Knee belly.
6 Strain.
Kicksee Buttock.
7 Strain.
Downderry!

Enter the Soldier, his sword drawn.

Sold. Not angry law, nor doors of brass, shall keep me
From my wrong's expiation! To thy bowels
I return my disgrace; and, after, turn
My face to any death that can be sentenced.
[*Throws down* LAPET *and* GALOSHIO, *stabs the Madman, and exit.*

Base. Murder! oh, murder! stop the murderer there!

Lapet. I am glad he's gone! he has almost trod my guts out:
Follow him who list for me! I'll ha' no hand in't.

Gal. Oh, 'twas your luck and mine to be squelch'd,[5] master:

[5] *Squelch'd.*] A squelch is a vulgar term for a heavy blow on the stomach, and is used in Butler's Hudibras.

He has stamp'd my very puddings into pancakes.
Cupid. Oh, brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal! help, oh, help!
I'm made the wretchedest woman by this accident,
That ever love beguiled!

Enter Two Brothers.

2 *Bro.* We are undone, brother;
Our shames are too apparent.—Away, receptacle
Of luxury and dishonour! most unfortunate,
To make thyself but lucky to thy spoil,[6]
After thy sex's manner!—Lift him up, brother:
He breathes not to our comfort; he's too wasted
Ever to chear us more. A chirurgeon[7] speedily!—
Hence, the unhappiest that e'er stept aside!
She'll be a mother, before she's known a bride.
Cupid. Thou hadst a most unfortunate conception,
Whate'er thou provest to be! In midst of mirth,
Comes ruin for a welcome to thy birth. [*Exeunt.*

6 ——— *most unfortunate,*
To make thyself but lucky *to thy spoil,*
After thy sex's manner.] This may mean, You are most unfortunate in every attempt to redeem yourself, and lucky only in these opportunities which conducted you to ruin.—*Mason.* The text is very obscure, and this the only explanation which can be given of it. Seward chooses to substitute *lacky* for *lucky*, and thus renders the passage more difficult than it was before.

7 *Chirurgeon.*] The modern editors unnecessarily change this for the modern corrupted term, surgeon.

SCENE II.

The Country. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SHAMONT.

Sham. This is a beautiful life now! Privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
I see there's no man but may make his paradise;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit,
Is still in paradise, and has his innocence
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as stands with justice. Here no eyes
Shoot their sharp-pointed scorns upon my shame:
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or precise dimensions:
Plain down-right honesty is all the beauty
And elegancy of life found amongst shepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely,[8] or desiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge doth abuse us.
The name of envy is a stranger here,

[8] *Nicely.*] The old meaning of this adjective is, precisely, with foolish punctiliousness. So in Shakspeare's King Lear, Cornwall, speaking of Kent, says,

"These kind of knaves I know, which, in this plainness,
Harbour more craft, and more corrupted ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties *nicely*."

That dries men's bloods abroad, robs health and
rest:
Why, here's no such fury thought on; no, nor
falsehood,
That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our bosom, and betrays us.

Enter LA NOVE.

La Nove. Oh, are you here?
Sham. La Nove! 'tis strange to see thee.
La Nove. I ha' rid one horse to death to find
you out, sir.
Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That saw my shame, nor seen long.
La Nove. Good, your attention!
You ought to be seen now, and found out, sir,
If ever you desire, before your ending,
To perform one good office, nay, a dear one;
Man's time can hardly match it.
Sham. Be it as precious
As reputation, if it come from court,
I will not hear on't.
La Nove. You must hear of this, sir.
Sham. Must?
La Nove. You shall hear it.
Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt die.
La Nove. 'Twere nobler in me,
Than in you living: You will live a murderer,
If you deny this office.
Sham. Even to death, sir.
La Nove. Why, then, you will kill your brother.
Sham. How?
La Nove. Your brother, sir.—
Bear witness, Heaven, this man destroys his bro-
ther,

When he may save him; his least breath may
save him!
Can there be wilfuller destruction?—
He was forced to take a most unmanly wrong,
Above the suffering virtue of a soldier;
He has kill'd his injurer, a work of honour!
For which, unless you save him, he dies speedily.
My conscience is discharged: I'm but a friend;
A brother should go forward where I end. [*Exit.*

Sham. Dies?
Say he be naught! that's nothing to my goodness,
Which ought to shine through use; or else it loses
The glorious name 'tis known by. He's my bro-
ther;
Yet peace is above blood: Let him go!—Ay,
But where's the nobleness of affection then?
That must be cared for too, or I'm imperfect.
The same blood that stood up in wrath against
him,
Now, in his misery, runs all to pity:
I had rather die than speak one syllable
To save myself; but, living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't; the world's humanity
Expects it hourly from me. Curse of fortune!
I took my leave so well too—Let him die!
'Tis but a brother lost.—So pleasingly
And swiftly I came off, 'twere more than irksome-
ness,
To tread that path again; and I shall never
Depart so handsomely.—But then, where's pos-
terity?
The consummation of our house and name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and shame. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Genoa. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LAPET, GALOSHIO, POLTROT, MOULBAZON, *and others, the new Court-officers.*

Lapet. Good morrow, fellow Poltrot, and Moulbazon;
Good morrow, fellows all!
Polt. Monsieur Lapet!
Lapet. Look, I have remember'd you; here's books a-piece for you!
Moul. Oh, sir, we dearly thank you.
Lapet. So you may;
There's two impressions gone already, sirs.
Polt. What! no? in so short a time?
Lapet. 'Tis as I tell you, sir.
My Kick sells gallantly, I thank my stars.
Gal. So does your Table; you may thank the moon too.
Lapet. 'Tis the book sells the Table.
Clown. But 'tis the bookseller
That has the money for 'em, I'm sure o' that.
Lapet. 'Twill much enrich the company of stationers;
'Tis thought 'twill prove a lasting benefit,
Like the Wise Masters,[9] and the Almanacks,

[9] *The Wise Masters.*] The *Wise Masters of Rome,* a book which hath frequently since been reprinted, and is to this day much admired by the lower class of readers. *Reed.*

The Hundred Novels,[1] and the Book of Cookery:
For they begin already to engross it,
And make it a stock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit and help
For one that's new set up; (they know their way)
And make him warden ere his beard be grey.

Moul. Is't possible such virtue should lie hid,
And in so little paper?

Lapet. How! why, there was the Carpenter,
An unknown thing; an odoriferous pamphlet,
Yet no more paper, by all computation,
Than Ajax Telamon would use at once;
Your Herring proved the like,[2] able to buy
Another Fisher's Folly, and your Pasquil[3]
Went not below the Mad-Caps of that time;
And shall my elaborate Kick come behind, think you?

Clown. Yes, it must come behind: 'tis in *Italica* too,
According to your humour.

Lapet. Not in sale, varlet?

[1] *The Hundred Novels.*] Boccace's Decameron.—*Reed.* This popular work of Boccacio's is mentioned by a similar title in Shakspeare's Much Ado About Nothing, and by several authors of the day. Steevens supposed *Les cent Nouvelles nouvelles* to be referred to, but Mr Reed has sufficiently proved that the Decameron was meant.—See Shakspeare, ed. 1803, VI. 42.

[2] *Your Herring.*] Probably either "Nashe's Lenten Stuff, containing the description and first procreation and increase of the town of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, with a new play, never played before, of the Praise of the *Red-Herring, &c.*" quarto, 1599; or else, "A *Herring's Tale*, containing a poetical fiction of divers matters worthie the reading;" quarto, 1598. *Reed.*

[3] *Pasquil.*] *Pasquil's Mad-Cap*, a pamphlet written by Nicholas Breton, an author who is mentioned before by our poets.—See vol. II. pp. 70, 167. He wrote a second part of this pamphlet, with the additional title of the "Fool's Cap, with Pasquil's Passion, begun by himself, and finished by his friend Morphorius;" quarto, 1600. *Reed.*

Gal. In sale, sir? it shall sail beyond 'em all, I trow.

Lapet. What have you there now? oh, page twenty-one.

Gal. That page is come to his years; he should be a serving-man.

Lapet. Mark how I snap up the *Duello* there![4]
One would not use a dog so,
I must needs say; but 'tis for the common good.

Gal. Nay, sir, your commons seldom fight at sharp,[5]
But buffet in a warehouse.

Lapet. This will save
Many a gentleman of good blood from bleeding, sirs:
I have a curse from many a barber-surgeon;
They'd give but too much money to call't in.
Turn to page forty-five; see what you find there.

Gal. Oh, out upon him!
Page forty-five! that's an old thief indeed!

Enter Duke, the Lady, and LA NOVE.

Lapet. The duke! clap down your books! Away, Galoshio!

Gal. Indeed I am too foul to be i' th' presence!
They use to shake me off at the chamber-door still. [*Exeunt.*

Lady. [*Kneels.*] Good, my lord, grant my suit! let me not rise
Without the comfort on't! I have not often

[4] *The Duello.*] A pamphlet by the famous Mr Selden, entitled, "The *Duello*, or Single Combat," &c. first printed in quarto, 1610; reprinted in his works. *Reed.*

[5] *Your commons seldom fight at sharp.*] Probably the ludicrous fights among the vulgar with bags of sand are here alluded to.

Been tedious in this kind.

Duke. Sister, you wrong yourself,
And those great virtues that your fame is made of,
To waste so much breath for a murderer's life.

Lady. You cannot hate th' offence more than I do, sir,
Nor the offender; the respect I owe
Unto his absent brother makes me a suitor,
A most importunate suitor: Make me worthy
But of this one request!

Duke. I am deaf
To any importunacy, and sorry
For your forgetfulness: You never injured
Your worth so much; you ought to be rebuked for't!
Pursue good ways; and as you did begin!
'Tis half the guilt to speak for such a sin.

Lady. This is love's beggary right; that now is ours,
When ladies love, and cannot shew their powers. [*Exit.*

Duke. La Nove!

La Nove. My lord.

Duke. Are these our new attendants?

Lapet. We are, my lord; and will endure as much
As better men, my lord; and more, I trust.

Duke. What's he?

La Nove. My lord, a decay'd gentleman,
That will do any service.

Duke. A decay'd one?

La Nove. A renounced one, indeed, for this place only.

Duke. We renounce him then: Go, discharge him instantly!
He that disclaims his gentry for mere gains,
That man's too base to make a vassal on.

Lapet. What says the duke?

La Nove. 'Faith, little to your comfort, sir;

You must be a gentleman again.

Lapet. How!

La Nove. There's no remedy.

Lapet. Marry, the fates forefend! ne'er while I breathe, sir.

La Nove. The duke will have it so, there's no resisting;
He spied it i' your forehead.

Lapet. My wife's doing!
She thought she should be put below her betters now,
And sued to ha' me a gentleman again.

La Nove. And very likely, sir.
Marry, I'll give you this comfort; when all's done,
You'll never pass but for a scurvy one;
That's all the help you have. Come, shew your pace!

Lapet. The heaviest gentleman that e'er lost place!
Bear witness, I am forced to it. [*Exit.*

Duke. Though you have a coarser title yet upon you
Than those that left your places without blame,
'Tis in your power to make yourselves the same.
I cannot make you gentlemen; that's a work
Raised from your own deservings; merit, manners,
And in-born virtue does it: Let your own goodness
Make you so great, my power shall make you greater;
And, more to encourage you, this I add again,
There's many grooms now exact gentlemen.

Enter SHAMONT, *apart.*

Sham. Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here!

Is there in nature such an awful power,
To force me to this place, and make me do this?
Is man's affection stronger than his will?
His resolution? was I not resolved
Never to see this place more? do I bear
Within my breast one blood that confounds th' other?
The blood of love, and will, and the last weakest?
Had I ten millions, I would give it all now,
I were but past it, or 'twould never come!
For I shall never do't, or not do't well,
But spoil it utterly betwixt two passions.—
Yonder's the duke himself: I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their several sufferings in him.
[*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that went out now?
Polt. I saw none, my lord.
Duke. Nor you?
Moul. I saw the glimpse of one, my lord.
Duke. Whate'er it was, methought it pleased me strangely,
And suddenly my joy was ready for't.
Did you not mark it better?
Polt. and Moul. 'Troth, my lord,
We gave no great heed to it.

Re-enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be answer'd!
It brings me hither still, by main force, hither:
Either I must give over to profess humanity,
Or I must speak for him.
Duke. 'Tis here again:
No marvel 'twas so pleasing! 'tis delight
And worth itself, now it appears unclouded.
Sham. My lord—He turns away from me! by this hand,

I am ill used of all sides! 'tis a fault
That fortune ever had, to abuse a goodness.
Duke. Methought you were saying somewhat.
Sham. Mark the language! [*Apart.*
As coy as fate! I see 'twill ne'er be granted.
Duke. We little look'd in troth to see you here yet.
Sham. Not till the day after my brother's death, I think.
Duke. Sure some great business drew you.
Sham. No, in sooth, sir;
Only to come to see a brother die, sir,
That I may learn to go too; and, if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a soldier,
Manly, and honestly; and if he weep then,
I shall not think the worse on's manhood for't,
Because he's leaving of that part that has it.
Duke. He has slain a noble gentleman; think on't, sir!
Sham. I would I could not, sir.
Duke. Our kinsman too.
Sham. All this is but worse, sir.
Duke. When 'tis at worst—
Yet, seeing thee, he lives!
Sham. My lord—— [*Kneels.*
Duke. He lives!
Believe it as thy bliss; he dies not for't:
Will this make satisfaction for things past?
Sham. Oh, my lord——
Duke. Will it? speak!
Sham. With greater shame to my unworthiness.
Duke. Rise then! we're even. I never found it harder
To keep just with a man: My great work's ended!
I knew your brother's pardon was your suit, sir,

However your nice modesty held it back.
Sham. I take a joy now to confess it, sir..

Enter La Nove.

La Nove. My lord——
Duke. Hear me first, sir, whate'er your news be:
Set free the Soldier instantly.
La Nove. 'Tis done, my lord.
Duke. How!
La Nove. In effect, 'twas part of my news too;
There's fair hope of your noble kinsman's life, sir.
Duke. What say'st thou?
La Nove. And the most admired change
That living flesh e'er had! he's not the man, my lord:[7]
Death cannot be more free from passions, sir,
Than he is at this instant; he's so meek now,
He makes those seem passionate were never thought of;
And, for he fears his moods have oft disturb'd you, sir,
He's only hasty now for his forgiveness:
And here, behold him, sir!

Enter the Passionate Lord, the Lady disguised as Cupid, and her two Brothers.

Duke. Let me give thanks first!
Our worthy cousin ——
Pas. Your unworthy trouble, sir!
For which, with all acknowledged reverence,
I ask your pardon;—and for injury
More known and wilful: I have chose a wife,

7 —— *he's not the man, my lord.*] That is, the man he used to be. The last editors suppose, without reason, that a line is lost.

Without your counsel, or consent, my lord.
Duke. A wife! where is she, sir?
Pas. This noble gentlewoman——
Duke. How!
Pas. Whose honour my forgetful times much wrong'd.
Duke. He's madder than he was.
La Nove. I would ha' sworn for him!
Duke. The Cupid, cousin?
Pas. Yes, this worthy lady, sir.
Duke. Still worse and worse!
1 *Bro.* Our sister, under pardon, my lord.
Duke. What!
2 *Bro.* Which shape love taught her to assume.
Duke. Is't truth, then?
La Nove. It appears plainly now, below the waist, my lord.
Duke. Shamont, didst ever read of a she-Cupid?
Sham. Never in fiction yet; but it might hold, sir;
For desire is of both genders.

Enter the Lady.

Duke. Make that good here!
I take thee at thy word, sir.
Sham. Oh, my lord,
Love would appear too bold and rude from me;
Honour and admiration are her rights;
Her goodness is my saint, my lord.
Duke. I see
You are both too modest to bestow yourselves:
I'll save that virtue still; 'tis but my pains: Come,
It shall be so.
[*He joins* SHAMONT's *hand and his sister's.*
Sham. This gift does but set forth my poverty.

Lady. Sir, that which you complain of, is my riches.

Enter the Soldier.

Duke. Soldier, now every noise sounds peace, thou'rt welcome!

Sold. [*Kneels*.] Sir, my repentance sues for your blest favour,
Which, once obtain'd, no injury shall lose it;
I'll suffer mightier wrongs.

Duke. Rise, loved and pardon'd!
For where hope fail'd, nay, art itself resign'd,
Thou hast wrought that cure which skill could never find:
Nor did there cease, but to our peace extend:
Never could wrongs boast of a nobler end!

[*Exeunt*.

EPILOGUE.

OUR poet bid us say, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his art;
But fears our over-acting passions may,
As not adorn, deface his labour'd play:
Yet still he's resolute, for what is writ
Of Nicer Valour, and assumes the wit;
But, for the love-scenes, which he ever meant
Cupid in's petticoat should represent,
He'll stand no shock of censure. The play's good,
(He says he knows it) if well understood:
But we, blind god, beg, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt shoot thy arrows round; this play was thine.

VALENTINIAN.

VALENTINIAN.

"The Tragedy of Valentinian," as it is called in the folio edition of 1647, in which it was first printed, was certainly produced before the year 1618, when the celebrated actor, Burbage, who performed one of the principal characters, died. The commendatory verses of Lovelace and Stanley speak of Fletcher as the sole author; and, though their testimony does certainly not decide the matter, it is strongly supported by internal evidence, and by the uniformity and regularity of the versification in particular. For the plot, Langbaine refers to Cassidorus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Evagrius, and Procopius. Upon the facts related by these historians, Fletcher has founded a play, which, but for one capital defect, might claim a very high rank amongst his productions. The four first acts, and the first and second scenes of the last, would constitute an admirable tragedy; but the remainder contains an entirely new plot, and the facts in it are so inartificially crowded together, that they would have formed sufficient matter for an entire second part of the tragedy. The only way of accounting for this injudicious superstructure, is the supposition that the last scene was well calculated for splendid machinery, and intended to conciliate the favour of such spectators as in the present days crowd to exhibitions of melo-dramas. Another instance of great want of judgment, is the entire change of the character of Maximus, which, in the preceding parts, raises our admiration and conciliates our affection; but, in the conclusion, entirely destroys it, and leaves nothing in the mind of the reader but disgust. We come utterly unprepared, not for his being elected emperor, but for the sudden disclosure of his having planned the dishonour of his wife, and the death of his friend, the noble Aecius. For the same reason, the character of Eudoxia might have been spared altogether. She has nothing to do with the preceding parts of the plot, and only appears towards the conclusion, in order to poison

Maximus. Perhaps our author was obliged, in compliance with the slavish notions of the divine right and inviolability of kings, which were enforced in the days of James I., to exhibit the punishment of the regicide. We would fain persuade ourselves that he was commanded to do so by authority, which he must either obey, or lose the benefit and credit of his labours.

When we consider the tragedy as ending with the death of Valentinian, little, if any thing, remains which deserves reprehension. The picture which it represents of an effeminate court has, perhaps, never been equalled, and the plot is constructed with sufficient attention, and great dramatic effect. The characters are admirably delineated, not only the principal ones, but even those of inferior rank, a perfection rarely to be found in any tragedies excepting those of Shakspeare. The steady and heroic attachment of Aëcius to his notions of allegiance, which are certainly extravagant, but by no means unnatural, is skilfully contrasted with the different kind of firmness displayed by Maximus, his constant indignation at the luxuries of the court, and his deep and unconquerable spirit of revenge. The dialogue between these two warriors, and that between Aëcius and the emperor in the first act, are wrought up to a high pitch of dramatic excellence, as well as the parting scene between Maximus and his dishonoured wife. In the tempting scene, (the second of the first act) the author has displayed great skill in avoiding any degree of disgust which might arise from the speeches of the infamous pandars and bawds. It has been long since observed, that the delineation of the death of Valentinian may challenge comparison with that of King John, in Shakspeare's historical tragedy. In short, the excellencies of the greater part of the play cannot be too highly appreciated, nor the injudicious conclusion too much lamented.

The celebrated Lord Rochester, observing the beauties and defects of the tragedy of Valentinian, undertook to alter and improve it; to the latter he was, however, far unequal. His alteration was published "by one of his friends," after his death, in quarto, 1685, with a long preface "concerning the author and his writings," in which it is vainly endeavoured to rescue his lordship's poetry from the infamy with which it was so justly loaded by some of his contemporaries. Three prologues are prefixed, the first by Mrs Behn, in which she speaks of

"Great Fletcher, and *the greater Rochester.*"

The altered play ends with the death of Valentinian, who is not poisoned, but stabbed by Aretus and the soldiers: the character of Eudoxia is entirely omitted. Several scenes by Lord Rochester

are introduced, chiefly in rhyme, and some passages occur which are so disgusting, that they ought to condemn the altered play to entire oblivion. If a more judicious alteration were brought forward, (and indeed very little pruning would be required, except discarding the five last scenes, and concluding by Maximus being elected emperor) the play would unquestionably make a valuable addition to the present scanty stock of acting tragedies.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Valentinian, *Emperor of Rome.*
Aëcius, *the emperor's loyal general.*
Balbus, } *four noble pandars, and flatterers to the emperor.*
Proculus,
Chilax, *a Greek,*
Licinius,
Maximus, *a great soldier, husband to Lucina.*
Lycias, *an eunuch.*
Pontius, *an honest centurion.*
Phidias, } *two bold and faithful eunuchs, servants to Aëcius.*
Aretus,
Afranius, *an eminent captain.*
Paulus, *a poet.*
Licippus, *a courtier.*
Fulvius, } *senators.*
Lucius,
Sempronius,

Eudoxia, *empress, wife to Valentinian.*
Lucina, *the chaste abused wife of Maximus.*
Claudia, } *Lucina's waiting-women.*
Marcellina,
Ardelia, } *two of the emperor's bawds.*
Phorba,

Physicians, Gentlemen, Soldiers, a Boy, a Messenger, and Ladies.

SCENE,—Rome.

The principal Actors were

Richard Burbage.
Henry Condel.
John Lowin.
William Ostler.
John Underwood.

VALENTINIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of the Imperial Palace.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, *and* Licinius.

Bal. I never saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,
No more another woman, no more alter'd
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own legs.
Proc. Chilax,
You are a stranger yet in these designs,
At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of women you have run through—
(For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,
As we, to fetch and carry.)
Chi. True; I have so.
Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of beauty,

Ever so rare a creature, (and, no doubt,
One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none,) and honest?
Honest, against the tide of all temptations?
Honest to one man, to her husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
Why she is honest?

Chi. I confess it freely,
I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
(And sure I have tried a hundred, if I say two,
I speak within my compass) all these beauties,
And all the constancy of all these faces,
Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
(So they be Greeks and fat, for there's my cunning,)
I would undertake, and not sweat for it, Proculus,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:
But this wench staggers me.

Licin. Do you see these jewels?
You would think these pretty baits; now, I'll assure you,
Here's half the wealth of Asia.

Bal. These are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her:
I bid her think, and be, and presently,
Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
Of others would add to her, what her dreams
Could more enlarge, what any precedent
Of any woman rising up to glory,
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more; nay, to be empress.

Proc. And cold at all these offers?

Bal. Cold as crystal,
Ne'er to be thaw'd again.

Chi. I tried her further,

And so far, that I think she is no woman,
At least, as women go now.
Licin. Why, what did you?
Chi. I offer'd that, that had she been but mistress
Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd her:
A safe revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying-down for ever [of] all beauties
That may be thought come near her.
Proc. That was pretty.
Chi.[1] I never knew that way fail; yet I'll tell ye
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well consider'd;
The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aspèct[2] to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, 'spite of fortune; a new nature
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages;
Time should be hers; and what she did, lame Virtue
Should bless to all posterities: Her air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us;

[1] Seward, wondering probably that he had not yet written a note to this play, which happens to require very few, and having compassion on poor Proculus, who has not as yet spoken, chooses to give this speech and its continuation to him. Chilax evidently puts all the other pandars, in point of ingenuity, to shame, and it is wonderful to conceive how such weak conjectures could enter the head of any editor whatever. Chilax preserves his superior rank in infamy throughout the play.

[2] *Aspect.*] In the time of our authors, and long after, this word was always accented on the last syllable: Many instances might be produced of it; and, from this circumstance, Dr Farmer appears convinced that the play called Double Falsehood, ascribed by Theobald to Shakspeare, was the production of an author who lived at a later period.—See *Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.* *Reed.*

And last, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when she pleased to have it so)
She should be held for mortal.
Licin. And she heard you?
Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd, his judgment. Let me perish,
But, if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleased to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her!
Bal. I would the emperor were that god.
Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain-seeming
Of all the Stoicks, all the truth of Christians,
And all their constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended. When she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest temple of her sect that ever
Made Nature a bless'd founder.
Proc. Is there no way
To take this phœnix?
Licin. None but in her ashes.
Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture;
But, on my soul, she is chaster than cold camphire.
Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' emperor, grown mad with love, should force her?
She pointed to a Lucrece,[3] that hung by,

[3] *She pointed to a* Lucrece.] This is extremely poetical, and a

And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.
Proc. This is the first wench I was ever posed in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty years.
Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, till after five-and-twenty;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
If they will rise, and gain experience,
Well steep'd in years, and discipline, begin it;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.
Bal. Well, what's thought of?
Proc. The emperor must know it.
Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too?

very eminent modern has imitated it in the very best tragedy that the English stage has produced for many years past. I have not Mr Fenton's Mariamne by me, but the lines, as I remember, are,

" —— Frowning, with a victor's haughty air,
He pointed to a picture on the wall,
Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
His fix'd resolve against the suit I urged.
Mar. What picture?
Her. Perseus led in chains through Rome."

The reader will observe, that Mr Fenton is not so concise and striking as our authors: He rises into beauty like the gradual opening of a fair morning; our poets break out at once in full lustre, like the sun bursting from an eclipse. *Seward.*

The commentator's observation is very just, though his metaphor, as Mr Mason observes, is not perfectly correct, as he "forgets that the sun's emerging from an eclipse is precisely as gradual as his rising in the morning."

Chi. As 'tis ten to one.
Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets for the purchase?
Chi. Let's go consider then; and if all fail,
This is the first quick eel that saved her tail.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of Maximus.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia, *and* Phorba.

Ard. You still insist upon that idol, honour:[4]
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a husband,
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd;
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen, and sought to,[5]
And not to bury such a happy sweetness

[4] *You still insist,* &c.] The reader who will compare this scene with the persuasives against chastity, introduced by Milton into the character of Comus, will readily see how much that excellent author has been indebted to this play.—Ed. 1778.

[5] —— *and sought* too.] So all the editions hitherto read. The text, which is evidently that intended by the poet, was proposed by M. Mason, who also observes, that *her praises,* in the preceding line, means the praises bestowed on her.

Under a smoaky roof.
Lucina. I'll hear no more.
Phorba. That white and red, and all that blessed beauty,
Kept from the eyes, that make it so, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.
The phœnix, were she never seen, were doubted;
That most unvalued horn the unicorn
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
But tale, and mere tradition, would help no man;
But when the virtue's known, the honour's doubled.
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
And Love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to men's petitions.
Ard. Nay, you shall love your husband too; we come not
To make a monster of you.
Lucina. Are ye women?
Ard. You'll find us so, and women you shall thank[6] too,
If you have grace to make your use.
Lucina. Fy on ye!
Phorba. Alas, poor bashful lady! By my soul,
Had you no other virtue but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those.
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!
Ard. Come, goddess, come; you move too near the earth;
It must not be! a better orb stays for you:
Here; be a maid, and take 'em.[7]
[*Offers her jewels.*

[6] *Think.*] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

[7] *Here; be a mayd, and* take'en.] So the first folio; the second—*take* 'em, which is undoubtedly right, and refers, as M. Mason observes, to the jewels which the bawd offers, though her doing so, like most stage directions, does not occur in the folios.

Lucina. Pray leave me.
Phorba. That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy;
You must not be alone; in conversation
Doubts are resolved, and what sticks near the conscience
Made easy, and allowable.
Lucina. Ye are devils!
Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.
Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of Chastity,
Tempt me no more! How ugly ye seem to me!
There is no wonder men defame our sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women!
If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
Though many regions off, as men hear thunder;
If ever ye had fathers,[8] and they souls;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Besides your sins, or common but your curses;[9]

The last editors read, with lamentable tameness and gross vulgarity,—take *him;* meaning, I suppose, Valentinian.

[8] *If ever ye had* mothers, *and they souls;*
If ever fathers, *and not such as you are.*] The necessity of the transposition of *mothers* and *fathers* in these two lines, must be self-evident. *Seward.*

[9] *If ever any thing were constant in you,*
Beside your sins, or comming *but your curses.*] So the old folio reads; the second—coming, but your courses. The text is the conjecture of Seward, who thus explains it:—"If you have even any thing in *common* with the rest of woman-kind, except the *curses* that are entailed on all." This explanation is very erroneous. The meaning is evidently, as the last editors observe,—"If there is any essential ingredient in your composition beside

If ever any of your ancestors
Died worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd;
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You would run from one another to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,
That made ye blind, and beasts!
Phor. You speak well, lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.
Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bless the empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.
Phor. I believe you.
Ard. If any thing redeem the emperor
From his wild flying courses, this is she:
She can instruct him, if ye mark; she is wise too.
Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin, she cannot.
Ard. And besides,
She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she's chiefly born.
Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the world shall wonder at.
Ard. 'Tis true.
I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
'Till he profess'd this love: Gods give 'em children,

your sins, or any thing *common* to you all beside the *curses* that attend those sins," &c.

Mason is, however, not satisfied, and proposes to read—" coming, (*i. e.* becoming) but your curtsies!"

Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.
Phor. Do you mark too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the emperor?
Ard. But mark it?
Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet, to the emperor,
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
And when her country's cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues:
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;
And though the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry, " Stay, Lucina!" yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find surer ends, and happier;
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.
Phor. Her tartness unto us too——
And. That's a wise one——
Phor. I rarely like; it shews a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare inquire
What princes would have private.
Ard. What a lady
Shall we be bless'd to serve!
Lucina. Go, get ye from me!
Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.
Is this the virtuous lure[1] ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?
But that I had a mother, and a woman,
Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches

[1] *Lore.*] We should certainly read *lure*, instead of *lore*: The allusion is to falconry, and the word *train'd* proves it. *Mason.*

Into the good itself is, I should now
Even doubt myself, I have been searched so near
The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
(Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well-built piles, shew worthy ruins)
After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been,
(For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches)
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but court,
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
Or, at the best, but subject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of!
Let women live themselves; if they must fall,
Their own destruction find 'em, not your fevers.

Ard. Madam, you are so excellent in all,
And, I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,
And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry: Women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
Are either fools or cowards.

Phor. She were a mistress for no private greatness,
Could she not frown.[a] A ravish'd kiss from anger,
And such an anger as this lady learns us,

[a] The old editions point this passage erroneously. They have only a comma after *frown*, and a full point before *gods*. The latter was amended in the last editions, and the former M. Mason proposed, who explains the speech at length, which is scarcely necessary. The following interpretation is not exactly his, as he evidently misunderstood the first line:—"She would not be fit to be the private favourite mistress of a great man, who could not assume anger, and thereby show herself superior to common women." "But to ravish a kiss," Mason proceeds, "stuck with such pleasing dangers as arise from such resentment as this lady expresses [towards us] is a temptation for the gods themselves."

Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from?

Lucina. I perceive ye;
Your own dark sins dwell with ye! and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
Run[3] to diseases with your bones! I scorn ye;
And all the nets ye have pitch'd to catch my virtues,
Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the emperor ye have met a woman
That neither his own person, which is godlike,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
Nor all the glories subject to a Cæsar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the mother of the empire,
And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a whore of!

Ard. You mistake us, lady.

Lucina. Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons,
(Fit nurses for his sins) which gods forgive me!
But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And, from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,
I never can! I have a noble husband,
(Pray tell him that too) yet, a noble name,
A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
Thus much for your answer: For yourselves,
Ye have lived the shame of women, die the better! [*Exit.*

Phor. What's now to do?

Ard. Even as she said, to die;

[3] Runs *to diseases.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

For there's no living here, and women thus,
I am sure, for us two.
Phor. Nothing stick upon her?
Ard. We have lost a mass of money. Well, dame Virtue,
Yet you may halt, if good luck serve.
Phor. Worms take her!
She has almost spoil'd our trade.
Ard. So godly!
This is ill breeding, Phorba.
Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!
Ard. That may be, Phorba;
But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.
Come, let's go think; she must not 'scape us thus:
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AECIUS.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where lives virtue,
Honour, discretion, wisdom? Who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the empire,
But bawds, and singing-girls? Oh, my Aëcius!

The glory of a soldier, and the truth
Of men, made up for goodness' sake, like shells,[4]
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action:
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour——
Aëcius. No more, my worthy friend; though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a reformation,
At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
We are but subjects, Maximus; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
Until unhallow'd hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked;
We dare not, dearest friend, nay, more, we cannot,—
Whilst we consider who[5] we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what law-giver;
Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquired into; whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter,—

[4] ———— *like* shells,
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action.] The shell-fish that grows to stones seems to have the least motion, sense, and life, of any known animal, and therefore a state of inaction might be beautifully represented by these. *Seward.*

One would suppose that this explanation had made the author of it satisfied with the old text; but as his principal aim seems to have been to make better poets of Beaumont and Fletcher than they actually were, he reads—*shields*, "a much more soldier-like metaphor." See the next note but one, where the reader will find another instance (an ingenious one, certainly,) of that commentator's ambition of beautifying.

[5] *Why.*] Corrected in the second folio.

Like desperate and unseason'd fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.

Max. My noble friend, (from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit) weigh but thus much:—
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not!—Why, Aëcius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?

Aëcius. You'll fall again into your fit.

Max. I will not.—
Or, are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians?
Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be——

Aëcius. You are too curious.

Max. Good, give me leave.—Why is this author of us——

Aëcius. I dare not hear you speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest.—
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders?—Misconceive me not;
I sow no danger in my words.—But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome? Why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness' sake? their honours time out-daring?
I think, for our example.

Aëcius. You speak nobly.

Max. Why are we seeds of these then, to shake hands
With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a mistress?—'Pray, your leave yet.—
You'll say, the emperor is young, and apt

To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness:[6] It may be.
But, why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?

Aëcius. You search the sore too deep, and I must tell you,
In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded. Pray depress your spirit;
For, though I constantly believe you honest,
(You were no friend for me else) and what now
You freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do, few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend: And pray, consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force: For, durst mine own soul urge me
(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)

6 ——— *young, and apt*
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness.] Mr Seward thinks the last line obscure, and asks, "Does it mean that the emperor, being young, took impressions more from his pleasures than from virtue and worthiness?" This is certainly the obvious meaning; but as that gentleman conceives it to be *stifly expressed,* that it *is but a poor apology for* Valentinian, and that *the natural apology should be,* "That the emperor was apt to take impressions from his pleasures, but was not *habitually vicious,*" he chooses to read—

Than any constant worthlessness.

"*Worthlessness,*" says he, "is certainly a beautiful word."—Ed. 1778.

To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations, though my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend,
The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth.

Max. I pray mistake me not.

Aëcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to him.

Max. My ever-honour'd friend, I'll take your counsel.
The emperor appears; I'll leave you to him;
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish!
[*Exit.*

Enter Valentinian *and* Chilax.

Val. Is that the best news?

Chi. Yet the best we know, sir.

Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then. [*Exit* Chilax.
Mine own head be my helper; these are fools.—

How now, Aëcius? are the soldiers quiet?
Aecius. Better, I hope, sir, than they were.
Val. They are pleased, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures;
Shortly they'll fight against me.
Aëcius. Gods defend, sir!
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd judgers,
A donative of ten sesterties,
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures.
Val. I believe thee.
Art thou in love, Aëcius, yet?
Aëcius. Oh, no, sir!
I am too coarse for ladies; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.
Val. Never fear it;
They are stronger than you think; they'll hold the hammer.
My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier;
A good one, I believe thee.
Aëcius. All that goodness
Is but your grace's creature.
Val. Tell me truly,—
For thou darest tell me——
Aëcius. Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.
Val. What say the soldiers of me? and the same words;
Mince 'em not, good Aëcius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.
Aëcius. I'll tell your grace; but, with this caution,
You be not stirr'd: For, should the gods live with us,

Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.
Val. Forward.
Aëcius. Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins;
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge of honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers, and beaten fools, and so regarded.
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.
Val. They speak plainly.
Aëcius. They say moreover (since your grace will have it;
For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fidling;[7] so they term it.—
Val. Some drunken dreams, Aëcius.
Aëcius. So I hope, sir.—
And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than loved for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise you)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths
Whose truth and strength of duty made you Cæsar.
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,

[7] *Filing.*] Corrected in 1679.

Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you;
A people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's monies
Are seal'd and sent a-working.[8]

Val. What sin's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

Aëcius. Nor hurt ye, o' my soul, sir! But such people
(Nor can the power of man restrain it) when
They are full of meat and ease, must prattle.

Val. Forward.

[8] *A people, as they term it, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's* monies
Are seal'd and sent a-working.] This passage Mr Seward pronounces extremely obscure, and for *monies* substitutes *body*. We find no difficulty; it means simply, "The sins purchased by *money*."—Ed. 1778.

This explanation of the last editors is certainly wrong; for, as M. Mason observes, "they have not attempted to shew how the three last lines can be applicable to bawds, or why bawds should be said to be a people made of paper." He proposes to read—"*And* people, as they term them, made of paper;" and then continues, "By the people last described, Aëcius means not bawds, but informers, to whom this description is perfectly applicable. It is well known to those who are conversant in the history of Rome under the emperors, that every man of rank lay at the mercy of informers, and how frequently innocent persons were impeached by them, merely on account of their wealth. It would be perfectly strange if Aëcius should have omitted these informers, who were the immediate objects of his fear, as we find in the next page but two, where he says to Valentinian:

"Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar, &c.
——— now be purchase
For slaves and *base informers*."

So far Mr Mason; and his explanation is undoubtedly just, but he forgets one circumstance, viz. that Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, and Licinius, might serve the emperor in the quality of informers as well as in that of bawds, which renders the proposed alteration, though ingenious, perfectly unnecessary.

Aëcius. I have spoken too much, sir.
Val. I'll have all.
Aëcius. It fits not
Your ears should hear their vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.
Val. It may be
I am so; therefore forward.
Aëcius. I have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.
Val. No more apologies.
Aëcius. They grieve besides, sir,
To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdued,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew their honours
In obscure towns,[9] that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
"The fruits of Italy are luscious; give us Egypt,
Or sandy Afric, to display our valours,
There where our swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well-got viands. Here our weapons,
And bodies that were made for shining brass,
Are both unedged, and old with ease and women."
And then they cry again, "Where are the Germans,
Lined with hot Spain, or Gallia? Bring 'em on,
And let the son of war, steeled Mithridates,
Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows:
Yet we dare fight like Romans!" Then, as soldiers,

[9] *To see the warlike eagles* mew *their honours
In obscure towns.*] The phrase is from falconry. A hawk is said to *mew* when he sheds his feathers, which he generally does when he is *mewed*, or shut up.

Tired with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
Even weeping-ripe they were no more, nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely.
And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
They reckon up the times, and living labours,
Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder
That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with honours,
Can now forget the custom of her conquests:
And then they blame your grace, and say, "Who leads us?
Shall we stand here like statues? were our fathers
The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Persians?
Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em
That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!
For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes"——
Thus they talk, sir.

Val. Well,
Why do you hear these things?

Aëcius. Why do you do 'em?
I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow,
And more vexation, do I hear these taintures,
Than were my life dropped from me through an hour-glass!

Val. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so. Take heed! you were better
Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a prince's anger!

Aëcius. I am old, sir,
And ten years more addition is but nothing:
Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it!
[*Kneels.*
Upon my knees, if ever any service,
(As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice)

If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,
Deserved a fair respect; if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you and for the empire, be not vices;
By that style you have stamp'd upon me, soldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!
Val. I understand you not.
Aëcius. Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,
And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the 'scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour)
The seas, and thirsty desarts, now be purchase
For slaves, and base informers. I see anger
And death look through your eyes; I am mark'd for slaughter,
And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this world: I embrace it;
Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,
Is, I may die a Roman!
Val. Rise, my friend still,
And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier;
I'll study to do so upon myself too. Go;
Keep your command, and prosper.
Aëcius. Life to Cæsar! [*Exit.*

Enter CHILAX.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.
Val. Go tell him
I'll meet him in the gallery.—
The honesty of this Aëcius
(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
Has dived so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
With much repentance, now I could be quit of;

But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the same.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* CHILAX, *discovered playing at Dice.*

Val. Nay, ye shall set my hand out; 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.
Licin. If I have any thing to set your grace,
But clothes, or good conditions, let me perish!
You have all my money, sir.
Proc. And mine.
Chi. And mine too.
Max. Unless your grace will credit us.
Val. No bare board.
Licin. Then, at my garden-house.
Val. The orchard too?
Licin. An't please your grace.
Val. Have at 'em. [*They throw.*
Proc. They are lost.
Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees!
Val. Who sets more?

Chi. At my horse, sir.
Val. The dappled Spaniard?
Chi. He.
Val. He's mine. [*Throws.*
Chi. He is so.
Max. Your short horse is soon curried.
Chi. So it seems, sir;
So may your mare be too, if luck serve.
Max. Ha?
Chi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.
Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.
Max. By Heaven, sir, I have lost all!
Val. There's a ring yet.
Max. This was not made to lose, sir.
Val. Some love-token?
Set it, I say!
Max. I do beseech your grace,
Rather name any house I have.
Val. How strange
And curious you are grown of toys! Redeem it,
If so I win it, when you please; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not;
But only for my luck sake: 'Tis not rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, sir? There 'tis.
Val. Why, then, have at it fairly. [*Throws.*]— Mine.
Max. Your grace
Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An't be your pleasure, sir, I'll pay the price on't.
Val. To-morrow you shall have it without price, sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myself, go to Aëcius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently;
(They mutiny for pay, I hear) and be you

Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye shall have monies for 'em, and above
Something to stop their tongues withal.

Max. I will, sir;
And gods preserve you in this mind still!

Val. Shortly,
I'll see 'em march myself.

Max. Gods ever keep you! [*Exit.*

Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve now?
For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record[1] their lessons.

Chi. For the lady.

Val But how for her?

Chi. That I confess I know not.

Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see
The court made like a paradise. [*Exit* Chilax.

Licin. We will, sir.

Val. Full of fair shows and musics; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a-doing: And, for fear
You should not take, I'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She shall not choose but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver show of welcome.

Proc. Well, sir.

Val. They are thought too eager.

Enter Chilax *and* Lycias.

Chi. Here's the eunuch.

Lycias. Long life to Cæsar!

Val. I must use you, Lycias;

[1] *Record.*] Birds are said to *record*, when they first attempt to sing.

Come, let's walk in, and then I'll shew you all.
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Maximus.

Enter CLAUDIA *and* MARCELLINA.

Clau. Sirrah,[2] what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?
Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.
Clau. That were a childish fear.
Marc. What were those ladies
Came to her lately? from the court?
Clau. The same, wench.
Some grave instructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.[3]
Marc. 'Tis true, wench.
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.[4]
Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been sheath'd like rotten ships——

[2] *Sirrah.*] This was formerly applied to females as well as men, and frequently as a term of endearment.

[3] *Like old* hatcht *hilts.*] When the hilts or blades of swords were ornamented with gold, or in any other way, they were called *hatched* hilts or blades. See vol. II. p. 400.

[4] *One might discover, where the gold was worn,*
Their iron ages.] A miserable pun between the iron edge of a sword, and the iron-age, seems to be here intended.

Marc. It may be.
Clau. For, if ye mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Marc. They have past the line, belike.— Wouldst live, Claudia,
Till thou wert such as they are?
Clau. Chimney-pieces!
Now, Heaven have mercy on me, and young men!
I had rather make a drollery till thirty.[5]
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina; not 'till barnacles[6]
Bred in my sides.
Marc. Thou art i' th' right, wench:
For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!"[7]—

[5] *I had rather make a* drallery *till thirty.*] *Drallery*, which has greatly puzzled the former commentators, is certainly nothing but an accidental corruption of *drollery*, which does not mean *a gay lady*, as the last editors suppose, but a *puppet show*. Sebastian, in the Tempest, calls the "strange shapes" which, at the command of Prospero, bring and set down a banquet before the shipwrecked courtiers, "a living *drollery*."

[6] *Barnacles.*] This possibly alludes to the fabulous notions of the barnacle or clayk-geese, as they are called in the following passage of Monypenny's Chronicle, 1597: "In the north seas of Scotland are great clogges of timber, in the which are marvelously ingendered a sort of geese called clayk-geese, and do hang by the beak till they be of perfection,—are oft times found, and kept in admiration for their rare forme of generation." The real barnacle is an actually existing shell-fish, which clings to the sides of ships, and most probably our author only alludes to it.

[7] *A bow short, signior.*] This is a phrase from archery, and refers to the boy who stood by the mark, and cried out how far the arrow had diverged from the mark.

Were there not men came hither too?
Clau. Brave fellows;
I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound.
Marc. How know you?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it.
Marc. Take heed, Claudia!
Clau. Let them take heed; the spring comes on.
Marc. To me now,
They seem'd as noble visitants.
Clau. To me now,
Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,
And, by this honest light, (for yet 'tis morning)
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan skins——
Marc. Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.
Clau. You are deceived.—They shew'd to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living:
I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last.
Marc. Peace! My lady comes. What may that be?

Enter LUCINA *and* LYCIAS.

Clau. A sumner,[8]
That cites her to appear.
Marc. No more of that, wench.
Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord?
Lucina. Pray tell him
I am subject to his will.
Lycias. Why weep you, madam?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.
Lucina. I do beseech you tell me, sir——
Lycias. What, lady?

[8] *A sumner.*] This officer is now called an apparitor, and his principal business is to cite offenders into ecclesiastical courts.

Lucina. Serve you the emperor?
Lycias. I do.
Lucina. In what place?
Lycias. In's chamber, madam.
Lucina. Do you serve his will too?
Lycias. In fair and just commands.
Lucina. Are you a Roman?
Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.
Lucina. What office bore your parents?
Lycias. One was a prætor.
Lucina. Take heed then how you stain his reputation.
Lycias. Why, worthy lady?
Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this message but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Lycias. Madam, I am no broker——
Clau. I'll be hanged then. [*Aside.*
Lycias. Nor base procurer of men's lusts. Your husband
Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it;
It rests in you to come, or no.
Lucina. I will, sir.
Lycias. If you mistrust me, do not.
Lucina. You appear
So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign you have brought me,
That I believe.
Lycias. Why should I cozen you?
Or, were I bribed to do this villainy,
Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a virtue falls?
Lucina. You speak well, sir:
'Would all the rest that serve the emperor
Had but your way!

Clau. And so they have, *ad unguem.* [*Aside.*

Lucina. Pray tell my lord I have received his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir, thus much
Before you go; I do beseech you too,
As little notice as you can, deliver
Of my appearance there.

Lycias. It shall be, madam;
And so I wish you happiness!

Lucina. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Open Place in the City.

Tumult and noise within. Enter AECIUS, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* PONTIUS; MAXIMUS *following.*

Max. Temper yourself, Aëcius!

Pont. Hold, my lord!
I am a Roman, and a soldier.

Max. Pray, sir!

Aëcius. Thou art a lying villain and a traitor!— [MAXIMUS *holds him.*
Give me myself, or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous!—How darest thou pluck
The soldiers to sedition, and I living?
And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?

Pont. Hear me.

Max. Are you a man?

Aëcius. I am a true-hearted,[9] Maximus,
And if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.
Max. But hear him what he can say.
Aëcius. That's the way
To pardon him: I am so easy-natured,
That, if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.
Pont. I do beseech you, noble general——
Aëcius. He has found the way already! Give me room;
One stroke; and if he 'scape me then, he has mercy.
Pont. I do not call you noble, that I fear you;
I never cared for death! If you will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do.
'Tis true, I know you for my general,
And by that great prerogative may kill:
But do it justly then.
Aëcius. He argues with me:
By Heaven, a made-up rebel!
Max. Pray consider
What certain grounds you have for this.
Aëcius. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the soldiers
How lazily they lived? and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman?
Those were his very words, friend.
Max. These, Aëcius,
Though they were rashly spoke, (which was an error,
A great one, Pontius!) yet, from him that hungers
For wars, and brave employment, might be pardon'd.

[9] *I am a true-hearted.*] *i. e.* A true-hearted man. This is a very common elision in old plays. The modern editions very tamely omit the article.

The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches.
Aëcius. Why should you protect him?
Go to;[1] it shews not honest.
Max. Taint me not;
For that shews worse, Aëcius! All your friendship,
And that pretended love you lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your bosom-piece for this?
Aëcius. Forgive me:
The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me sometimes forget myself; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no god.—For you, sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble gentleman; you had died else:
Next, from your place, and honour of a soldier,
I here seclude you;—
Pont. May I speak yet?
Max. Hear him.
Aëcius. And, while Aëcius holds a reputation,
At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, sir.
Pont. Against her I shall never. The condemned man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord;
Law were not equal else.
Max. Pray hear, Aëcius;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet, considered,
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove
Rather a hasty sin, than heinous.
Aëcius. Speak.

[1] *Go too.*] So all former editions.—Ed. 1778.

Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tired with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes:
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we served,
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;
I blamed him too for women.
Aëcius. To the rest, sir!
Pont. And, like enough, I bless'd him then as soldiers
Will do sometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to shew our country[a]
We durst go naked, durst want meat, and money;
And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty;
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our best pay-masters; the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with scars and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure targets

[a] *We lay at home, to shew our country.*] The present tragedy is as remarkable for the regularity of the metre, as most of the plays in the present collection are for the contrary. This warrants the supposition that the last word in this line must be pronounced as a trisyllable,—*countery;* and this is a strong confirmation of Mr Malone's observations on the subject of dividing similar words which occur in Shakspeare. He proceeded perhaps too far in extending the number of words so divided; but Steevens's condemnation of the hypothesis was certainly too hasty, and sometimes led him to force interpolations into the text which were not warranted by any old edition.

And swords, hatch'd with the blood of many nations,[2]
To spades and pruning knives, (for those get money)
Their warlike eagles into daws, or starlings,
To give an *Ave Cæsar* as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;
For thus we get but years and beats.[3]

Aëcius. What think you,
Were these words to be spoken by a captain?
One that should give example?

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pont. My lord, I did not woo 'em from the empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst Cæsar;
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me! Give me but employment, sir;
And way to live; and, where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,
(And if you please, that place I held maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome) I'm honest,
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his, than kept for Cæsar.
[*Kneels.*
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
What my rude tongue discover'd; 'twas my want,

[2] — *swords hatch'd with the blood of many nations.*] See vol. II. p. 400.

[3] *Beets.*] This is the reading of all the copies, which the editors of 1750 and 1778 have allowed to stand without any comment, though certainly no allusion can be intended to the root so called. The word *beat* is sometimes used as a substantive for a blow, a stroke; and this is probably the sense intended in the text. Pontius is calculating how many drachmas the soldiers could get by flattery, whereas by fighting they only received blows, and increased the number of their years without profit.

No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
And you, my lord, do something for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backwärd traitor.
Aëcius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius: you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to Cæsar,
By me shall never be restored: In my camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.
Pont. Thus I leave you;
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about you:
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!
You cannot cast my wishes.
Aëcius, Come, my lord,
Now to the field again.
Max. Alas, poor Pontius! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter Chilax *at one door*, Licinius *and* Balbus *at another.*

Licin. How now?
Chi. She's come.
Bal. Then I'll to th' emperor. [*Exit.*

4

Chi. Do. Is the music placed well?
Licin. Excellent.
Chi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone; and do you hear, Licinius?
Pray let the ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion. One word more.
Licin. Well?
Chi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,
Laid in the way she passes?

Enter VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, *and* PROCULUS.

Licin. Take no care, man. [*Exit.*
Val. What, is she come?
Chi. She is, sir; but 'twere best
Your grace were seen last to her.
Val. So I mean.—
Keep the court empty, Proculus.
Proc. 'Tis done, sir.
Val. Be not too sudden to her.
Chi. Good, your grace,
Retire, and man yourself; let us alone;
We are no children this way. Do you hear, sir?
'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;
They would break the business else.
Val. 'Tis true; they shall.
Chi. Remember your place, Proculus.
Proc. I warrant you.
[*Exeunt* VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, *and* PROCULUS.

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

Chi. She enters.—Who are waiters there? The emperor

Calls for his horse to air himself.
Lucina. I am glad
I come so happily to take him absent;
This takes away a little fear. I know him;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, Honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me!
Chi. Noble madam,
You're welcome to the court, most nobly welcome!
You are a stranger, lady.
Lucina. I desire so.
Chi. A wond'rous stranger here; nothing so strange:
And therefore need a guide, I think.
Lucina. I do, sir,
And that a good one too.
Chi. My service, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray tell me,
Are you resolved a courtier?
Lucina. No, I hope, sir.
Clau. You are, sir.
Chi. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow yourself.
Pray what might cost those breeches?
Chi. Would you wear 'em?—
Madam, you have a witty woman.
Marc. Two, sir,
Or else you underbuy us.
Lucina. Leave your talking.—
But is my lord here, I beseech you, sir?
Chi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wond'rous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

Lucina. Whither?
Chi. Why, to your lord.
Lucina. Is it so hard, sir,
To find him in this place without a guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chi. It will be so for you, that are a stranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty; and besides——
Marc. I see he will go with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning,
Should pass without attendants.
Lucina. I have two, sir.
Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the emperor?
Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, sir.
Chi. You are well enough;
He'll take it wond'rous kindly. Hark!
Lucina. You flatter:
Good sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but tell you—
Lucina. Will you go forward? Since I must be mann'd,
Pray take your place.
Clau Cannot you man us too, sir?[4]
Chi. Give me but time.
Marc. And you'll try all things?
Chi. No;
I'll make you no such promise.
Clau. If you do, sir,
Take heed you stand to't.
Chi. Wond'rous merry, ladies!

[4] *Cannot you* man *us too, sir?*] *To man* a lady was a common phrase for accompanying her. See vol. II. p. 147.

Lucina. The wenches are disposed![5]——Pray keep your way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in the same. A Recess behind a Curtain.

Ent r Licinius, Proculus, *and* Balbus.

Licin. She's coming up the stairs. Now, the music;
And, as that stirs her, let's set on. Perfumes there!
Proc. Discover all the jewels!
Licin. Peace! [*Music.*

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, *and* Marcellina.

SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

5 *The wenches are* disposed.] That is, merry, disposed to mirth. The phrase is of very common occurrence in these and other old plays.

Yet the lusty spring hath staid;
Blushing red, and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

SECOND.

Hear ye, ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.[6]

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire,

[6] *A flower.*] So the first folio reads; and, at the end of the following stanza,—"in a short *tower.*" Both passages were corrected in the second folio.

Lucina. Pray Heaven my lord be here! for now I fear it.
Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit, or stolen,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betray'd thy mistress.—Pray, sir, forward;
I would fain see my lord.

Chi. But tell me, madam,
How do you like the song?

Lucina. I like the air well,
But, for the words, they are lascivious,
And over-light for ladies.

Chi. All ours love 'em.

Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.

Licin. Madam, you are welcome to the court.—Who waits?
Attendants for this lady!

Lucina. You mistake, sir;
I bring no triumph with me.

Licin. But much honour.

Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour,
So freely of yourself to be a visitant:
The emperor shall give you thanks for this.

Lucina. Oh, no, sir;
There's nothing to deserve 'em.

Proc. Yes, your presence.

Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe
I come to see my husband, on command too;
I were no courtier else.

Licin. That's all one, lady;
Now you are here, you're welcome: And the emperor,
Who loves you but too well——

Lucina. No more of that, sir;
I came not to be catechized.

Proc. Ah, sirrah!
And have we got you here? 'Faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.
Lucina. Gods defend, sir!
I never liked a trade worse.
Proc. Hark you. [*Whispers.*
Lucina. No, sir!
Proc. You're grown the strangest lady!
Lucina. How!
Proc. By Heaven,
'Tis true I tell you; and you'll find it.
Lucina. I?
I'll rather find my grave, and so inform him.
Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt you)
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings?
Lucina. Good sir, patience!
I am no wonder, neither come to that end.
You do my lord an injury to stay me,
Who, though you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,
He keeps no wife for your ways.
Bal. Well, well, lady,
However you are pleased to think of us,
You are welcome, and you shall be welcome.
Lucina. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my loved lord is, not in flattery.
[BALBUS *draws the curtain; caskets with jewels set out in the recess.*
Nay, you may draw the curtain; I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.
Clau. Are these, sir,
Laid here to take?
Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.
Marc. We had been doing else.

Bal. Meaner jewels
Would fit your worths.
Clau. And meaner clothes your bodies.
Lucina. The gods shall kill me first!
Licin. There's better dying
I' th' emperor's arms. Go to; but be not angry!
These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter Phorba, Ardelia, *and Ladies, strewing the floor with rushes.*

Phor. Where is this stranger? Rushes,[7] ladies, rushes!
Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger!
Proc. Here's ladies come to see you.
Lucina. You are gone, then?
I take it, 'tis your cue.
Proc. Or rather manners:
You are better fitted, madam; we but tire you,
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much-loved lord unto you.
[*Exeunt* Chilax, Licinius, *and* Proculus.
Lucina. Then I'll thank you.—
I am betray'd, for certain! Well, Lucina,

[7] *Rushes.*] It is well known, that, before the invention of carpets, the floors of apartments were strewed with rushes, and innumerable allusions to the practice occur in old plays. Such a covering was very useful when cleanliness was little attended to, and when bones and other filth were thrown under the table at feasts. Continual layers of rushes were added, and when the floor was raised to an inconvenient height, they might be easily swept away. I am informed that a remnant of the custom is retained at Oldham, in Lancashire, where the floor of the church is covered with rushes on May-day. That fresh rushes were strewed at the arrival of a distinguished stranger, appears from the text, and from the following passage of Lilly's Euphues and his England, Lond. 1609, 4. (*sign.* U 3.) "I am sorry, Euphues, that we have no green rushes, considering you have been so great a stranger."

If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices!

Phor. You are a welcome woman.

Ard. Bless me, Heaven!
How did you find the way to court?

Lucina. I know not;
'Would I had never trod it!

Phor. Pr'ythee tell me,
Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,
For we love thee extremely) is not this place
A paradise to live in?

Lucina. To those people
That know no other paradise but pleasure:
That little I enjoy contents me better.

Ard. What, heard you any music yet?

Lucina. Too much.

Phor. You must not be thus froward: What! this gown
Is one o' th' prettiest, by my troth, Ardelia,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.

Ard. How do you?
Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!

Lucina. Content you;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If you will let me be so. Where's my lord?
For there's the business that I came for, ladies.

Phor. We'll lead you to him; he's i' th' gallery.

Ard. We'll shew you all the court too.

Lucina. Shew me him,
And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Phor. Come on; we'll be your guides, and, as you go,
We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady,
Shall make you merry too. You come not here

To be a sad Lucina.
Lucina. 'Would I might not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another in the Same.

Enter Chilax *and* Balbus.

Chi. Now the soft music! Balbus, run!
Bal. I fly, boy. [*Exit.*
Chi. The women by this time are worming of her;
If she can hold out them, the emperor [*Music.*
Takes her to task. He has her. Hark, the music!

Enter Valentinian *and* Lucina.

Lucina. Good, your grace!
Where are my women, sir?
Val. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the court's bravery.
Would you have run away so slily, lady,
And not have seen me?
Lucina. I beseech your majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose.
Val. I do so.
Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a whore, sir.
Val. A friend you may, and to that man that loves you,
More than you love your virtue.

Lucina. Sacred Cæsar! [*Kneels.*
Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet.
Lucina. Look upon me,
And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay, more, I will become so leperous,
That you shall curse me from you. My dear lord
Has served you ever truly, fought your battles,
As if he daily long'd to die for Cæsar;
Was never traitor, sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.
Val. I know it.
Lucina. His fame and family have grown together,
And spread together, like two sailing cedars,[8]
Over the Roman diadem: Oh, let not
(As you have any flesh that's humane in you)
The having of a modest wife decline him!
Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!
I do not think you are lascivious;
These wanton men belie you: You are Cæsar,
Which is, "the father of the empire's honour"
You are too near the nature of the gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.
Val. I dare not do it here.—Rise, fair Lucina,
I did but try your temper; you are honest;
And, with the commendations wait on that,

[8] *Like* to *sailing cedars.*] Mr Sympson justly reads TWO *sailing cedars*, as answering to his fame and family, *Seward.*
The same epithet is applied to the cedar in The Lovers' Progress:

"The trees grow up and mix together freely,
The oak's not envious of the sailing cedar."

See also a simile in the soliloquy of Maximus, (act V. sc. III.) which likewise proves the propriety of the alteration disputed by the last editors.

I'll lead you to your lord, and give you to him.[9]
Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter Chilax, Licinius, Proculus, *and* Balbus.

Chi. 'Tis done, Licinius.
Licin. How?
Chi. I shame to tell it.
If there be any justice, we are villains,
And must be so rewarded!
Bal. If it be done,
I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;
Let's make the best o' th' trade.
Proc. Now vengeance take it!
Why should not he have settled on a beauty,
Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a ring might rule, or such a one

[9] *I'll lead you to your lord, and you to him.*] Thus nonsensically read all editions but the second folio, which we have followed.—Ed. 1778.

That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And groan'd to get it?[1] If he must have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the mystery,[2] and are best able
To play again with judgment? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a crystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
Give greater heat than now-departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.

Licin. A good whore
Had saved all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this same chastity forsooth——

Proc. A pox on't!
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are, (but not in open) and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear yourself, more welcome;
And there is nothing ye dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Chi. The emperor! Away;
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray.
[*Exeunt.*

Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk—

Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!

Val. Justice shall never hear you; I am justice!

[1] *And* ground *to get it.*] Sympson proposed this variation, which must necessarily be adopted.

[2] *That know the* misery.] Corrected in 1750.

Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?
Thou bitter bane o' th' empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,
Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find thee,
(That's all my refuge now) for they are righteous:
Vengeance and horror circle thee! The empire,
In which thou livest a strong continued surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee; good men raze thee
For ever being read again, but vicious;[3]
Women, and fearful maids, make vows against thee;
Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee;
And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,
Tired with thy tyrannies, break through obedience,
And shake his strong steel at thee!
Val. This prevails not,
Nor any agony you utter, lady.
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abused me,
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly beauty,
And curse your being good too.
Lucina. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me?

[3] *For ever being read again,*——but vicious
Women, and fearful maids, make vows against thee.] This is the old text, which becomes good sense by a slight alteration of the pointing, meaning, as the last editors explain, "good men will prevent your ever being recorded, *but* as an example of *vice and villainy.*" Seward, as usual, introduces a violent alteration.

Val. I'll ever love and honour you.
Lucina. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour, thou hast murder'd;
And can there be a love in violence?
Val. You shall be only mine.
Lucina. Yet I like better
Thy villainy than flattery; that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me!
For I am worse than thou art: Thou may'st pray,
And so recover grace; I am lost for ever!
And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too.
Val. I fear no loss but love; I stand above it.
Lucina. Call in your lady bawds, and gilded pandars,
And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,
Lucina's fallen, the chaste Lucina's conquer'd!—
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me!
For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous;
No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name, but Cæsar's whore.—Oh, sacred Cæsar,
(For that should be your title) was your empire;
Your rods, and axes, that are types of justice;
Those fires that ever burn, to beg you blessings;
The people's adoration; fear of nations;
What victory can bring you home; what else
The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and suns of light, truth, justice,
Mercy, and star-like piety,[4] sent to you,

[4] *Even light itself, and* suns of *light, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and star-like Piety.*] This noble passage seems, if I may be allowed the expression, obscured by too much light; part of which, I believe, is not genuine. To call Truth, Justice, and Piety, *suns*, may be allowed, but *suns of light* is both stiff and tau-

And from the gods themselves, to ravish women?
The curses that I owe to enemies,
Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee!

Val. This helps not.

Lucina. The sins of Tarquin be remember'd in thee!
And where there has a chaste wife been abused,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last, for ever thine the fear'd example!
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fallen?
What can your honours now, and empire, make me,
But a more glorious whore?

Val. A better woman:
But if you will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave these lamentations; they do nothing
But make a noise. I am the same man still:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in you else)——

tological; and, after they are called *suns*, the additional epithet of *star-like*, is an useless anticlimax. I *doubt not* but that the true reading was *sons of light*.— *Seward.*

We *doubt* it much; *light, and suns of light*, is a natural amplification; but *star-like piety* succeeding, must be confessed to be anticlimax.—Ed. 1778.

If Seward's reading had been that of the poet, the remainder of the passage would not have stood as it does now; but the text would probably have run thus—

Even light itself; those *sons of light, &c.*

There may be tautology and anticlimax in the passage, but I fear this is not the only instance of Fletcher's being chargeable with such exuberances.

Lucina. Oh, villain!
Val. So bred for man's amazement, that my reason,
And every help to hold me right, has lost me!
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see you: tell me justly,
How can I choose but err then? If you dare,
Be mine, and only mine, (for you are so precious,
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you; and your daring husband
Shall know he has kept an offering from the empire,
Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest;
More than myself, I'll make it. If you will not,
Sit down with this and silence (for which wisdom,
You shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were:) If you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do, I am able to forgive too;
And where your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it. Princes,
Though they be sometimes subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two-edged swords for open censures.
Your husband cannot help you, nor the soldier;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell! You'll find your women
At home before you; they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it. [*Exit.*
Lucina. Destruction find thee!
Now which way must I go? my honest house

Will shake to shelter me; my husband fly me;
My family, because they're honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me; not a neighbour know me!
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And, pointing as I pass, "There, there, behold her;
Look on her, little children; that is she,
That handsome lady, mark!" Oh, my sad fortunes!
Is this the end of goodness? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me?
Why then, I see there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual!
How had I been thus wretched else!

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AECIUS.

Aëcius. [*Entering.*] Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the fosses deeper.
Max. How now, sweetheart?
What make you here, and thus?
Aëcius. Lucina weeping?
This must be much offence.
Max. Look up, and tell me,
Why are you thus?—My ring? oh, friend, I have found it!——
You are at court, sweet!
Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.
Max. Rise, and go home.—I have my fears, Aëcius:
Oh, my best friend, I am ruin'd!—Go, Lucina;
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a Cæsar. Go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flower! Go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem! Go, Lucina,
And, if thou darest, out-live this wrong!

Lucina. I dare not.
Aëcius. Is that the ring you lost?
Max. That, that, Aëcius,
That cursed ring, myself, and all my fortunes.
'T has pleased the emperor, my noble master,
For all my services, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pandar. Was this justice,
Oh, my Aëcius? have I lived to bear this?
Lucina. Farewell for ever, sir!
Max. That's a sad saying;
But such a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here;[5] these lips
Taste not of ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so?
Lucina. Oh, yes!
Max. I dare believe thee;
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness.
Indeed she was, Aëcius.
Aëcius. So she is still.
Max. Once more!—Oh, my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
The blessing of my youth, the life of my life!
Aëcius. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience;
Hold me, ye equal gods! this is too sinful.
Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal fountains,
And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows,

[5] *I find no Cæsar here; these lips Taste not of ravisher.*]
"I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."—*Shakspeare.*—Ed. 1778.

Till you have dropt your mistress into marble.
Now, go for ever from me.
Lucina. Long farewell, sir!
And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!
Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina.
Farewell, thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek Heaven,
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.
Aëcius. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
Aëcius must not take. Farewell, thou phœnix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, well weigh'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.
Lucina. No.
Aëcius. Mistake not.
I would not stain your honour for the empire,
Nor any way decline you to discredit:[6]
'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's.
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same Aëcius, still as honest,
The same life I have still for Maximus,
The same sword wear for you, where justice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one: Therefore, misconceive not;

[6] *Nor any way* decline *you to discredit it.*] To *decline you* means, in the present instance, to divert you from your intended course. The phrase is used in the same way in Massinger's Maid of Honour:

"——— Since injustice
In your duke meets his correction, can you press us
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pity *to decline* his dangers,
To draw them on yourself?"

Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short year.

Max. She must not.

Lucina. Why so long, sir?
Am I not grey enough with grief already?

Aëcius. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
And goodness in his days to come.

Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my Aëcius.

Aëcius. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
His swol'n sins at the full, and your fair virtues,
May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again? which blessing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious:
Death only eases you; this, the whole empire.
Besides, compell'd and forced with violence
To what you have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither: You may live,
And still a worthier woman, still more honour'd;
For, are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from?
Or, should th' eternal gods desire to perish,
Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chastity of Heaven? No, lady;
If you dare live, you may: And as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect,
The empire too will bless you.

Max. Noble sir,
If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being;

Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would desire her live; nay more, compel her:
But, since it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses;
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
Even those to come, and when they read she lived,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she loved that more than wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.

Aëcius. Therefore she must live,
To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.

Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
For, could the world again restore my credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again. The empire
By my life can get nothing but my story,
Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses.
And where you counsel me to live, that Cæsar
May see his errors, and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve,
As one that yet desires his free conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.

Aëcius. The farewells then of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady!
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,

Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin!

Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine: Time, story,
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abused with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, stand to eternity!

Aëcius. Once more, farewell! Go, find Elysium,
There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,
There, where 'tis ever spring, and ever summer!

Max. There, where no bed-rid justice comes! Truth, Honour,
Are keepers of that blessed place: Go thither;
For here thou livest chaste fire in rotten timber.

Aëcius. And so, our last farewells!

Max. Gods give thee justice! [*Exit* LUCINA.

Aëcius. [*Aside.*] His thoughts begin to work; I fear him: Yet
He ever was a noble Roman; but
I know not what to think on't; he hath suffer'd
Beyond a man, if he stand this.

Max. Aëcius!
Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seized me?
It was my wife the emperor abused thus!
And I must say, "I am glad I had her for him;"
Must I not, my Aëcius?

Aëcius. I am stricken
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my house?

Max. Neither:
I have no home; and you are mad, Aëcius,
To keep me company! I am a fellow
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me.
A pandar is a prince, to what I'm fallen!
By Heaven, I dare do nothing.

Aëcius. You do better.

Max. I am made a branded slave, Aëcius,
And yet I bless the maker.
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?
Must Maximus be mention'd for his tales?[7]
I am a child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Cæsar did it,
And what am I to him?

Aëcius. 'Tis well consider'd;
However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.

Max. Oh, that thou wert not living, and my friend!

Aëcius. [*Aside.*] I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions:
I fear you, Maximus; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deserves a general ruin!—Do you love me?

Max. That's all I have to live on.

Aëcius. Then go with me;
You shall not to your own house.

Max. Nor to any;
My griefs are greater far than walls can compass!
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous; and, o' my conscience,
Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on't,[8]
I should not chide him for't: An awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it;

[7] *For his* tales.] We should probably adopt Mr Mason's conjecture, and read—for his *tameness.* But as the text may refer to the tales told by posterity of his enduring tamely, no alteration has been made.

[8] *Should I now see the* emperor, *&c.*] The doctrine of passive obedience, so often inculcated in the works of our authors, (but particularly in this play and the Maid's Tragedy,) are a strong and unpleasing mark of the complexion of the times in which they wrote. Such sentiments would not be endured on the present stage. In this place, however, it is not the real sentiment of the speaker.—Ed. 1778.

'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Aëcius. [*Aside.*] This is a mask to cozen me: I know you,
And how far you dare do; no Roman farther,
Nor with more fearless valour; and I'll watch you.—
Keep that obedience still.

Max. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his grace;
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost?

Aëcius. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.

Max. Why then, I care not;
I can live well enough, Aëcius:
For look you, friend, for virtue, and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.

Aëcius. He's crazed a little; [*Aside.*
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.

Max. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before,—is it, Aëcius?—
By'r lady, and well handled too i' th' breeding.

Aëcius. Will you go any way?

Max. I'll tell thee, friend;
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me;
For I'm not angry yet. The emperor
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?

Aëcius. Alas, my noble friend!

Max. Alas not me!
I am not wretched; for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.

Aëcius. Will you walk yet?

Max. Come, come, she dare not die, friend; that's the truth on't;
She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
She has made a way for Maximus to rise by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? Keep it here,
And I'll discover to you.
Aëcius. Well?
Max. She knows
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contrived this knavery.
Was it not monstrous, friend?
Aëcius. Does he but seem so, [*Aside.*
Or is he mad indeed?
Max. Oh, gods, my heart!
Aëcius. 'Would it would fairly break!
Max. Methinks I'm somewhat wilder than I was;
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty!

Enter Claudia.

Clau. Nay, you may spare your tears; she's dead, she is so.
Max. Why, so it should be. How?
Clau. When first she enter'd
Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her,[9]

9 *And blushing like the sun-set*, as *we* see *her.*] The latter part of this line seems a mere fill-up; but, I believe, was a noble sentiment in the original, which I hope is now restored. Lucina blushed to be looked upon by us, as shame would hide its head from all its acquaintance. If the old reading may be thought to give this idea, and the reader thinks he could have collected it from it without the change, I am willing to submit; so that the true sense be retained, it is of small consequence whether we read *as* or *that*. *Sewnrd.*

"Dare I," said she, "defile this house with whore,
In which his noble family has flourish'd?"
At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We rubb'd
her——

Max. No more of that; be gone.—Now, my
Aëcius, [*Exit* CLAUDIA.
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: Now lead me,
friend;
And as we walk together, let's pray truly,[1]
I may not fall from faith.

Aëcius. That's nobly spoken.

Max. Was I not wild, Aëcius?

Aëcius. Somewhat troubled.

Max. I felt no sorrow then. Now I'll go with
you;
But do not name the woman! Fy, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady—

Aëcius. Good sir, no more; I shall be melted
with it.

Max. I have done; and, good sir, comfort me.
'Would there were wars now!

Aëcius. Settle your thoughts; come.

Max. So I have now, friend.
Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

Mr Seward reads, THAT *we* saw *her;* but we cannot think his reading conveys the sense he means to give. The only error in the old lection seems to have been *see* for *saw.*—Ed. 1778.

[1] *And as we walk* together, *let's pray* together *truly.*] The second *together* seems superfluous and erroneous, and probably was interpolated by a careless transcriber.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Pontius, Phidias, *and* Aretus.

Phid. By my faith, Captain Pontius, besides pity
Of your fallen fortunes, what to say I know not;
For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
But my best master, any soldier near him.

Are. And when he understands, he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can you sing?

Pont. Not to please him, Aretus; for my songs
Go not to th' lute or viol, but to th' trumpet;
My tune kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men, not love, or women.

Phid. And those he understands not.

Pont. He should, Phidias.

Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little,
(You must, if here you would plant yourself) and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us? Wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too? What they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute?
And think, however the end falls, the business

Cannot run empty-handed?

Phid. Can you flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?

Pont. Yes, if it be a living.[2]

Are. That's well said then.

Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believed, then?

Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.

Pont. By any means then,
I cannot lie, nor flatter.

Are. You must swear too,
If you be there.

Pont. I can swear, if they move me.

Phid. Cannot you forswear too?

Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.

Are. You should procure a little too.

Pont. What's that?
Men's honest sayings for my truth?

Are. Oh, no, sir,
But women's honest actions for your trial.

Pont. Do you do all these things?

Phid. Do you not like 'em?

Pont. Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me?
I am not so low yet, to be your mirth!

Are. You do mistake us, captain; for sincerely
We ask you how you like 'em?

Pont. Then sincerely
I tell you I abhor 'em: They are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it.

[2] *Yes, if it be* a living.] That is, if it be the way to gain a livelihood.

Are. What then, sir?
Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers, and borne arms,
The servants of the brave Aëcius,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave,
(Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains!
For all your golden coats, debosh'd,[3] base villains!
Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so.
Is this the way ye mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,
And borne the reputation of a man?
Are there not lazy things enough, called fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be preferred for pandars,
But wanting soldiers must be knaves too? ha?
This the trim course of life? Were not ye born bawds,
And so inherit by your rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather chuse,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juster;
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine; eat my coarse bread not cursed,
And mend upon't (your diets are diseases;)
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward pandar of ye all,
And rise a great deal honester! My garments,

[3] *Debosh'd.*] This, which Seward modernized, was the usual way of spelling and pronouncing the word debauched. Many instances might be adduced, but one shall suffice, from the Lady's Trial, by Ford:

"——— a lazy life
Is scurvy and *debosh'd.*"

Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your velvets!
Are. You have hit it;
Nor are we those we seem. The Lord Aëcius
Put us good men to th' emperor, so we have served him,
Though much neglected for it; so dare be still:
Your curses are not ours. We have seen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, you shall not want, brave Pontius;
But pray be temperate. If we can wipe out
The way of your offences,[4] we are yours, sir;
And you shall live at court an honest man too.
Phid. That little meat and means we have, we'll share it.
Fear not to be as we are; what we told you
Were but mere trials of your truth: You are worthy,
And so we'll ever hold you; suffer better,
And then you are a right man, Pontius.
If my good master be not ever angry,
You shall command again.
Pont. I have found two good men: Use my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye!
[*Exeunt.*

4 ——— *If we can wipe out*
The way of your offences.] That is, "the natural course and consequence of them," as M. Mason observes. The word *way* was used by old authors with great latitude of meaning. The last editors discard *way*, and substitute *stain.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Maximus.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. There's no way else to do it; he must die;
This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
Without whom I am nothing but my shame;
This perfectness that keeps me from opinion,[5]
Must die, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal! Gods, ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on
Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most;
Yet I must on, and through: For, if I offer
To take my way without him, like a sea
He bears his high command, 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in mine own road sinks me. He is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,
And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his ill, but say
"What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this?"
Dead sure he cuts me off:[6] Aëcius dies,

[5] *That keeps me from opinion.*] This may either mean simply,—which prevents me from judging according to my opinion, or, as Mason supposes,—"that keeps me from acting in such a manner as may preserve my reputation." The latter explanation is certainly more poetical.

[6] Dead sure *he cuts me off.*] I read *dead-sure* with a hyphen, and understand by it the common expression, *as sure as death.* *Seward.*

We choose to read, according to the old books, without a hy-

Or I have lost myself.—Why should I kill him?
Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing;[7]
Aëcius is my root, and, wither him,
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him?
Is he not more than rumour,[8] and his friendship
Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can honour, 'twixt the incensed prince and envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has;
And I have lived to see this, and preserved so.
Why should this empty word incite me then
To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:
A friend is more than all the world, than honour!
She is a woman, and her loss the less,
And with her go my griefs!—But, hark you, Maximus,
Was she not yours? Did she not die to tell you
She was a ravish'd woman? Did not justice

phen, because that may either convey Mr Seward's sense, or (as the words might bear) "*for certain*, he will cut me off by death:" *Dead, sure, he cuts me off.* Besides, *dead-sure* is a modern vulgarism.—Ed. 1778. The latter explanation stands fairest to be the true one.

[7] *Why should I kill him?*
Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing.] This is quite in the stile of Marino and Dr Donne, meaning,—If I kill him, I kill myself, he being no other than my own self.

[8] *Is he not more than* rumour.] Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson both suspect the word *rumour*, and think that *honour* was probably the original. But as *honour*, in this place, must signify exactly the same with *rumour*, the poets seem to have judiciously ascertained the true meaning of what follows, by using *rumour* here. *Seward.*

Nobly begin with her, that not deserved it?
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little!
Can this abuse die here? Shall not men's tongues
Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only virtue of the world to slander?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her?
One of so sweet a virtue, that Aëcius,
(Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it)
Out of his worthy love to me, and justice,
Had it not been on Cæsar, had revenged her?
By Heaven, he told me so! What shall I do then?
Can other men affect[9] it, and I cold?
I fear he must not live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to seek you.
Max. Go, entreat him to enter.— [*Exit Serv.*
Oh, brave Aëcius, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not.
Is there no way, without him, to come near it?[1]

[9] *Affect.*] The word *affect* is here used in an uncommon sense, and means, to be affected with it. *Mason.*

The verb is most probably used in a more common sense—to aspire to, to aim at, alluding to revenge, which Maximus had just observed Aëcius would have undertaken himself, if the offender had not been Cæsar. He then very naturally continues—Can other men aim at revenge, while I remain indifferent?

[1] *Is there no way*, &c.] Mason says, that "the sense and reasoning require that we should alter this passage, and read—

There is no way without it to come near it;
For, out of honesty," &c.

For out of honesty he must destroy me
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
And I must lose him ; 'tis necessity ;
Only the time, and means, is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts ; he shall die ;
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one ;
It shall be honour to him too. I know not
What to-determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me :
'Would I were dead myself!

Enter AËCIUS.

Aëcius. You run away well ;
How got you from me, friend?
Max. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination, made me wander.
Aëcius. I thought you had been more settled.
Max. I am well ;
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] You are dangerous,
But I'll prevent it if I can.—You told me
You would go to th' army.
Max. Why? to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, Aëcius,
That strikes me first?
Aëcius. You promised me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And why should any strike you?
Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of Rome ; I am a coward,

This is a very idle and unnecessary variation, the text bearing the same meaning, and being expressed in a much more lively and poetical manner.

A cuckold, and a coward; that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.
Aëcius. You are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he died for't.
For thus far on mine honour, I'll assure you,
No man more loved than you; and, for your valour,
And what else may be fair,[2] no man more follow'd.
Max. A doughty man, indeed! But that's all one;
The emperor, nor all the princes living,
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a wife can thrust me out; some look'd for't,
But let 'em look till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools! Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse; and, now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's dangerous
A battle shall beat from me.
Aëcius. Why do you eye me
With such a settled look?
Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.
Aëcius. If I should say I loved not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do,—lie.
Max. If I should die, would it not grieve you much?

[2] ——— *for your valour,*
And what ye *may be, fair; no man more followed.*] This does not seem intelligible, but the change of a monosyllable will give a sense agreeable to the context. *For your valour, and whatever else is fair or praise-worthy, no man is more followed.* *Seward.*

Aëcius. Without all doubt.
Max. And could you live without me?
Aëcius. It would much trouble me to live without you,
Our loves, and loving souls have been so used
But to one household in us: But to die
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak; were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engaged you,
I ought, and would die for you.
Max. Truly spoken!—
What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now? [*Aside.*
'Would he had ravish'd me! I would have paid him,
I would have taught him such a trick, his eunuchs,
Nor all his black-eyed boys, e'er dream'd of yet!
By all the gods, I am mad now! Now were Cæsar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing!
The destinies, nor all the dames of hell,
Were I once grappled with him, should relieve him,
No not the hope of mankind, more; all perish'd!
But this is words and weakness.—
Aëcius. You look strangely.
Max. I look but as I am; I am a stranger.
Aëcius. To me?
Max. To every one; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.
Aëcius. Then I'll leave you.
Max. I find I am best so. If you meet with Maximus,
Pray bid him be an honest man, for my sake;

You may do much upon him: For his shadow,
Let me alone.
Aëcius. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; you have some danger in
you,
That willingly would run to action:
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!
Max. I danger?
I willing to do any thing? I die?[3]
Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her sins dispersed to other women,
And many one ravished[4] to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?
Aëcius. Now you weep.
Max. Some lazy drops that stay'd behind.
Aëcius. I'll tell you,
(And I must tell you truth) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would join with you:[5] Were it any man's

[3] *I willing to do any thing? I* dig?] What the word *dig* has to do in this passage, I cannot conceive. Perhaps the author wrote *die*. Maximus immediately adds,

Has not my wife been dead *two days already?*

[4] *And many one ravish'd.*] Seward reads—And many *a* one *e'en* ravished to relieve her? The old text means the same as the alteration, and the line is as metrical as many others in ancient and modern plays.

[5] *I would* wyne *with ye.*] So the first folio reads; the second—*join;* the editions of 1711 and 1750—*win;* and that of 1778—*whine.* The last editors say that *wyne* is the old way of spelling *whine;* but it is to be regretted that they have not given one instance of it. They say that Aëcius alludes to the weeping of Maximus, but there is no appearance of weak and childish lamentation in the speeches of the latter. I have no doubt that *wyne* was an accidental corruption of *ioyne*, and for that reason have adopted the text of the second folio. Exactly the same corruption has occurred in the first folio, in the soliloquy of Maximus, act V. sc. III.

But his life, that is life of us, he lost it,
For doing of this mischief: I would take it;
And to your rest give you a brave revenge:
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the nations hold, in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not:
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it;
Therefore again take heed! On foreign foes
We are our own revengers; but at home,
On princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us.[6] Be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those you know not;
For, by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it,
(As I see great aims in you) those unborn yet,
And those to come, of them and these succeeding,
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still;
If you fall off, I will not flatter you,
And in my hands, were you my soul, you perish'd.
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy!
I'll leave you for this hour. [*Exit.*

Max. Pray do.—'Tis done:
And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers,
Give me a certain ruin, I must through it!
[*Exit.*

[6] *On princes that are eminent and ours,*
'Tis fit the gods should judge us.] That is, as Mason explains it—The gods should do us justice. Seward reads—The gods should *judge 'em.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter VALENTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, *and* BALBUS.

Val. Dead?
Chi. So 'tis thought, sir.
Val. How?
Licin. Grief, and disgrace,
As people say.
Val No more; I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!
Where is your cunning now? You would work wonders,
There was no chastity above your practice,[7]
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye,
If she be dead——
Chi. Alas, sir!
Val. Hang ye, rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your father's camels,
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—
Am I not Cæsar?
Licin. Mighty, and our maker.——

[7] *Practice.*] Artifice, cunning. So in Massinger's Parliament of Love:

"———— I am informed
That he was apprehended by her *practice*."

Val. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction!
Look she be living, slaves!
Licin. We are no gods, sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.
Val. She cannot die! she must not die! Are those
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their hours, as others, told 'em?[8] can they be ashes?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,
That I am all that is, "The world's my creature;
"The trees bring forth their fruits when I say 'summer;'
"The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
"At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,
"With his proud mountain waters envying Heaven,
"When I say, 'still,' runs into crystal mirrors?"[9]
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,
That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye moths that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour,
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?
Chi. All women are not with her.
Val. A common whore serves ye, and far above ye,
The pleasures of a body lamed with lewdness;

[8] *Their hours, as others,* told 'em?] *i. e.* Counted or measured out to them.

[9] *When I say, still,* run *into crystal mirrors.*] Former editions. *Seward.*
Perhaps the poet wrote thus, referring, with a slight ungrammatical licence, not to the sea, but to the "proud mountain waters."

A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy:
Am I a man to traffic with diseases?
Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?
And such a one that gods would kneel to purchase?
You think, because you have bred me up to pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em,
Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be footmen's!
Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals!
I have done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar,
And I may curse ye for it: Your wanton jennets,
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,[1]
Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
Hast such a Messalina, such a Laïs,
The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions;
The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.
Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.
Val. 'Tis oracle.
The sins of other women, put by hers,
Shew off like sanctities. Thine's a fool, Chilax,
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,

[1] —— *Your Spanish jennets,*
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies.] This is another allusion to the fable mentioned in the note to the following passage in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, (vol. II. p. 492.)

" Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?"

Rotten and ready for an hospital.
Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus.
Bal. Well, sir.
Val. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
But not the punishments: She has had ten bastards,
Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays;
She has been the song of Rome, and common Pasquil;[a]
Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays;
She is now to enter old men that are children,
And have forgot their rudiments: Am I
Left for these wither'd vices! And but one,
But one of all the world, that could content me,
And snatch'd away in shewing? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
And save your lives; raise me this noble beauty,
As when I forced her, full of constancy,
Or, by the gods——
Licin. Most sacred Cæsar——
Val. Slaves——

Enter PROCULUS *and* LYCIAS.

Lycias. Good Proculus!
Proc. By Heaven, you shall not see it;
It may concern the empire.
Val. Ha! What saidst thou?
Is she not dead?
Proc. Not any one I know, sir:
I come to bring your grace a letter, here
Scatter'd belike i' th' court: 'Tis sent to Maximus,

[a] *Pasquil.*] This is a gross anachronism, the allusion being to the statue of Pasquin in Pontifical Rome, to which libels are commonly affixed.

And bearing danger in it.
Val. Danger? where?
Double our guard!
Proc. Nay, no where, but i' th' letter.
Val. What an afflicted conscience do I live with,
And what a beast I'm grown! I had forgotten
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her memory.
I find there must be danger in this deed:
Why do I stand disputing then, and whining,
For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
Though they would link their powers in one, do mischief!
This letter may betray me.—Get ye gone,
And wait me in the garden; guard the house well,
And keep this from the empress.—[*Exeunt.*] The name Maximus
Runs through me like a fever! This may be
Some private letter, upon private business,
Nothing concerning me: Why should I open it?
I have done him wrong enough already. Yet,
It may concern me too; the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so.
Be what it will, I'll see it; if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other sins,
I'll purge it out in prayers.—How! what's this?
" Lord Maximus, you love Aëcius, [*Reads.*
And are his noble friend too: Bid him be less,
I mean less with the people; times are dangerous,
The army's his, the emperor in doubts,
And, as some will not stick to say, declining:
You stand a constant man in either fortunes:
Persuade him; he is lost else. Though ambition
Be the last sin he touches at, or never,[3]

[3] *Be the last sin he touches at, or never.*] The meaning may be

Yet what the people, mad with loving him,
And as they willingly desire another,
May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
(As he stands now) but the mere name of Cæsar,
And should the emperor enforce him lesser,
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
He is honest, and will hear you. Doubts are scatter'd,
And almost come to growth in every household;
Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
The people that are now but rage, and his,
Might be again obedience. You shall know me
When Rome is fair again; till when, I love you."—
No name? This may be cunning; yet it seems not,
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,
That was as loyal and as straight as he is,
If not prevented by Tiberius,
Been by the soldiers forced their emperor?
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.
And was not Corbulo, (even that Corbulo,
That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,
Chain'd to the awe of Rome) because he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,
Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety;
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.
I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,

made out here, "that it is the sin he would last of all, or perhaps never, be guilty of;" yet it is not improbable that the sentiment was more fully opened, and that a line is lost.—Ed. 1778. The explanation is right, and there is no occasion for supposing that a line is lost.

And will adventure all his gods to raise him;
Me he hates more than peace: What this may breed,
If dull security and confidence
Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh at.[4]
But why Lord Maximus, I injured so,
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
More than he has been friend, and loved allegiance:
What now he is, I fear; for his abuses,
Without the people, dare draw blood.—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your grace?
Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither.— [*Exit Servant.*
I'll find a day for him too. "Times are dangerous,
The army his, the emperor in doubts:"
I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
As if he had intent to make me odious,[5]
And to my face, and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me? Is not
The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
(Were this Aëcius more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous,
Though he be good; and, though a friend, a fear'd one;

[4] —— *and* laught *at.*] Thus the folios exhibit the text.

[5] 1. *As if he had intent to make me odious,*
2. *And to my face; and by a way of terror.*] Here a marginal direction how to place the lines has been taken into the text, and continued through all the three editions. Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson concurred with me in observing this. *Seward.*

And such I must not sleep by.—Are they come yet?—
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
'Twas time to look about: If I must perish,
Yet shall my fears[6] go foremost.

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Life to Cæsar!
Val. Is Lord Aëcius waiting?
Phid. Not this morning;
I rather think he's with the army.
Val. Army?
I do not like that "army." Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and—do you hear?—
Come private without any; I have business
Only for him.
Phid. Your grace's pleasure. [*Exit.*
Val. Go.
What soldier is the same (I have seen him often)
That keeps you company, Aretus?
Are. Me, sir?
Val. Ay, you, sir.
Are. One they call Pontius,
An't please your grace.
Val. A captain?
Are. Yes, he was so;
But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general,
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.
Val. He has been a valiant fellow?
Are. So he's still.
Val. Alas, the general might have pardon'd follies:

6 *My fears.*] *i. e. Those whom I fear* shall perish first.—Ed. 1778.

Soldiers will talk sometimes.

Are. I am glad of this.

Val. He wants preferment, as I take it?

Are. Yes, sir;
And for that noble grace his life shall serve.

Val. I have a service for him.
I shame a soldier should become a beggar!
I like the man, Aretus.

Are. Gods protect you!

Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward for't:
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier;
We shall want such.

Are.[7] The sweets of Heaven still crown you!
[*Exit.*

Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, till I be deliver'd, still am dying! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. My way has taken: All the court's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,
And so I'll keep myself.

[7] This, and the following speech, were unappropriated in the oldest folio.

Enter AECIUS, *with his arm in a sling, and* PHIDIAS.

Here comes Aëcius;
I see the bait is swallow'd: If he be lost
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd.[8]
Aëcius. Why, how now, friend? what makes you here unarm'd?
Are you turn'd merchant?
Max. By your fair persuasions,
And such a merchant traffics without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aëcius,
And, which is more, forgiven.
Aëcius. Now I love you,
Truly I do; you are a worthy Roman.
Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance:
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.
Aëcius. Still you take more love from me. Virtuous friend,
The gods make poor Aëcius worthy of thee!
Max. Only in me you are poor, sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But, why your arm thus?
Have you been hurt, Aëcius?
Aëcius. Bruis'd a little;
My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this morning,
I never knew him do.
Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on't better, you shall back;

[8] *And honour on thy head his blood is reckon'd.*] This line seems quite inexplicable, unless we personify *Honour.* It was to Honour he first proposed to sacrifice his friend. See act III. sc. III.—Ed. 1778.

Let my persuasions rule you.
Aëcius. Back! why, Maximus?
The emperor commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this time his command.
Aëcius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now then?
Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: The court's in guard,
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear;
I do not like your going.
Aëcius. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away.
I am too plain and true to be suspected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwisely. [*Apart.*
Aëcius. If the emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;
Let him; he loves me better.[9] Here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death; nay more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lie in, and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice.
Max. Go on then;
And I'll go with you.
Aëcius. No, you may not, friend.
Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aëcius:

[9] *Let him, he loves me better*] That is, he shows his love to me (still more) by it. *Mason.*

Shall I forsake you in my doubts?
Aëcius. You must.
Max. I must not, nor I will not. Have I lived
Only to be a carpet-friend,[1] for pleasure?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.
Aëcius. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must go along.
Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have used it for my friend.
Aëcius. I need no sword, nor friend, in this.—Pray leave me;
And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper,
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two;
You need good wine, you have been sad. Farewell!
Max. Farewell, my noble friend! Let me embrace you
Ere you depart! It may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.
Aëcius. Yes, often.
Max. Farewell, good dear Aëcius!
Aëcius. Farewell, Maximus,

[1] *A carpet-friend.*] This alludes to the Carpet-Knights, which are frequently mentioned in old plays. As Mr Gifford observes, "they were such as were made on occasion of public festivities, marriages, births, &c. in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory." That ingenious commentator objects to the notion that those created by James I. were exclusively alluded to, which is certainly just; but it is not improbable that the term was, in his reign, frequently and principally applied to the knights-baronets, who might well be exposed to the ridicule of such as could boast of more honourable knighthood, not purchased by money, but obtained by valour, and who found themselves degraded to a rank inferior to their new-created fellows, who were certainly carpet-knights.

Till night! Indeed you doubt too much.
[*Exit with* PHIDIAS.
Max. I do not.
Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heaven may want mercy!
I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes;
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter PROCULUS *and* PONTIUS.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician; more than that too,
The friend of Cæsar you are stiled. There's nothing
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.
Pont. Pray stay, sir;
What has Aëcius done, to be destroy'd?
At least, I would have a colour.
Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given; he is a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject.
Pont. Is he so foul?
Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.
Pont. [*Aside.*] A fearful plague upon thee, for thou liest!——
I ever thought the soldier would undo him

With his too-much affection.
Proc. You have hit it;
They have brought him to ambition.
Pont. Then he's gone.
Proc. The emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.
Pont. Is he so mad?
Proc. He's madder—
Would go to th' army to him.
Pont. Would he so?
Proc. Yes, Pontius; but we consider——
Pont. Wisely?
Proc. How else, man?—that the state lies in it.
Pont. And your lives too?
Proc. And every man's.
Pon He did me
All the disgrace he could.
Proc. And scurvily.
Pont. Out of a mischief merely: Did you mark it?
Proc. Yes, well enough:[a] Now you have means to quit it.
The deed done, take his place.
Pont. Pray let me think on't;
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Proc. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
Pont. This emperor is made of nought but mischief:
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had? Upon my conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For, to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die?

[a] *Yes, well enough.*] These words, which in the first folio were given to Pontius, were properly restored to Proculus in the second.

Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings,
In full abundance? Bawds more than beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon,
But the best sons of Rome must sail too? I will shew him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly:
And, though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter AECIUS, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Yet you may 'scape to th' camp; we'll hazard with you.
Are. Lose not your life so basely, sir! You are arm'd;
And many, when they see your sword out, and know why,
Must follow your adventure.
Aëcius. Get ye from me!
Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me?
Am I not old Aëcius, ever dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me;
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.

I seek the camp for safety, when my death
(Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting)
Bids me be happy! Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his honour,[3]
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:
Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me;
I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries; for me, wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much: Sing pæans to my praise;
I am to triumph, friends; and more than Cæsar;
For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die!

Phid. Oh, my dear lord!

Aëcius. No more! Go, go, I say!
Shew me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none.
Dare any man lament I should die nobly?
Am I grown old, to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,
A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
(Because ye say ye yet love old Aëcius)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
If Cæsar kill not that too: At your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
No more, I say; he that laments my end,
By all the gods, dishonours me! Be gone,
And suddenly, and wisely, from my dangers;

[3] *For his* honour.] We should perhaps read, with Mason—For his *humour.*

My death is catching else.
Phid. We fear not dying.
Aëcius. Yet fear a wilful death; the just gods hate it:
I need no company to that, that children
Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase.
Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;
Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and Roman.
Are. And must we leave ye, sir?
Aëcius. We must all die,
All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: And can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger: Is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am ashamed to see ye! Yet ye move me,
And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.
Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more!
Aëcius. 'Tis true;
Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him,
And, for he was an honest man, durst die,
Ye shall have daily with ye: Could that die too,
And I return no traffic of my travails,
No pay to have been soldier, but this silver,
No annals of Aëcius, but "he lived,"
My friends, he had cause to weep, and bitterly:

The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little
To shew me then most wretched. If tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The dry and wither'd bones of death would bleed at:
But, sooner than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'll find what shall be. If ye love me,
(Let that word serve for all) be gone and leave me:
I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcomest.
Go, pray be gone; ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for shame now stubborn. So, I thank ye,
And fare ye well! a better fortune guide ye!
[*Exeunt* Phidias *and* Aretus.
I am a little thirsty; not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear I say so.
Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'Tis departed!
I hear 'em come.—Who strikes first? I stay for ye!

Enter Balbus, Chilax, *and* Licinius.

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn,
[*Draws.*
But against none. Why do ye fear? come forward.
Bal. You were a soldier, Chilax.
Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the enemy.
Licin. He's drawn;
By Heaven, I dare not do it!
Aëcius. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die: Come ye not now from Cæsar,
To that end? speak!
Bal. We do, and we must kill you;
'Tis Cæsar's will.

Chi. I charge ye put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomely.
Aëcius. Ha, ha, ha!*
My sword up? handsomely? Where were ye bred?
Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools!
Why do ye stare? Upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not strike ye.
Licin. I'll not be first.
Bal. Nor I.
Chi. You had best die quietly: The emperor
Sees how you bear yourself.
Aëcius. I would die, rascals,
If you would kill me quietly.
Bal. Pox o' Proculus,
He promised us to bring a captain hither,
That has been used to kill.
Aëcius. I'll call the guard,
Unless you'll kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions,[4]
The emperor has trusted with his safety:
Nay, I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves!
Chi By Heaven, he'll kill us!
I mark'd his hand; he waits but time to reach us.
Now do you offer.
Aëcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves!
Chi. I told ye.
Aëcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.

[4] *Companions.*] A term of contempt similar to the manner in which we now apply *fellows.*

Enter PONTIUS.

Bal. Here's Pontius.
Pont. Not kill'd him yet?
Is this the love ye bear the emperor?
Nay then, I see ye are traitors all: Have at ye!
[*Draws and wounds them.*
Chi. Oh, I am hurt! [LICIN. *runs away.*
Bal. And I am kill'd.
[*Exeunt* CHILAX *and* BALBUS.
Pont. Die bawds,
As ye have lived and flourish'd!
Aëcius. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done?
Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill;
And you are next.
Aëcius Art thou not Pontius?
Pont. I am the same you cast, Aëcius,
And in the face of all the camp disgraced.
Aëcius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provoked thee,
Or art thou hired to kill me?
Pont. Both.
Aëcius. Then do it.
Pont. Is that all?
Aëcius. Yes.
Pont. Would you not live?
Aëcius. Why should I?
To thank thee for my life?
Pont. Yes, if I spare it.
Aëcius. Be not deceived; I was not made to thank,
For any courtesy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty!
Pont. Do not you fear me?

Aëcius. No.
Pont. Nor love me for it?
Aëcius. That's as thou dost thy business.
Pont. When you are dead,
Your place is mine, Aëcius.
Aëcius. Now I fear thee;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.
Pont. Why, I can govern, sir.
Aëcius. I would thou couldst,
And first thyself. Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers;
Heaven's angry flashes are not suddener
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer: Were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, strike, and be a general!
Pont. Prepare then:
And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.
Aëcius. No, thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee so much 'vantage of me,
As disobedience.
Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your enemy?
Aëcius. Not sent from Cæsar;
I have no power to make such enemies:
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me;[5] only held

[5] —— *my naked sword*
Stands but a hatchment *by me.*] The hatchments of a sword

To shew I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, "Let him die,"
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pont. Then have at you;
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you; cry not "hold,"
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.

Aëcius. I am prepared for all.

Pont. For now, Aëcius,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me! Die as I do!

[Pontius *stabs himself.*

Aëcius. Thou hast deceived me, Pontius, and I thank thee:
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman!

Pont. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honesty:
But, noble sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons;
And I must dying say, it was but justice,
Ye cast me from my credit: Yet, believe me,
(For there is nothing now but truth to save me,

were the different ornaments with which it was decorated. So in The Scornful Lady, (vol. II. p. 171.)

"—— *Let there be deducted*
Out of our main potation, five marks
In hatchments, *to adorn this thigh.*"

From this it may be fairly deduced, that Aëcius means to say, that his sword, upon which he is leaning, stands by him merely as the fitting ornament of a soldier, and not as a weapon of offence.

And your forgiveness) though you held me heinous,
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, you mistook me:
If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
Want of the soldier's due, the enemy;
The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
Children of peace and pleasures; no regard
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em;
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
And e'en began to prey upon our honours;
To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses;
To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome;
To silken flattery, and pride plumed over,[6]
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft pleasures
Grow full and numberless: To this I am foe,
Not to the state, or any point of duty.
And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
(Truly I ought to be so) yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble sufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, sir![7] To live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me

[6] *To silken flattery, and pride* plain'd *over,*
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail.] Though *pride plain'd over* is a just metaphor, taken singly, yet *plumed* being near the trace of the letters, less vulgar, and perfectly consistent with the context, which the other is not, I hope the reader will permit the insertion of it in the text, as most probably the true reading. *Seward.*

[7] *This is the end I die,* sir.] M. Mason proposed to read—"This is the end I die for;" but if we were to discard all ancient, and substitute modern phrases, there would be no end to alterations and notes. If Mason had been consistent, he should have proposed another variation a few lines lower, (p. 465, line 12,)—And think whatever was displeasing *to* you.

In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.
Aëcius. I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius;
The gods shall find thee one! Thou hast fashion'd death
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak once more?
For thy words are such harmony, a soul
Would choose to fly to heaven in.
Pont. A farewell.[8]
Good noble general, your hand! Forgive me,
And think whatever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine. You cannot live.
Aëcius. I will not!
Yet one word more.
Pont. Die nobly!—Rome, farewell!
And, Valentinian, fall! thou hast broke thy basis.
In joy you have given me a quiet death:
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath.
[*Dies.*
Aëcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or any man would out-live such a dying?
Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with favours, like a mistress,
Yet would I grow to this man! I have loved,
But never doted on a face till now.

[8] A *farewel.*] The change of this substantive into a verb, seems not only to make it more natural, but would give infinitely more dignity in the action. *Seward.*

Mr Seward therefore omits the article *a;* but surely the old reading is full as natural, and perhaps more pathetic: "Can you speak once more?" "Yes; a farewell. Your hand! forgive me! &c."—Ed. 1778.

Oh, death, thou'rt more than beauty, and thy
pleasure
Beyond posterity!—Come, friends, and kill me.
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;
The more, the greater is my fall.—Why stay ye?
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons. Fear me not:
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing!
Appear, or through the court, and world, I'll
search ye!
My sword is gone. [*Throws it from him.*] Ye are
traitors if ye spare me,
And Cæsar must consume ye!—All base cowards?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? [*Exit.*

Enter Proculus, *and three others, running over the Stage.*

Proc. I knew
He had kill'd the captain.
1. Here's his sword.
Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.[9]
An hundred men are not enough to do it:
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.
Aëcius. [*Within.*] None strike a poor condemn'd
man?
Proc. He is mad:
Shift for yourselves, my masters! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aecius.

Aëcius. Then, Aëcius, [*Takes up his sword.*

[9] *Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.*] Perhaps Fletcher, in this place, remembered the fears of Falstaff when he approaches the dead body of Hotspur.

See what thou darest thyself.—Hold, my good sword;
Thou hast been kept from blood too long. I'll kiss thee,
For thou art more than friend now, my preserver!
Shew me the way to happiness; I seek it.
And all you great ones, that have fallen as I do,
To keep your memories and honours living,
Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
That, like strong Cato, I may put away
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.
Rome, fare thee well! Stand long, and know to conquer,
Whilst there is people, and ambition.—
Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star!
I come, ye blessed spirits! make me room
To live for ever in Elysium! [*Falls on his sword.*
Do men fear this? Oh, that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
For none are lost, but those that make their hell!
[*Dies.*

Enter PROCULUS, *and two others.*

1. [*Within.*] He's dead; draw in the guard again.
Proc. He's dead indeed,
And I am glad he's gone: He was a devil!
His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs;
The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
Has given 'em that: Let no man stop their entrance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Phidias *and* Aretus.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord! Look here, Aretus,
Here's a sad sight!
Are. Oh, cruelty! Oh, Cæsar!
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction,
And overflows of blood! Why wast thou kill'd?
Is it to be a just man now again,
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd,
Only assurance of his overthrow?
Phid. It is, Aretus: He that would live now,
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe them.[1]
Are. Never-enough-lamented lord! dear master!

Enter Maximus.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd,)[2]

[1] *That owe them.*] To *owe* anciently had the meaning of own, possess, besides that to which it is confined at present.

[2] *The great example of all equity,*
Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd.] Mason, with some plausibility, proposes to transpose these lines. But by placing the latter between parentheses, the same purpose is answer-

Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! weep, all that knew him!
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe,
(If enemies have honourable tears)
Weep this decay'd Aëcius, fallen and scatter'd,
By foul and base suggestion!

Phid. Oh, Lord Maximus!
This was your worthy friend.

Max. The gods forgive me!—
Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears;
Great griefs lament within. Yet, now I have found 'em.
'Would I had never known the world, nor women,
Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
So this were once again Aëcius!
But I am destined to a mighty action,
And beg my pardon,[3] friend; my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee.—Ye have a great loss,
But bear it patiently; yet, to say truth,
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't. Friends,
Who shall preserve ye now?

Are. Nay, we are lost too.

Max. I fear ye are; for likely such as love
The man that's fallen, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind: 'Tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do.—Oh, my Aëcius,

ed, and the speech of the faithful eunuch rendered more expressive of his agitation, which embarrasses and disjoins his words.

[3] *And beg my pardon.*] Mr Seward, without authority or remark, reads—THY *pardon.* It is scarcely necessary to add that the old text means, "I beg you, friend, *to grant me* MY *pardon.*" —Ed. 1778.

Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness?—From boys
He bred you both, I think.
Phid. And from the poorest.
Max. And loved ye as his own?
Are. We found it, sir.
Max. Is not this a loss then?
Phid. Oh, a loss of losses!
Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the emperor?
Are. He did so.
Max. And kept ye still in credit?
Phid. 'Tis most true, sir.
Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;
Your sisters he preferr'd to noble wedlocks;
Did he not, friends?
Are. Oh, yes, sir.
Max. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd;
And something would be done, by those that loved him;
And something may be. Pray stand off a little;
Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dearest——
[*Kneels by the body of* Aecius.
Phid. Aretus, if we be not sudden, he out-does us;
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Darest thou resolve?
Are. I am perfect.

Phid. Then like flowers
That grew together all, we'll fall together,[4]
And with us that that bore us: When 'tis done,
The world shall stile us two deserving servants.
I fear he'll be before us.
Are. This night, Phidias——
Phid. No more.
Max. Now, worthy friends, I have done m
mournings.
Let's burn this noble body: Sweets as many
As sun-burnt Meroe breeds, I'll make a flame of,[5]
Shall reach his soul in heaven. He that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall, with the sad discourse on't, darken heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
Conceived a-new, with sorrow: Even the grave
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles; which will be more, and greater,
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with flowers,
Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

4 Phid. *Then like flowers*
That grew together all we'll fall together,
And with us *that that bore us.*] Meaning, all of us will perish together, like several flowers upon one stem which bore us, and which falls with us, alluding to Aëcius. This is the simple meaning of this passage, and it is so plain, that few editors, excepting Seward, who makes the most violent alterations, could have cavilled at it.

5 *As sun-burnt: Neroe breeds,*] So the ignorant editors of the first folio print. Those who had the charge of the second, properly corrected the name and punctuation.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Phidias *with his dagger in him, and* Aretus, *poisoned.*

Are. He has his last.
Phid. Then, come the worst of danger!
Aëcius, to thy soul we give a Cæsar.—
How long is't since you gave it him?
Are. An hour;
Mine own two hours before him. How it boils me!
Phid. It was not to be cured, I hope.
Are. No, Phidias;
I dealt above his antidotes: Physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?
Phid. Done bravely;
We are got before his tyranny, Aretus.
Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, Phidias.
Phid. Canst thou hold out a while?
Are. To torture him,
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet:
That man is poorly spirited, whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in his wishes.
And yet I swell and burn like flaming Ætna;
A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me,
But yet I must not die these four hours, Phidias.
Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and despise death.

Are. I need no exhortation : The joy in me,
Of what I have done, and why, makes poison pleasure,
And my most killing torments, mistresses.
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools unsatisfied, and simple?
Phid. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying;
And if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my heaven.
Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours, Phidias,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay, more, beyond our meanings.
Phid. Thou hast steel'd me.
Farewell, Aretus; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows!
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farewell, Phidias;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter LYCIAS *and* PROCULUS.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus?
Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us? 'Would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid,
And made too lame for justice!

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music;
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.—
Oh, friends, the emperor!
Proc. What say the doctors?
Licin. For us a most sad saying; he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too.
Lycias. Who?
Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy villain.
Lycias. How do you know it?
Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and find him;
And, since he has open'd misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly; he slumbers.
[*Exeunt.*

VALENTINIAN *brought in sick in a chair, with* EUDOXIA, *Physicians, and Attendants.*

Music and Song.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,[6]
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

[6] Sings *his pain.*] First folio. Other copies *sing*. We apprehend the true reading to be either *sooth* or *'suage*.—Ed. 1778.

No amendment is necessary. To sing his pain, means to assuage his pain by singing. *Mason.*

The preceding line but one should probably end with—*light*.

Val. Oh, gods,[7] gods! Drink, drink! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-strings!
Eud. How does your grace?
Phys. The empress speaks, sir.
Val. Dying,
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.
Phys. Good sir, patience.
Eud. What have you given him?
Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.
Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,
See what thy god-head's come to! Oh, Eudoxia!
Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir!
Val. Danubius
I'll have brought through my body——
Eud. Gods give comfort!
Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes.
I am an hundred hells![8] an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming!
Shall I not drink?

[7] *Oh, gods, &c.*] This deserves to be compared with the celebrated poisoning scene in King John, to which however it will hardly be deemed equal. In another play, A Wife for a Month, the reader will find our authors again emulating Shakspeare on the same subject, and, we think, with greater success. *Reed.*

The similarity of these several passages is mentioned by Mr Seward in his preface.

[8] *I* and *an hundred hells.*] So the old folio reads. The second folio changed this into good sense, but seems to have fallen much short of the spirit and energy of the true reading. *Seward.*

There is no reason to prefer Seward's "true reading" (*find*) to that of the text, which is from the second folio, and infinitely more poetical. In the preceding line, the word *wind*, which is not in the first folio, was restored in the second.

Phys. You must not, sir.
Val. By Heaven,
I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer! Tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,
Flow over me, and quench me! Where's the villain?
Am I immortal now, ye slaves? By Numa,
If he do 'scape—Oh! oh!
Eud. Dear sir!
Val. Like Nero,
But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
In the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me!
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.
Eud. Sir!
Val. Oh, do not flatter me; I am but flesh,—
A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye dunces!
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oils, and Mithridates?[9] If I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sickness,
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues—oh!—
And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,

[9] *Mithridates.*] This celebrated medicine was, like *theriacum*, composed of a vast multitude of ingredients, as appears from the recipes in old dispensatories. "Mithridate," says Beuther, "which was invented by the King of Pontus, whose name it bears, was not formerly made in Spain, because the numerous herbs used in its composition were not found there, and therefore it was brought from Venice. But for some years past it has been compounded with great solemnity in our city of Valencia, by the college of doctors in medicine, and by the spicers; and it is made here in greater perfection than in other parts of the world, and exported from hence to many provinces: For, in the territory of this city, all the herbs used in it are found, except those which only grow in India, those having now been found, which, till now, had not been discovered there."—*Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, Notes*, p. 421.

I'll have ye flea'd and dried!

Enter PROCULUS *and* LICINIUS, *with* ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir;
The most accursed wretch.
Val. Be gone, my queen;
This is no sight for thee: Go to the vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.
Proc. Go, go, and be happy. [*Exit* EUDOXIA.
Are. Go; but give no ease.—
The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest!
Proc. Oh, damned traitor![1]
Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches!

[1] *Oh, ——— traitor.*] So the first folio reads; the second merely "Oh, traitor!" These squeamish omissions were owing to the pious care of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels. The extent of his scruples may be collected from the following entry in his manuscript collections, quoted in Malone's History of the Stage:—"This morning, being the 9th of January, 1633, the king was pleased to call mee into his withdrawing chamber, to the windowe, where he went over *all that I had crost* in Davenant's play-book, and allowing of *faith* and *slight* to be asseverations, and no oaths, markt them to stande, and some other few things; but, in the greater part, allowed of my reformations. This was done upon a complaint of Mr Endimion Porters, in December. The king is pleased to take *faith*, *death*, *slight*, for asseverations, not oaths, to which I doe humbly submit, as my master's judgment; but, under favour, conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my opinion and submission." What havoc would Sir Henry have made in the pages of Shakspeare, had they been unfortunately submitted to his revision! The word I have ventured to introduce in the text is more likely to have been the true one than *cursed*, as the other editions read; for the latter word occurs in the folios at full length, in the very next page but one.

You taught him to be poison'd.
Val. Yet no comfort?
Are. Be not abused with priests nor 'pothecaries,
They cannot help thee: Thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.
I gave thee poison for Aëcius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clipp'd for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too.
Val. Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder!
Val. Fetch out tortures.
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay, more, I'll love thee.
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth, than laughter.
Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.
Are. Now be mad;
But not near me yet.
Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!
Hold me, or I shall burst else!
Are. See me, Cæsar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder.
Millions of women's labours, all diseases——
Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too!
Are. Women's fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds—
Val. Aëcius, Oh, Aëcius,! Oh, Lucina!

Are. Are but my torments' shadows!
Val. Hide me, mountains!
The gods have found my sins. Now break!
Are. Not yet, sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.
Val. Oh, hell!
Oh, villain, cursed villain!
Are. Oh, brave villain!
My poison dances in me at this deed!
Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest: I am wild-fire!
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising Heaven,
But emblems of my torment,——
Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!
Are. Fire a flattery,
And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,
To my pains, less than fictions. Yet, to shew thee
What constant love I bore my murder'd master,
Like a south wind, I have sung through all these
tempests.
My heart, my wither'd heart! Fear, fear, thou
monster!
Fear the just gods! I have my peace! [*Dies.*
Val. More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body.[a] Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me!

[a] *Away with that* prodigious *body.*] Prodigious means horrible, ominous. So, in Monsieur Thomas, Francis says—

"How like the sun,
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and *prodigious*,
She shew'd till now."

The editors doubt whether we should not read *perfidious*, but that would be a weak and unnatural expression. *Mason.*

I do confess I am a ravisher,
A murderer, a hated Cæsar: Oh!
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?
I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no gods! Your parole
Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
And women made of awe, believe your heaven!
Oh, torments, torments, torments! Pains above pains!
If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghosts,
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason;
Be more than all, ye gods,[3] great in forgiveness!
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
For you are things, men teach us, without passions.
Give me an hour to know ye in! Oh, save me!
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
Take this destruction from me!—No, ye cannot;
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer.
My brains are ashes! now my heart, my eyes! Friends,

[3] *Be more than all* the *gods, great in forgiveness.*] If this be the true reading, the sense seems very obscure; but the slight change I have made will clear it.

Be more than all, ye *gods.*

i. e. If you are great in creating and governing us, be greater still in forgiving us. *Seward.*

In the manuscript, the article was probably written with the common contraction—ye, which accounts for the corruption.

I go, I go! More air, more air!—I am mortal!
[*Dies.*

Proc. Take in the body.—Oh, Licinius,
The misery that we are left to suffer!
No pity shall find us.

Licin. Our lives deserve none.
'Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of life!

Proc. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now, Licinius,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

Licin. Let's make our best use; we have money, Proculus,
And if that cannot save us, we have swords.

Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.

Licin. I had forgot that.
There's other countries, then.

Proc. But the same hate still,
Of what we are.

Licin. Think any thing; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now? what news?

Mess. Shift for yourselves; ye are lost else.
The soldier is in arms for great Aëcius,
And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: They march hither.
Beside, the women of the town have murder'd
Phorba, and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she-bawds.

Licin. Then here's no staying, Proculus!

Proc. Oh, Cæsar,
That we had never known thy lusts! Let's fly,
And where we find no woman's man let's die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead,
And I revenged; the empire's all a-fire,
And desolation every where inhabits.
And shall I live, that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o' th' world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too, of my sending;
And shall I stay? is aught else to be lived for?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third, holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for? Is not virtue,
In their two everlasting souls, departed?
And in their bodies' first flame fled to heaven?
Can any man discover this, and love me?
For, though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it; that condemns me.
And now, Aëcius, and my honour'd lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to Elysium;
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly!—Stay; I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction;

This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be Cæsar? Yet no dying:
Why should not I catch at it? Fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me;
I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;
I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.
I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made tall masts, defy
Those angry winds that split 'em,[4] so will I,
New-pieced again,[5] above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,
My wife was ravish'd well: If then I fall,
My great attempt honours my funeral. [*Exit*.

[4] —— *as goodly cedars,*
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made tall masts, defy
The angry winds that split them.] This simile, expressed in the same words, occurs also in Bonduca, where it is used by Suetonius with rather more propriety. *Mason*.

The first folio reads *winted* instead of jointed. See a former note. The simile stands thus in Bonduca:

"———— as a pine
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him."

[5] *New-piece*.] So all the editions read. The emendation which Mason proposes seems absolutely indispensible.

SCENE IV.

An open Place in the City.

Enter FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and* AFRANIUS.

Fulv. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,
And see 'em fast; we shall be rifled else.
Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.
Luc. Promise the soldier any thing.
Semp. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to choose a Cæsar fit for them,
A soldier, and a giver.
Fulv. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.
Luc. Nay more, a negative (say) we allow 'em.
Semp. And if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.
Fulv. Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius.
Luc. And, Cæsar once elected, present foes,
With distribution of all necessaries,
Corn, wine, and oil.
Semp. New garments, and new arms,
And equal portions of the provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.
Fulv. And see the city strengthen'd.
Afr. I shall do it. [*Exit*
Luc. Sempronius, these are woful times.
Semp. Oh, Brutus,

We want thy honesty again: These Cæsars,
What noble consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again and scatter.
Fulv. Which way shall we?
Luc. Not any way of safety I can think on.
Semp. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.
Fulv. Every thing
Is every man's that will.
Luc. The vestals now
Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us!
We are chaff before their fury, else.
Fulv. Away!
Let's to the temples.
Luc. To the capitol;
'Tis not a time to pray now; let's be strengthen'd.

Enter AFRANIUS.

Semp. How now, Afranius? What good news?
Afr. A Cæsar!
Fulv. Oh, who?
Afr. Lord Maximus is with the soldier,
And all the camp rings, "Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!"
He forced the empress with him, for more honour.
Luc. A happy choice: Let's meet him.
Semp. Blessed fortune!
Fulv. Away, away! Make room there, room there, room! [*Exeunt Senators. Flourish.*
[*Within.*] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!
Hail, Cæsar Maximus!
Afr. Oh, turning people!

Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!
In peace more raging than the furious North,[6]
When he ploughs up the sea, and makes him brine,
Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way,
[*Within*, Cæsar!
Although I neither love nor hoped this,[7]
Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is swell'd and high, crack and farewell.[8]

[6] ——— *than the furious North,*
When he ploughs up the sea, and makes him brine.] Mr Sympson tells me that this passage puzzled him even to vexation, and something like it happened to me. In conclusion, we both retain the old reading, but differ *toto cœlo* in the explanation. He says *brine*, in the Saxon, signifies *fire*, and allowing, therefore, its genuine signification, that the sentiment is noble. I think his solution extremely ingenious, but that our authors would not use a common word, and apply it to its common subject; (as *brine* was as much used in their age for sea-water as it is at present,) and design it to be understood in its old and totally-obsolete signification. I, therefore, though perhaps from self-partiality, prefer the solution which occurred to me before I received this. Every one knows that the spray of the sea in stormy weather tinges the whole incumbent atmosphere, and makes it taste salt and *briny*. I suppose, therefore, the poets, by a small grammatical inaccuracy, to have made the relative *him*, in the last line, relate to the *north-wind*, and not to its immediate antecedent, the *sea;* so that the sense will then be full as nervous and poetical. *More raging than the North-wind, when he ploughs up the sea, and turns himself and the whole air into* brine. *Seward.*

These gentlemen have gone "about it, and about it," for uncouth allusions, when it required a deal of ingenuity to overlook the poet's meaning. The *sea* is the antecedent to *him*. Every one knows that strong winds, assisted by the sun, produce *brine*. Afranius, therefore, by a fine rhetorical figure, says, "The people are more raging than the North-wind, even when he is so furious as to render the whole sea *brine*."—Ed. 1778.

[7] Hope *this*.] Former editions. *Seward.*

[8] ——— *that dares a current,*
When he is swell'd and high crackt, *and farewell*.] Corrected in 1750.

A Flourish. Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Senators. Room for the emperor!
Sold. Long life to Cæsar!
Afr. Hail, Cæsar Maximus!
Max. Your hand, Afranius.
Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,
I'll shower among ye all. Gods, give me life,
First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.—
And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue,
The rampires of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchased;
Ye are my children, family, and friends,
And ever so respected shall be. Forward.—
There's a proscription,[9] grave Sempronius,
'Gainst all the flatterers, and lazy bawds,
Led loose-lived Valentinian to his vices.
See it effected. [*Flourish.*
Senators. Honour wait on Cæsar!

[9] *There's a* prescription.] Former editions; corrected by all the three. [Theobald, Seward, and Sympson.] *Seward.*

Were it fact that *prescription* was the reading of the "former editions," it would not have required any great ingenuity in "all the three" to have seen, that it should be *proscription;* which word, however, appears in the second folio. In the same style, we are told the former editions read (p. 378, line 23,) *here* instead of *heard;* (p. 379, line 28,) *clad* instead of *call'd;* (p. 385, line 28,) *vain* of *filing* instead of *vein* of *fidling;* (p. 442, line 23,) *ground* instead of *groan'd;* (p. 474, line 21,) *thy life* instead of *thyself;* and that the proper words have been inserted or proposed by one or other of "the three," though the second folio has the true reading in *every one of these instances,* and both folios in *some of them!!!*—Ed. 1778.

Sold. Make room for Cæsar, there!
[*Exeunt all but* Afranius.

Afr. Thou hast my fears,
But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods!
Why do we like to feed the greedy ravin
Of these blown men, that must, before they stand,
And fix in eminence, cast life on life,
And trench their safeties in with wounds, and bodies?
Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that lovest to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,
I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter Paulus *and* Licippus.

Pau. When is the inauguration?
Licippus. Why, to-morrow.
Pau. 'Twill be short time.
Licippus. Any device that's handsome,
A Cupid, or the god o' th' place, will do it,
Where he must take the fasces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Licippus. A good Grace has no fellow.
Pau. Let me see;
Will not his name yield something? Maximus,
By th' way of anagram? I have found out *axis*;
You know he bears the empire.
Licippus. Get him wheels too;

'Twill be a cruel carriage else.
Pau. Some songs too?
Licippus. By any means, some songs; but very short ones,
And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,
The air will fall the sweeter.
Pau. A Grace must do it.
Licippus. Why, let a Grace then.
Pau. Yes, it must be so;
And in a robe of blue, too, as I take it.
Licippus. This poet is a little kin to th' painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping lion;
So all his learned fancies are Blue Graces. [*Aside.*
Pau. What think you of a sea-nymph? and a heaven?
Licippus. Why, what should she do there, man? There's no water.
Pau. By th' mass, that's true; it must be a Grace; and yet,
Methinks, a rainbow——
Licippus. And in blue?
Pau. Oh, yes!
Hanging in arch above him, and i' th' middle——
Licippus. A shower of rain?
Pau. No, no; it must be a Grace.
Licippus. Why pr'ythee, grace him then.
Pau. Or Orpheus,
Coming from hell——
Licippus. In blue, too?
Pau. 'Tis the better.——
And, as he rises, full of fires——
Licippus. Now bless us!
Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?
Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his arms——
Licippus. How can he play then?
Pau. It shall be a Grace; I'll do it.

Licippus. Pr'ythee do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,
Good Fury Paulus! Be i' th' morning with me;
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, *and Messenger.*[1]

Max. Come, my best-loved Eudoxia.—Let the soldier
Want neither wine, nor any thing he calls for;
And, when the senate's ready, give us notice.
In the mean time, leave us.——
[*Exit Messenger.*
Oh, my dear sweet!
Eud. Is't possible your grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?
Max. By Heaven, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of!
Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since razed out o' th' book of youth and pleasure,

[1] All the editions concur in saying merely—Enter Maximus and Eudoxia; but, in the very first speech of the former, he gives direction to some one to comply with the wishes of the soldiers. As the messenger returns with the information respecting the senate having met, his name has been added.

Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire,
Nay, the most stay'd, and knowing what is woman,
The greatest aim of perfectness men lived by,
The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,
Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way? nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me so?

Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink that virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest;
Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,
And for my sake? Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, sir.

Max. I do so;
And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do:
Yet would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie! [*Aside.*]—Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble? Can there be but goodness,
And only thine, dear lady; any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert set, as pearls are in salt oysters,
As roses are in rank weeds, I would find
Yet to thy sacred self, a dearer danger:
The gods know how I honour thee!

Eud. What love, sir,

Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.
Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this hour,
The sorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well!
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As emperor this day I honour you,
And the great caster-new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living laurel, that must compass
That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.
I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune;
But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,
The once-more-summer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expression of my doting.
Max. Sweetest!
Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought me dear, sir.
Max. No,
Had I at loss of mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now you flatter.
Mess. The senate waits your grace.
Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony.—
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd favour.
Eud. May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Street.

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Licippus. Is your grace done?
Pau. 'Tis done.
Licippus. Who speaks?
Pau. A boy.
Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus?
Pau. Yes.
Licippus. Have you view'd
The work above?
Pau. Yes; and all up, and ready.
Licippus. The empress does you simple honour, Paulus;
The wreath your Blue Grace must present, she made.
But, hark you, for the soldiers?
Pau. That's done too:
I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.
Licippus. A Grace too?
Pau. The same Grace serves for both.
Licippus. About it then.
I must to th' cup-board; and be sure,[a] good Paulus,

[a] ——— *be sure,*
Your grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.] This probably refers to a custom of suspending their gods, goddesses, graces, &c., in ropes, which might make the caution of being fasting in order *to hang cleanly*, perfectly necessary, and very humorous. *Seward.*

Your grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there should need another voice, what then?
Pau. I'll hang another grace in.
Licippus. Grace be with you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Presence-Chamber in the same.

A Synnet, with Trumpets: A Banquet prepared, with Music.

Enter, in state, MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, *Gentlemen and Soldiers; then the three Senators,* FULVIUS, LUCIUS, *and* SEMPRONIUS; *Lictors bearing rods and axes before them.*

Semp. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar!
And from the old Rome take these wishes:
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As Justice holds her balance, equal poised,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper,
And, Romulus, thou father of our honour,
Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
A lover and encreaser of his people!
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of Emilius,
And his whole reign, renew a great Augustus!
[*A Boy descends from the clouds, habited like one of the Graces, and sings.*

SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,
Honour, that is ever giving,
Honour, that sees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flows;
Honour, that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.

Chorus. *Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail, and stand,*
And thy name out-live the land!
Noble fathers, to his brows
Bind this wreath with thousand vows!

[*The Boy gives a wreath, which the Senators place on the head of* MAXIMUS.

All. Stand to eternity!
Max. I thank ye, fathers;
And, as I rule, may it still grow or wither!
Now, to the banquet; ye are all my guests;
This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give it,
And smiling pleasures. Sit, my queen of beauty.
Fathers, your places. These are fair wars, soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all.
[*Drinks.*
You are my second, sweet. To every cup,
I add unto the senate a new honour,
And to the sons of Mars a donative.
[*The Boy sings.*

SONG.

God Lyæus, ever young,[3]
Ever honour'd, ever sung;
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,[4]
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine.
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy. Bellona's seed, the glory of old Rome,
Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
And, to the fulness of your warlike noise,
Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys.
Come, come, I say; range your fair troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.
[*A martial dance by the soldiers, during which* MAXIMUS *falls back upon his couch.*

Semp. The emperor's grown heavy with his wine.

Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.

Semp. Great Cæsar!

Eud. [*Aside.*] I have my wish!

Afr. Will't please your grace speak to him?

Eud. Yes; but he will not hear, lords.

Semp. Stir him, Lucius;
The senate must have thanks.

Luc. Your grace! sir! Cæsar!

[3] *God* Lizus *ever young.*] First folio. Second folio, and octavo 1711, *Lyeus;* and Mr Seward, *Lycus.*—Ed. 1778.

[4] *Mazer.*] A cup made of maple-wood; not "the old-fashion flat silver cup," as Seward explains the term.

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well? He's dead!
Semp. Dead?—Treason! guard the court! let no man pass!
Soldiers, your Cæsar's murder'd.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his death! That wreath that made him Cæsar,
Has made him earth.
Sold. Cut her in thousand pieces! [*They draw.*
Eud. Wise men would know the reason first. To die
Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords
The heavenliest way of death:[5] Yet, soldiers, grant me
(That was your empress once, and honour'd by ye)
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then, if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.
Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'Tis a woman;
A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her;
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.
Semp. Speak, bloody woman!
Eud. Yes: This Maximus,
That was your Cæsar, lords, and noble soldiers,

[5] ——— *and your swords*
The heaviest *way of death.*] So the old copies read; and, as no meaning can be assigned for *heaviest* in this passage, we must presume that the word was corrupted. Seward and the last editors read—*readiest*, which is very lame. I prefer, with Mr Mason, Theobald's conjecture, which might easily have been corrupted to *heaviest*.

(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth!)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,
A most malicious traitor.

Semp. Take heed, woman.

Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave Aëcius,
(Whose blessed soul, if I lie, shall afflict me)
The man that all the world loved, you adored,
That was the master-piece of arms, and bounty,
(Mine own grief shall come last) this friend of his,
This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
By a base letter to the emperor,
Stuff'd full of fears and poor suggestions,
And by himself unto himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly!
Oh, loss! Oh, innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor stale, my noble lord, that knew not
More of this villain, than his forced fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:
There was a murder too, Rome would have blush'd at!
Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience? Nay, his wife,
(By Heaven, he told it me in wine, and joy,
And swore it deeply!) he himself prepared
To be abused. How? Let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the sins that did it: And his end
Was only me, and Cæsar: But me he lied in.
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice!
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

Afr. What less could nature do? What less had we done,
Had we known this before? Romans, she's righteous;
And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on!
Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye,

For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks.—Thou hast done truly.

Semp. Up with your arms; ye strike a saint else, Romans.
May'st thou live ever spoken our protector:
Rome yet has many noble heirs. Let's in,
And pray before we choose; then plant a Cæsar
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder!

Afr. Take up the body, nobly, to his urn,
And may our sins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt with the body. A dead march.*

EPILOGUE.

We would fain please ye, and as fain be pleased;
'Tis but a little liking, both are eased:
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our understanding, good and fair:
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack[1] i' th' stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear!
We know ye take up worse commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise;
We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and wealth,[2] which is but dearer pay,
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting cost:
The price is easy, and so light the play,
That ye may new-digest it every day.
Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss,[3]
Only to please the eye a while, and kiss,
'Till a good wife be got; so let this play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

[1] *Braak.*] *i. e.* Breach, break.

[2] ——— *ye fling away*
More time and wealth, *which is but dearer pay.*] The old reading is "more time and *wealth*," which Seward and the last editors have injudiciously changed to *health*. The whole of the epilogue turns upon the idea of traffic between the poets or players [certainly the latter] and the audience. The word *health* is very unnecessarily introduced; for, though wealth should stand, it will not create the "gross tautology" which Seward supposes. The reasoning is this—You pay dearer for worse commodities, meat and wine; for you fling away more time and more money to procure them, which is paying at a dearer rate. Besides, in these articles, all the pleasure is over when the reckoning comes to be paid; but the fare with which we treat you, you may digest every day, and enjoy from it a lasting pleasure. *Mason.*

[3] *Then noble friends, as ye would choose a* mistress,
Only to please the eye a while, and kiss] This is the reading of the first folio; but is it not surprising, that after the second folio (by much the best authority for this play) had exhibited the obvious word, *miss*, the succeeding editors should again introduce *mistress*, as was done in 1711, and by Mr Seward?—Ed. 1778.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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